THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

OCTOBER 9, 1948

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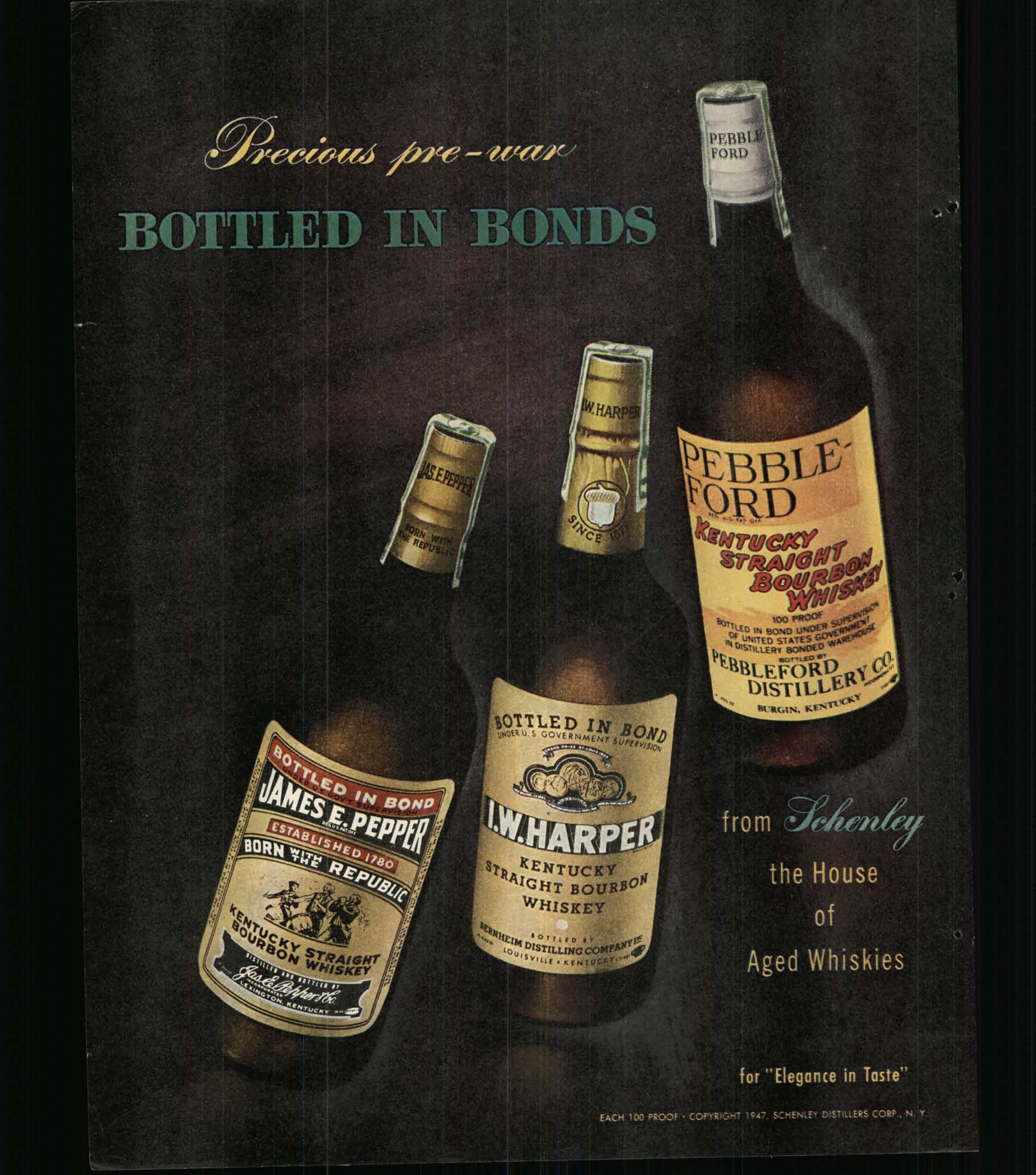

from *Schenley*

the House

of

Aged Whiskies

for "Elegance in Taste"

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The Week's Mail

FOOTBALLISTICS

DEAR EDITOR: It's time for football predictions. Here's a political prediction on the White House Conference:—

THE ELEPHANTS: Four reverses make them shudder, so this year it's forward pass to the goal, mixed with running speed by touchdown stars Dewey and Warren. Capable coaches give the old right wingback formation new plays to confuse the opponents. This is the year for the Elephants to pack their trunks for Washington.

THE DONKEYS: No braying this year, as they lost their ace quarterback, and Truman takes over this position, short on speed and power. Kicking the inflated ball in the territory of the opposition should make the score close. No invitation to play in the Gravy Bowl this New Year.

DIXIE CATS: Without reserves, they will take to the air. They won't fly high, but straight as a crow flies—Jim Crow, that is, suh.

PINK TIDE: Freshman team without experience, using the huddle with quarterback Wallace looking in a crystal ball for plays that run to left side of center. The schedule is too rugged for a peaceful team, but could get in the Finger Bowl and pass the turkey—not ball—New Year's.

JOE S. PUGH, Tulsa, Okla.

DRY AMERICA

SIRS: Was it really necessary for you to insult the people of Kansas with Kansas Staggers To The Polls? (Aug. 28th).

Sure, we have some worms—crooks, grafters, hypocrites. What state hasn't? But if Mr. Small had made a careful

(Continued on page 63)

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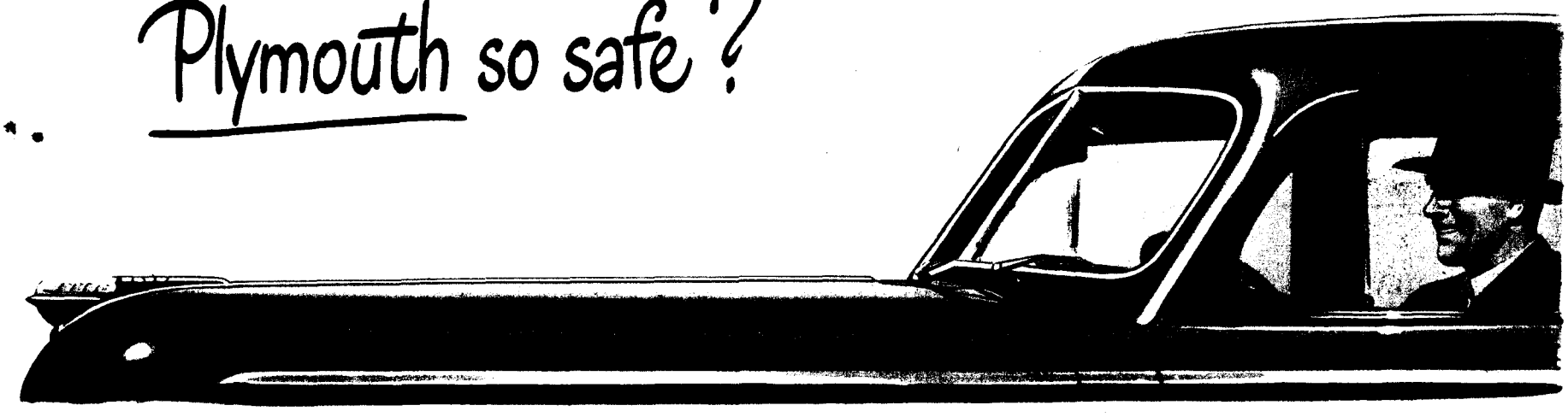
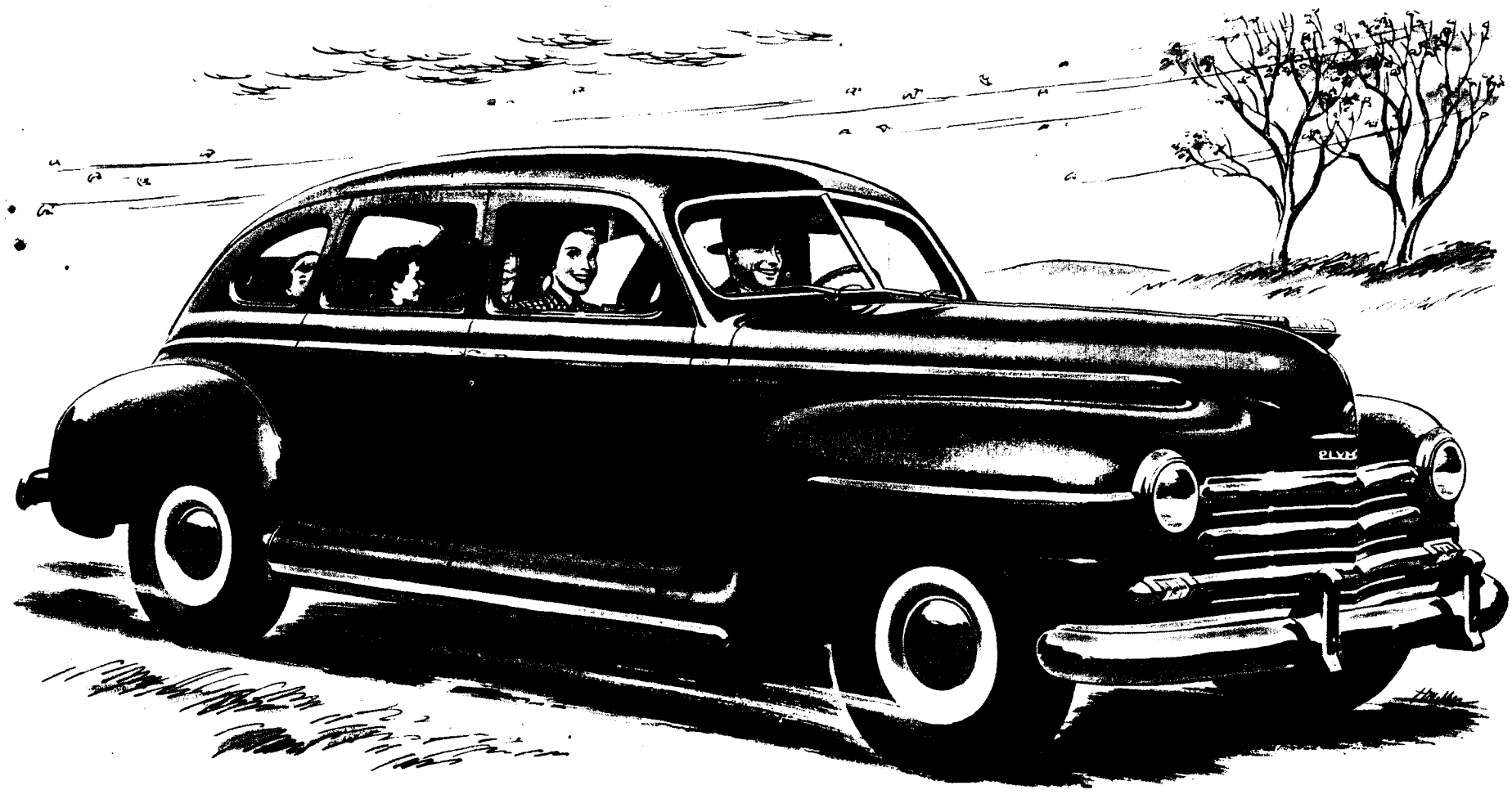


YOU DO: When you drive carefully—observe all traffic laws—keep your car in good running condition—*you* make the most important contribution to your Plymouth's safety.



WE DO: Built into your Plymouth is a combination of safety features you find in no other car in the lowest-priced field.

Plymouth gives you *Super-Cushion Tires* as standard equipment at no extra cost. These bigger, softer tires run cooler, are less likely to blow out. If the unexpected should happen—even at high speeds—Plymouth's *Safety-Rim Wheels* enable you to slow to a sure, safe stop.

Plymouth also gives you quicker, smoother stops with *Safe-Guard Hydraulic Brakes*. Plymouth's *Safety-Steel Body*—welded into a rugged, single unit—offers added protection.

Even in minor details, Plymouth engineers keep your safety first. The improved *Safety-Signal Speedometer* helps you maintain safe speeds for night driving. The running boards are floor-level so you can't trip. There are safety catches on the rear doors which can be set to guard against accidental opening. The luggage compartment lid lifts and lowers with finger-touch ease and is so counterbalanced it *can't* fall.

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Inside Sports

Collier's SPORTS

By BILL FAY

IS MATHIAS MIGHTIER THAN JIM THORPE? RECORDS FAVOR THE BOY WHO WON THE DECATHLON IN THE 1948 OLYMPIAD

The kid from Tulare, California: Bob Mathias. Between events on his biggest day he read a book

JIM THORPE was summoned to the royal box after winning the decathlon in the 1912 Olympics at Stockholm. "Sir," the King of Sweden informed the young man from Carlisle, "you are the greatest athlete in the world."

Later on, Olympic officials discovered Thorpe had played semipro baseball prior to his Stockholm success. They confiscated Jim's medals and titles, but they couldn't change the king's verdict. Greatest athlete of modern times—that was Jim Thorpe and nobody argued the point. But what about this seventeen-year-old Bob Mathias from Tulare, California? Would it be heresy to suggest that Mathias out-Thorpes Thorpe?

Comparative records favor Mathias. Bob excelled Thorpe in five events—400 meters, shot-put, discus, pole vault and javelin—while winning the Olympic decathlon at London. The 1912 Thorpe was superior in the 1500 meters, 110-meter hurdles high jump and broad jump. The 1912 Thorpe and the 1948 Mathias tied in the 100 meters at 11.2 seconds.

So Mathias wins the record-book decision, 5 to 4, and the margin becomes more impressive when you remember that Thorpe was twenty-four years old in 1912—his competitive peak. Mathias is a growing boy (six feet, one inch; 195 pounds). Of course, much of Thorpe's greatest-athlete reputation came from football. Pop Warner never could decide who was greater—Thorpe or Ernie Nevers. And Jim played major-league baseball.

None of Thorpe's major accomplishments is beyond Mathias' grasp. Bob plays baseball. In basketball he averaged 17 points per game for Tulare High School last year. In football he gained 1,268 yards from scrimmage in nine games (Tulare's opponents gained only 1,118). Another thing, Bob is an excellent boogie-woogie piano player. But it would be unfair to give him extra points for that because Thorpe was pre-boogie-woogie.

Mathias also has quantities of Thorpe's prime athletic asset—the ability to relax anywhere, any time. Bob waited seven hours in the dressing room before going out into the rain and dusk at Wembley Stadium for the last three events. The bar over the pole-vault pit was a blur in the darkness. The take-off box (into which Bob thrust his pole) was marked by a white tennis shoe. Bob soared into a first-place tie at 11 feet 5¾ inches and then withdrew to conserve energy for the javelin.

Afterward, a reporter suggested: "You must have been worried in the dressing room with Heinrich (France) and Simmons (U.S.A.) right on your heels on points, and the weather getting worse all the time."

Mathias shrugged. "You don't get any points for worrying. I read a book."

Thorpe was equally phlegmatic. Nobody hit harder than Jim, but he never worried; and he never was injured carrying a football. Once he was asked, "How did you avoid getting hurt?"

He didn't answer. Instead he inquired, "How could anybody get hurt playing football?"

THE INDOMITABLE DODD

Bobby Dodd has a reputation for being something of an offensive genius—first as a quarterback at Tennessee and currently as head coach at Georgia Tech—but you would never be able to prove it from the statistics. Bobby scored only one touchdown in his collegiate career.

"And I backed across on that one," he recalls. "We were playing Vanderbilt my senior year (1930) and we had a trick play. I faked to the fullback and then backed through the line with the ball. I backed about 10 yards to the Commodores' 10-yard line, then turned and ran, but somebody hit me near the goal line and spun me around and I went into the end zone on my back."

Dodd does lots of things backward but usually manages to come out in front. Predictions, for instance. "We ought to win by two or three touchdowns," was Bobby's frank comment on Tech's opener with Tennessee last fall (although Tennessee had never lost an opener). Turned out Bobby was a bit conservative. Tech won 27 to 0, the worst defeat ever administered to a Bob Neyland-coached team at that time.

Dodd celebrated with a formal dinner for the coaching staff. When Ray Graves (line coach successor to Bob Woodruff) rang Dodd's doorbell, Bobby greeted him with an ultimatum:

"Graves, before you hang up your hat, I want to tell you one thing. If you ruin this dinner, like that Woodruff did last year every time we met by moaning about next week's chances of winning, I'm going to throw you right out in the street."

Tennessee won 29 games and lost one during Dodd's three-year quarterback regime. Bobby made Collier's All-America his senior year, 1930. Yet nobody wanted spindly, pigeon-toed Bobby when he was graduated from Kingsport, Tennessee, High School. Luckily everybody wanted his pal, Paul Hug, who told scouts, "If you want me, you'll take Dodd, too." Tennessee took them both—and liked it.

On and off the football field, Dodd takes chances. "Bobby's team plays football like Bobby plays golf," says Tech's publicator, Chick Hosch. Then Chick tells a story. "We're coming up to the 17th green and Bobby's one down and his ball is way down in the creek on a sand bar half under water. He takes off his *(Continued on page 38)*

DRAWING BY JOHN CULLEN MURPHY

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For the thrill no other radio can give you...

Listen now to Zenith's Twin Triumphs in Tone

...ONLY AT YOUR ZENITH DEALER'S

A Zenith radio—and *only* a Zenith—gives you the thrill of hearing records played as only the amazing Cobra Tone Arm can play them. (So good is the Cobra that hundreds of AM and FM radio stations use it to broadcast records.) And Zenith alone gives you the enjoyment of *genuine* Zenith-Armstrong FM.

These are Zenith's famous twin triumphs in tone. They can never successfully be imitated, because they —and all the other Zenith "exclusives"—are the direct results of Zenith's more than 30 years of "know-how" in radionics exclusively. There is no substitute for the skill and experience that go into every Zenith, from the most compact portable or table model to the largest radio-phonograph.

Your Zenith dealer invites you to drop in soon and enjoy a thrilling demonstration of Zenith's twin triumphs in tone. See and hear for yourself why no other radio—at any price—can compare with a Zenith!

New Zenith "Regent," shown closed above, open at right. Walnut finish radio-phonograph. Cobra Tone Arm. Silent-Speed INTERMIX Record Changer—handles 10 inch records, 12 inch, or both sizes *intermixed*. FM on *both* bands. Standard Broadcast. Radiorgan Tone Control. Wavemagnet. Big Concert Grand Speaker.

Other models from $19.95 *to* $675.*

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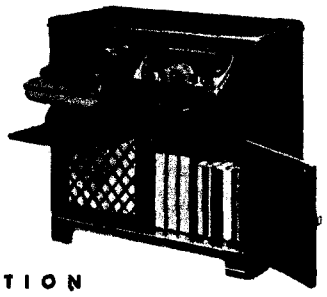

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The Famous Cobra Tone Arm
New Way to Play Records! Invented and perfected by Zenith . . . reveals tone beauty never heard before, keeps records sounding like new for over 2,000 plays by actual test!

Genuine Zenith-Armstrong FM
With FM aerial built-in—just plug in and play! Gives glorious new radio fidelity—static-free—with quality and sharp tuning not possible with imitation FM sets.

PLUS *Radiorgan Tone Control*—makes you master of 64 different tone blendings and shadings; *Wavemagnet*—up to eleven times more effective than a 50-foot outside aerial; *DialSpeaker*—in portables and table models, combines dial and speaker into one unit, permits larger speaker than in any other sets of same size; *Consoltone*—exclusive Zenith circuit that gives table size radios the big, rich tone usually found only in large consoles.

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All prices subject to change without notice.

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oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"... **IMAGINE ME** dancing with a scarecrow! Hope somebody cuts in. How *can* a man be so careless about his hair? It's straggly, unkempt, and . . . oh-oh—loose dandruff! He's got Dry Scalp, all right. Maybe if I tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic . . . "

Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp

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TRADE MARK ®

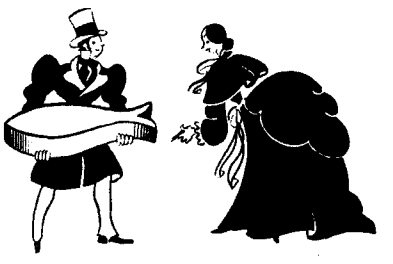
Look for the new green and white package—out now!

★ KEEP UP ★ With the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

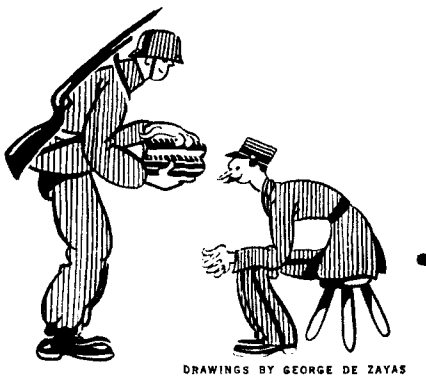
FOR A LONG time in the theaters of China, some actors have specialized and become so proficient in female impersonation, and some actresses in male impersonation, that they seldom portray a character of their own sex. Consequently, a rare and momentous event was the presentation of a "reversed role" drama in which such an actor played the part of a man and such an actress played the part of a woman.

WHEN FEELING suffocated in a hot and badly ventilated room, a person usually says he "cannot get his breath" in the belief that his lungs are affected. But actually his discomfort is caused by his pores which, owing to the stillness of the air, are unable to lose their excessive heat and moisture. In tests, for example, such individuals have felt no relief after breathing outdoor air through a tube, while others outdoors have felt no distress after breathing, through a tube, the "foul" air of such a room.



FOR A DECADE after the world's first salmon-canning factory was established in Cork, Ireland, about 1850, the proprietors, believing that a fish should be packed whole and snugly, had a special, form-fitting tin can made for each salmon.—*By Dr. E. B. Nutting, Bethesda, Md.*

A PRISON ESCAPE which amused all Europe was that of Captain Charles Lux of the French Intelligence from the military fortress in Glatz, Germany, on the night of December 29, 1911. When brought there six months before and given a third-floor cell overlooking an enclosed yard, Lux discovered two facts, (1) that he could escape by unlocking three doors to the floor below and sawing the bars of an unused cell facing the street, and (2) that secret messages could be sent in and out of the prison undetected if written invisibly on the inside of the



DRAWINGS BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

envelopes. Consequently, he made the keys and wrote a friend to mail him material for a rope, a faked passport, some money and a number of small saws. Although a dozen bath towels and a diary concealing the passport arrived, and were innocently passed by the warden, the friend feared that the weight of his next "gift," a novel, might arouse suspicion as it carried within its covers the saws and 24 gold coins. So he resorted to a ruse and the warden, reacting as expected, instantly approved delivery of the volume to the prisoner. It had come wrapped between two other books filled with obscene pictures.

A NEW DEVICE that resembles a small radio in size and appearance, with volume control and electric socket attachment, holds the telephone instrument during a call and amplifies the incoming and outgoing voices. Thus, the device not only eliminates the fatigue of holding the telephone instrument, but it enables a person to carry on a conversation while using both hands or walking about the room.

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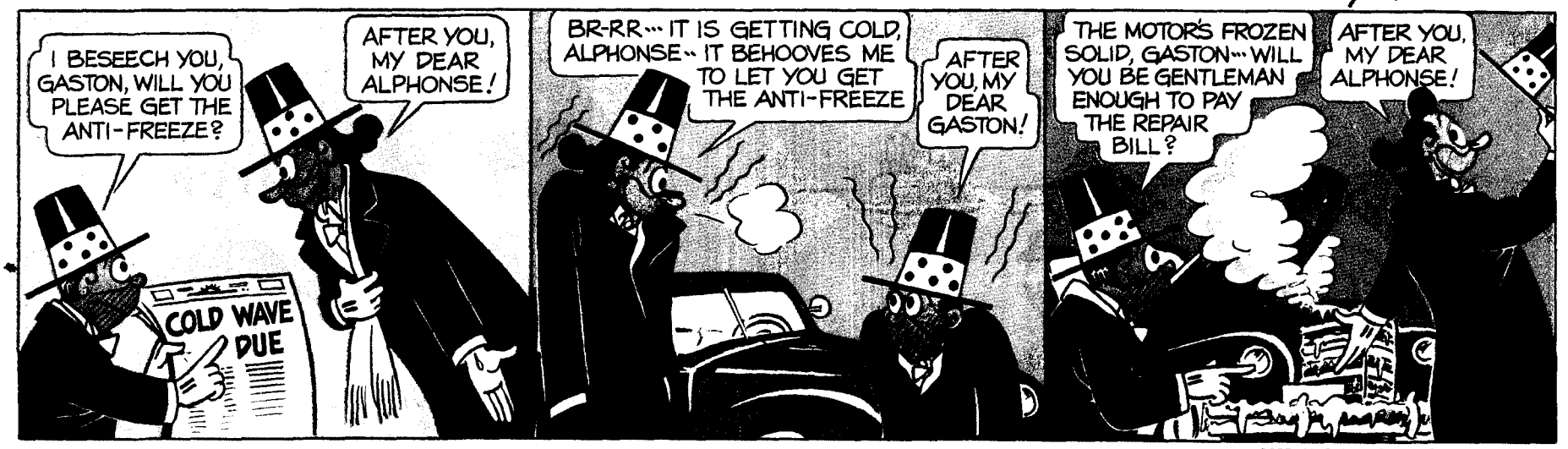
ALPHONSE *and* **GASTON** *by* ADAMS


I BESEECH YOU, GASTON, WILL YOU PLEASE GET THE ANTI-FREEZE?
AFTER YOU, MY DEAR ALPHONSE!
COLD WAVE DUE
BR-RR··· IT IS GETTING COLD, ALPHONSE·· IT BEHOOVES ME TO LET YOU GET THE ANTI-FREEZE
AFTER YOU, MY DEAR GASTON!
THE MOTOR'S FROZEN SOLID, GASTON··· WILL YOU BE GENTLEMAN ENOUGH TO PAY THE REPAIR BILL?
AFTER YOU, MY DEAR ALPHONSE!

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Get a DU PONT ANTI-FREEZE today!

Why it's wise to have your serviceman inspect the cooling system before putting in anti-freeze.

YOU BUY anti-freeze to protect your motor from a freeze-up and to help it run more efficiently by keeping the cooling system free from rust. If anti-freeze leaks out, what have you got? NO protection . . . maybe a ruined engine block. Heavy expense, your car laid up. (And you've lost your anti-freeze.)

So, *before* installing anti-freeze, have the cooling system gone over. No repairs may be needed—*but even a simple inspection is worth what it may cost.* Here's what a cooling system inspection should include:

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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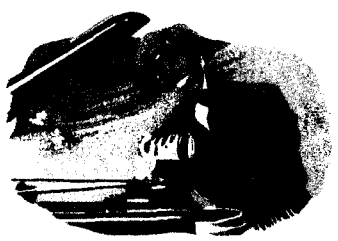
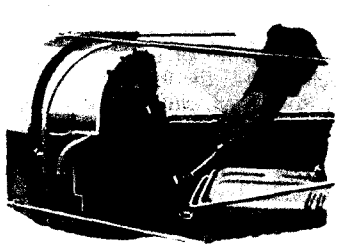
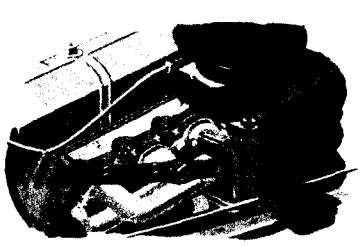
For great entertainment by great stars, don't miss the Du Pont "Cavalcade of America"—on NBC Monday evenings.



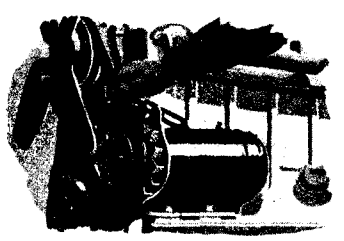
1. INSPECT RADIATOR—If it's rust-clogged, it should be drained and cleaned. (Du Pont Cooling System Cleanser is one of the best for the job.)



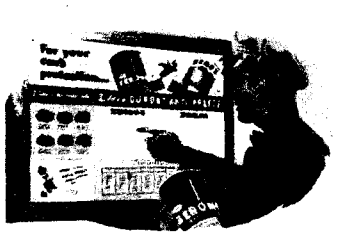
2. CHECK FOR LEAKS—Radiator hose, hose clamps, and pump should be tight. If repairs or replacements are needed, serviceman will indicate them.



3. TRY CYLINDER HEAD BOLTS—If they need tightening, it calls for a special tension wrench. Your serviceman has the tools and the know-how.



4. CHECK FAN, BELT AND HEATER—Slipping belts should be adjusted—replaced if worn. Heater hoses should drain properly and not trap air.



5. PUT IN ANTI-FREEZE—A "Zerone"*-"Zerex"* chart shows amount needed. Radiator tag identifies anti-freeze, warns against draining. *Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

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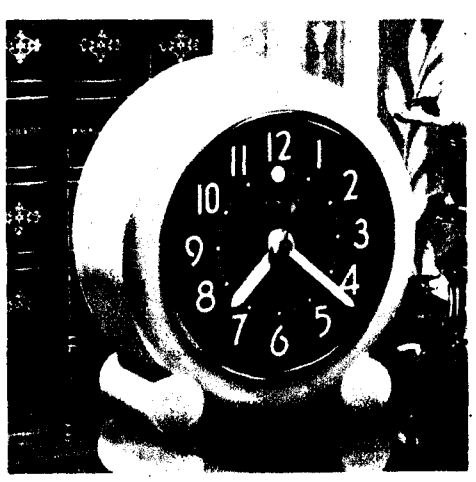

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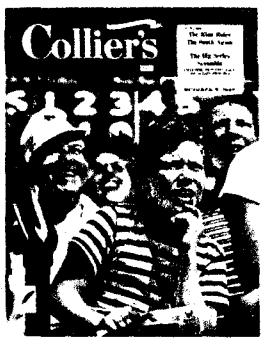

The Week's Work

GEORGES CAROUSSO who exposes the illicit skin underground in The Hot Fur Racket (p. 30), doesn't remember when he himself was bitten by the trapping bug. "The first real memory I have is of a letter from an Adirondack friend of mine," Mr. Carousso recalls, "giving me directions on how to prepare my new fox traps. 'Boil them a couple of hours in a pot with chicken feathers,' my friend wrote. 'Put some blood in the pot, and while you're at it, boil your gloves to get your own scent out of them. Then get some soft maple bark and make a liquor and let the traps stand in that until the metal gets good and dark. Then you can leave them buried out in the manure pile until you're ready to use them. . . .'

"At the time," continues Mr. Carousso, "we were living in a four-room apartment in Queens, New York. I still blame my consideration for our neighbors for my initial failure as a fox trapper. The only thing I caught in my shiny, unanointed traps was a finger of my man-scented glove and part of my thumb."

However, these small occupational hazards, plus endless miles over mountains on snowshoes, carrying a pack basket of beaver traps that tried to break Mr. C's back every time he fell, in time made a trapper of him. "It also instilled in me the same anger the trappers feel toward the fur poachers who clean out the trapping grounds out of season without regard for the laws of man or nature. That's why I wrote Hot Fur."

THE FORAGE CAP (p. 20) was suggested to Harry Sylvester by a number of things, not the least of which is that the target boat has been, and still is, anchored in Cape Cod Bay off the Wellfleet shore. Planes from various air bases, including that at Quonset Point, use it almost daily, either for dry runs or to drop practice bombs. The boat happens to be anchored in one of the better areas for striped bass and many of the craft which troll for them commercially often use the lee of the target boat for shelter from the weather. This is his 45th story for Collier's and his 130th published story.

"My second novel, Dayspring, is coming out in England this year and in Italy next year," Mr. Sylvester tells us, "and when I leave for Peru this fall to finish my fourth novel, the prize money will help me to take the children along."

A Collier's Star fell on Harry Sylvester's story, The Forage Cap, his 45th in this magazine

ROBERT BRANSON, a fiction newcomer to Collier's with the exciting Murder in Szechwan (sneeze, then yawn) (p. 29), is 25, single, a Battle Creek Michigander. After graduating from Williams College, Branson served 27 months in India and China as a U.S.A.A.F. cryptographer. He was a staff sergeant. After the war he inspected Latin America, paying special attention to bullfights for travel articles. Running out of money in Barranquilla, Branson worked his way for a time as fireman on a Standard Oil tanker, then returned to his Alma Mater as an English instructor. Last winter he decided to give the Orient a replay and went out to Manila for the United Press. Now he's back in Hyderabad as Bureau Manager.

THE irrepressible Scando-Hibernian Nord Riley, expert on lutfisk, *gammel-ost* and comedy, tells us that the inspiration for O'Connor and the Blue-Eyed Felon (p. 26) came from camping in the High Sierras, hard by his present whereabouts at Manhattan Beach, California. "We put up the tent at 10,000 feet the last time in early June," Riley relays. "During the day I got sunburned and peeled like a snake. At night it snowed and I had to roll large heated stones into my sleeping bag to keep from stiffening up like an iced cod. Sleeping with heated rocks is all right except the bruising you get.

"It is my opinion that the way to fish in the Sierras is to find a camp like O'Connor's, gouge a big, trusting, benevolent O'Connor for all you can get and hang around until a girl in a long convertible pulls into camp," he concludes.

This week's cover: World Series Fever. During the hottest mass pennant fight in history the Brothers Peskin were in Yankee Stadium bleachers last summer trying to get some angle shots of Joe DiMaggio. They weren't looking for one of the most excited fans in history. But Dave Peskin happened to notice a young lad living every play and talking the game up like an expert. Dave nudged his brother, Hy, and then, being the more garrulous of the Peskin pair, Dave spoke to the kid. The kid said sure he would like to have his picture taken and had enough sense not to look straight into the camera after he had been asked not to for the third time. Hy handled the camera and caught an indelible impression of a true baseball aficionado. . . .

TED SHANE

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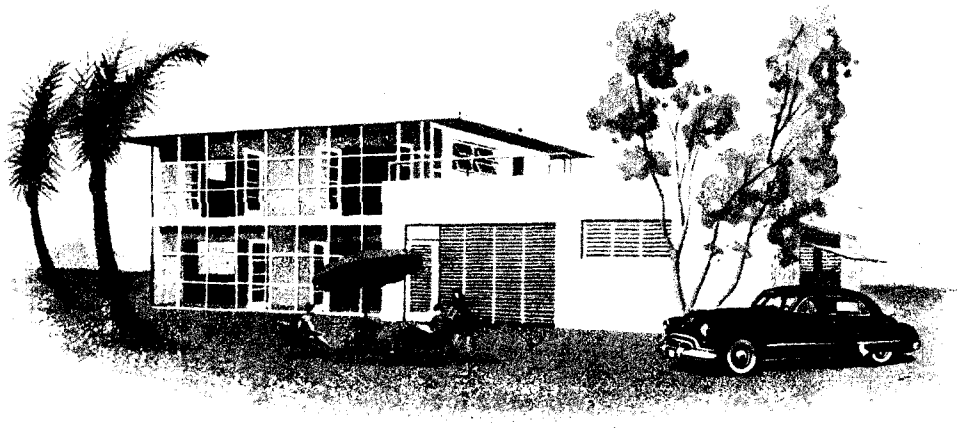
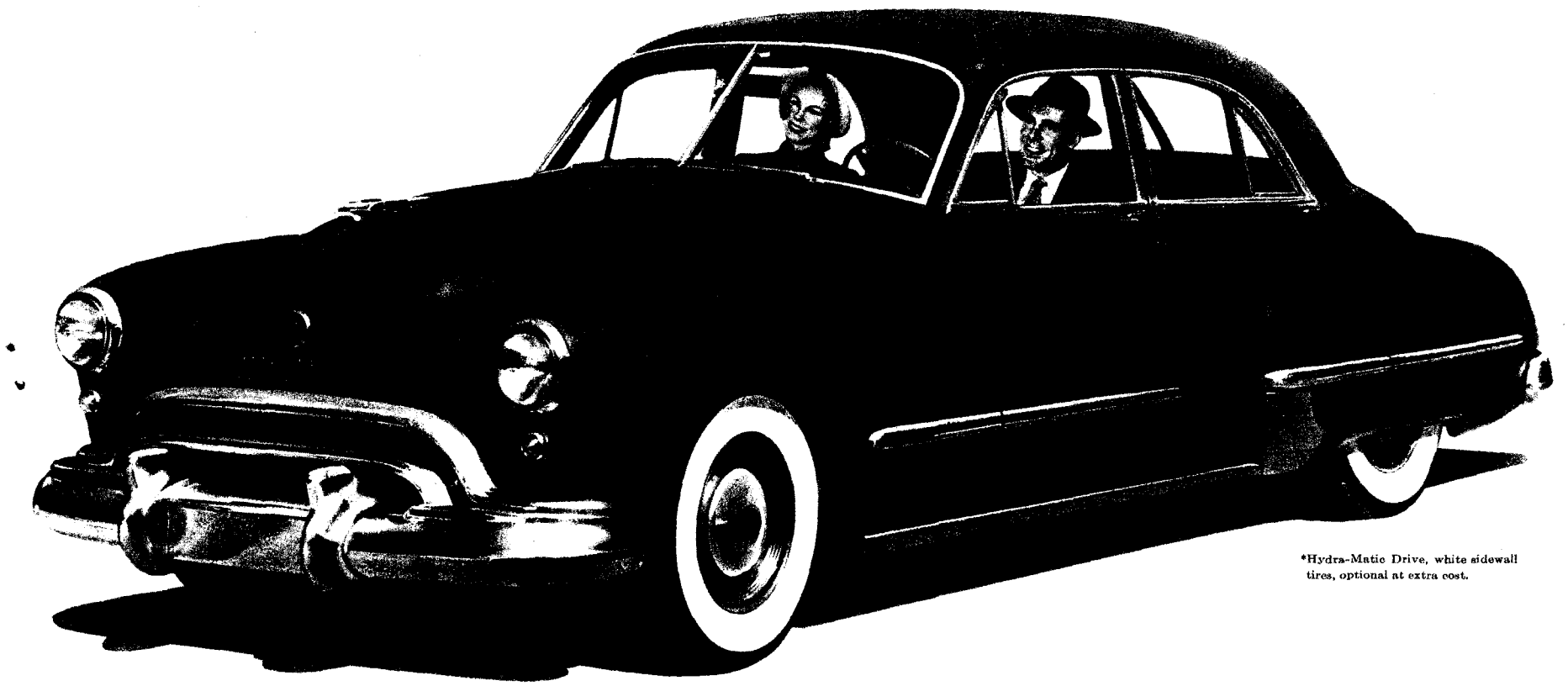
FUTURAMIC



The last word in modern living . . . it's this Florida house designed by Robert Law Weed, with an airplane hangar built in! The last word in modern driving . . . it's the Futuramic Oldsmobile!



*Hydra-Matic Drive, white sidewall tires, optional at extra cost.

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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VOL. 122, NO. 15

OCTOBER 9, 1948

The Klan Rides the South Again

The States' Rights party was raised to sweep Truman out of the South. But the hooded KKK caught a ride on the broom, and the majority of Southerners deplore the ugly scene. Here's the story from the hand of a Collier's writer

By LESTER VELIE

THE Grand Dragon of The Invisible Empire of the Knights of The Ku Klux Klan, a watery-eyed, sad-faced little man with a Charlie Chaplin mustache, said:

"Come Saturday night and see for yourself how we're mushrooming." He added:

"We'll burn a cross."

We found the cross in a cow pasture hired from a dairy farmer eight miles down the road from Chattanooga. A hooded figure, coveralls showing from beneath a crumpled sheet, was fitting empty beer cans into slots along the cross's twenty-foot length and filling them with oil.

In the deepening summer twilight about 120 Klansmen—"terrors" and "furies," "kludds" and "klogards" and "klaragos"—in unlaundered sheets were directing a thin stream of traffic into the field, roping off a circle some thirty yards across and puttering with a loud-speaker system which gave out with raucous and suggestive jive—"Golly how she could love." An exalted cyclops in red cape, sauntering by, lifted up his hood to bite into a double-scoop ice-cream cone.

A Saturday-night crowd of farm and mill folk, lured by handbills sprinkled on porches for ten miles around, filled the cow pasture and gave the affair the air of a block party. Shirt-sleeved youths had brought their girls and were buying them pop at a stand where Klansmen were jamming bottles under their hoods or fumbling under their sheets for change. Kids were underfoot everywhere. And young mothers and fathers hoisted babies to their shoulders for a better look as the cross sputtered into flame.

The Klan initiation began. The kindly darkness had blended the shabby figures in soiled nightclothes into a shadowy mass. Into the roped circle, like college boys snake dancing after a football victory, shuffled a file of ninety-odd initiates. Many, in overalls, must have come directly from farm chores or the looms of the Chattanooga textile mills. Some had masked their faces with red bandannas in movie bad-man fashion. Others wore their Sunday best complete with the wool hat that is the hallmark of the Southern poor white. Most were in galluses and shirt sleeves.

A sheeted Klansman, bearing an electric-lighted cross, prodded the shambling procession with a "hup-two-three-four." One initiate shuffled along half bent over, his eyes on his shoes, his hands deep in his pockets. A boy in a sweat shirt—he couldn't have been more than sixteen—hopped and skipped every now and then to get into step. Five wrinkled

In the weird light of a high, flaming cross, new Klansmen take their vows near Chattanooga, Tenn. This Klonclave was held on August 21, 1948

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Governor and Mrs. Strom Thurmond of South Carolina. As Dixiecrat Presidential candidate, Thurmond has spurned support by Gerald Smith and other rabble-rousers. But the hate-fringe has latched on tight

gaffers, their potbellies heaving with exertion, jerked along in the rear.

The crowd, out for a night of fun, began to titter.

"Hey, Arch, take off your hat!" someone yelled.

The cry was taken up. A sheeted klansman, standing guard along the rope barrier, doubled over with laughter. A news photographer, focusing his camera, grumbled: "The damn' fools. Why, they can't even put on a good show."

The Grand Dragon Takes Over

Amid the good-natured chaffing by the crowd, the lengthy ritual, studded with oaths and passwords, at last came to a close. The $10 klektoken (initiation fee) having been paid to the klabee (treasurer), the Grand Dragon, who had been standing before an altar made of packing cases, hitched up his green sateen robe and took over. The Klonclave, no more than juvenile and cloddish horseplay up to this point, now showed its true, ugly face.

"If anyone wants to sit and eat with niggers that's their business," the Grand Dragon began in a matter-of-fact voice. "God Himself segregated the races," he continued. As he warmed to his own oratory the rabble-rousing phrases poured out of the loud-speaker: "The Klan stands for white supremacy and the chastity of white womanhood. . . . The Klan will return the South to the hands of the white people. . . . If the Yankees force civil liberties on us, blood will run in the streets. . . ."

Heads nodded in approval. Now and then someone let out a rebel yell.

A Klan meeting seen for the first time is a shock, although you know such meetings have been going on intermittently since the Civil War. But what made this gathering news was that 90 men were being initiated at one fell swoop into a Klan chapter having about 120 members.

In the wake of the South's revolt against President Truman's civil rights program, the Klan was riding high again here and elsewhere in the South.

Discredited by money scandals and laughed into obscurity during the 1930s, the Klan is now raking in more klektokens and selling more sheets than at any time since the 1920s.

"I've never seen such begging to get into the Klan," Grand Dragon Sam Green, an Atlanta doctor, told me.

According to Green, the Klan has organized Klaverns in 130 of Georgia's 159 counties. It has been revived in Tennessee, Alabama and Florida. When it met recently at Stone Mountain, near Atlanta, the uniform trousers of policemen showed from beneath some of the sheets. The hate-in-sheets business has been so good that the Klan plans to build a temple at Atlanta to house its four Klaverns there.

Thoughtful Southerners marvel at the rapidity of the movement's growth under the bumbling Doc Green and shudder to think where the Klan might go under a competent agitator.

The South, where Bilbos and Tom Heflins could build careers on hate, is breaking out again with a new and ugly rash. Progressive forces had bettered the lot of the Negro, improved his schools and hospitals, and opened the polls to him. Supreme Court decisions and the growth of factories had helped, and the living standards of both races were quietly being raised. It was a slow advance, in which a courageous press, militant clergymen, business groups, new politicians such as Ellis Arnall and Lister Hill and Bill Fullbright, and the decent men of good will throughout Dixie had played their part. Knowing that bigotry holds the South back, The Southern Baptist Convention, the region's dominant religious group, has formed a Social Service Commission to give the Negro an even chance for a job and for schooling and to grow up free and unafraid.

Religious Groups Fight Bigotry

From the ranks of the Methodists has come Mrs. M. E. Tilly, secretary of the Department of Social Relations, Women's Society of Christian Service. A member of President Truman's Committee on Civil Rights, she was named in a recent Atlanta poll as one of the South's five leading women. The Catholic Church, through its press and such leaders as Msgr. James T. McNamara of Savannah, Georgia, and the Jewish congregations, through their Anti-Defamation League, are in the fight against intolerance.

So are the new labor unions that have fought for equal pay for Negroes and gradually worked out union meetings in which whites and Negroes participate side by side. Most Southerners have learned to abhor the Ku-Klux terrorists. Now, fed on the legitimate issue of State rights, the current outbreak has taken so virulent a turn that progressive Southerners say that they fear it may set the region back thirty years.

The extremists are fighting a violent rear-guard action. Although Dixiecrat Presidential Candidate Strom Thurmond, governor of South Carolina, has spurned the white-supremacy issue and has sought to clear his movement's skirts of the hate fringe, the Dixiecrat Movement remains essentially anti-Negro —aimed at preventing the Negro from voting.

"Hell, this ain't a fight to preserve State rights," Editor Ralph McGill of the Atlanta Constitution exclaimed, "this is a fight to preserve State wrongs!"

In such a climate the catchpenny promoters of hate groups, the cynical local politicians, the publishers of venom sheets and just plain crackpots flourish.

When the States' Rights party called its "grass roots" meeting to nominate a Presidential candidate at Birmingham, Alabama, last July, the hate fringe flocked to it as to a Nuremberg Congress. One notable grass rooter was Gerald L. K. Smith. Said Smith:

"I was invited to the conference by one of the three heaviest financial supporters. I was invited to speak by some of the very individuals who effected Thurmond's nomination." From the meeting, Smith went to visit George W. Armstrong, 83-year-old oil man from Fort Worth, Texas, and Natchez, Mississippi, whom Smith described as a "personal friend and one of the original instigators of the State rights activity." Armstrong is the author of a pamphlet, Traitors. Some excerpts from it:

". . . Truman's Administration is a Zionist Communist administration. . . . (David) Lilienthal is a Zionist Communist, for the President appoints no other kind. . . . Franklin D. Roosevelt was a Communist . . . who sought to establish a socialistic World Empire . . . and brought about the destruction of our Pacific Fleet for that purpose. . . ."

Armstrong has formed an educational foundation for the purpose of distributing this and other of his writings. He has talked to Major General Van Horn Mosely, U.S.A., retired, of Atlanta, about heading it. Mosely recently was the chief speaker at Gerald Smith's Christian Nationalist convention at St. Louis.

From Tulsa, Oklahoma, to the Dixiecrat conven-

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROY PINNEY

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tion came two other professional haters, happy to see trade looking up again: Jonathon E. Perkins and the aging, near-blind and nearly deaf Alfalfa Bill Murray, one-time Governor of Oklahoma. Perkins is an organizer for Gerald Smith and author of The Jews Have Got the Atomic Bomb. At the Dixiecrat meeting he served as male nurse for Alfalfa Bill and supported him as he made his unsteady way to the rostrum to address the convention. Between Dixiecrat sessions, Alfalfa Bill, untidy and unpressed, peddled his book, The Negroes' Place in Call of Race, a mishmash of pseudoscientific venom directed at Negroes and Jews, which Murray sells for one dollar—autographed.

From Chattanooga came J. B. Stoner, founder of The Anti-Jewish Party. This party's platform demands a Constitutional amendment making it a capital crime to be Jewish. Stoner plays too rough even for Grand Dragon Doc Green who banished him from his job as kleagle (recruiter) for the Klan. Also present was Mrs. Jessie Welch Jenkins, sponsor of a sweeping resolution of another year: Abolish the Democratic and Republican parties. Mrs. Jenkins is the president of The National Patrick Henry Organization, Inc., of Columbus, Ga.

Officially, the hate fringe took no part in the Dixiecrat meeting. But men of kindred views did. Author of the convention's declaration of principles and a stage director of the meeting was Horace E. Wilkinson, Birmingham lawyer and former judge. Mr. Wilkinson has labor unions among his clients and, of course, does not peddle hate for profit. But he tells you readily that he was once a member of the Klan and as Klan lawyer successfully defended accused Klan floggers. Wilkinson is an engaging man and blunt.

"I'm against Truman for the same reason I was against Al Smith," he told me in his Birmingham office. "He thinks too damn' much of the nigger. I believe in justice for the nigger, but not in social and political equality. I'm certainly against his voting in the primaries."

What Power Has a Voteless Negro?

Because of the one-party system, the primary is the only effective election in the South. Mr. Wilkinson did not explain what justice the Negro could achieve without being able to vote down officials who refuse to give him schools, hospitals and playgrounds or a chance at jobs in government employ.

Few in the South believe that the Klan can ever regain the nation-wide power it held in 1925 when it boasted almost a million members in forty-six states, paraded 50,000 sheeted men down Washington's Pennsylvania Avenue, and hefted such political powers that its imperial wizard was able to fatten on millions of dollars of state road contracts. The Southern press has done too good a job of exposing the Klan's murders, floggings and financial racketeering. Too recent also, for the patriotic South, is the memory of the Klan's joint meetings with the German-American Bund. At one meeting the Bund offered to buy out the Klan. The price: $75,000.

Yet in Georgia, the Klan had achieved such a following by late summer, that political foes of Herman Talmadge did not dare take an issue of its open campaigning for "Young Hummon's" nomination for governor. Grand Dragon Green boasted he'd put 100,000 votes in Talmadge's column, and the familiar sorry spectacle of cross burnings and nocturnal terror to frighten Negroes from the polls was beginning in earnest all over again.

I called on Green in his doctor's office in downtown Atlanta. It was after office hours, and a gray-haired policeman sprawled comfortably in a waiting-room chair. The Klan leader let him wait as he motioned me inside.

In his green sateen robes, the Grand Dragon cuts quite a figure. But in his baggy pants, stringy wool tie and shirt sleeves he is the eternal, frustrated little man portrayed by Chaplin. He even wears a tiny patch of mustache and breaks occasionally into a wistful smile.

Doc Green talked freely and rapidly about the Klan. "It's in operation in practically every state," he said, "in California, Ohio, Indiana, even in New York and New Jersey."

Why hadn't anyone heard about it in those states?

"There's such an enormous foreign population there, they have to stay under cover," the Grand Dragon explained.

The Klan, which thrives by reviling Negroes, Catholics and Jews, is itself sensitive to criticism.

"The press comes out and says everything nasty," the Grand Dragon complained. "We don't hate anybody, and I personally never ask a man his religion."

He turned to me.

"What is yours?" he asked.

The title "Grand Dragon," Green said, designates a state leader of the Klan. Green's organization is known officially as The Association of Georgia Klans, but Green said he has affiliates in Alabama, Tennessee, Florida and other Southern states.

Green is ambitious to weld a great national organization, but avaricious kleagles keep splintering away to form their own klans in order, as he put it, "to try and make a potful of money." When the Klan held a Georgia corporate charter, the imperial wizard (national Klan leader) could sue such Klan Trotzkyites and prevent them from using the Ku Klux Klan label. Ever since the state of Georgia revoked the Klan charter, the Grand Dragon, who nominally heads only one state, has had his troubles. A 71-year-old Birmingham doctor by the name of E. L. Pruitt, has formed his own Federated Klans of Alabama and has expressed the subversive aim of doing away with the sheet uniform altogether.

In Florida, "three sharp fellows," Green revealed, have formed The Florida Klans, Inc., and in Columbus, Georgia, a fundamentalist preacher by the name of Parson Jack Johnson, whom Green described as a "bolshevik," broke away to form his own "Original Ku Klux Klan."

Some Financial Statistics

Green said all these defections are crassly commercial. He spoke from the heart. They have reduced the flow of dues that once gave power and riches to the Klan's leaders. There is still plenty of pay dirt left, although Green denies he profits personally from his Klan leadership. Green's Klan collects $10 initiation klektokens and $1.80 annual per capita dues from Klaverns in at least four states. It sells all sheets and hoods, farming the business out under contract to a manufacturer. Garrulous about everything else, the Dragon was reluctant about telling what the sheets cost him, and what he charges for them.

For all the shabby leadership and shabbier scramble for the klektoken gravy, today's Klan is like its powerful predecessors in at least one glaring respect: It uses organized terror as a weapon.

On the eve of Georgia's primaries last spring, Klansmen burned their crosses. At Wrightsville, where the Klan put on a special show, not one Negro dared go to the polls the following day.

Soon after that, a 23-year-old Atlanta war veteran was lashed brutally with a two-foot leather strap. This caused Georgia's governor, M. E. Thompson, to charge that the Ku Klux Klan was starting out on a planned campaign of terror. Three Klansmen were arrested and accused of beating the white veteran. No one was arrested for the savage whipping of a Negro couple in La Grange in south Georgia at about the same time.

Last June hooded hoodlums broke into a Girl Scout Camp for Negro girls at Bessemer, Alabama, routed two white women leaders from their beds and created so much terror that the camp was forced to close for the summer. The incident cast a shocking light on Klan operations. The raiders were not apprehended. This is interesting, inasmuch as sheriffs' offices and police departments are riddled with Klansmen.

Doc Green boasted that "a large majority" of Atlanta police are Klansmen. Police Chief Herbert Jenkins, a conscientious law enforcement officer who has done an excellent job in working eight Negro policemen into the *(Continued on page 74)*

An ardent supporter of Herman Talmadge for Governor watches a Klonclave from his car's running board. The initiation ritual is long, oath-studded

Grand Dragon "Doc" Green, of Atlanta, administers vows. The black wool hats worn by kneeling Klan initiates are the hallmark of the South's Poor White

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When Johnny came up to the fence, he climbed over it to keep from opening the gate at the side

Come Home... Not Marching

By RICHARD WORMSER

The white girl was as beautiful as a waterfall in the desert, and she loved him. But for ex-Colonel Johnny Siva, a reservation Indian, the call of his tribe was strong in him

ILLUSTRATED BY STAN EKMAN

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WHEN he came to the fence at the edge of the reservation, Johnny tightrope-walked across one of the bars to keep from opening the gate at the side, or catching his high-heeled boots. He was chewing a leaf of wild tobacco, and he did not look at the sign which now faced his back as he walked along in the hot sun toward Mission Springs; he knew what it said:

INDIAN RESERVE: *Possession of Liquor Prohibited by Federal Law.*

When had anyone ever called a reservation a reserve?

He walked on. Behind him the cloud of dust raised by Valentine Subish's bulldozer rose on the desert air; ahead of him another cloud sat on the top of San Manuel Mountain, ten thousand feet up where the air was dry as cotton, hot and bright on the hole in his ancient cowboy hat. He pulled his old Air Force sunglasses out of his pocket, and put them on under the brim.

Johnny tried to keep his thoughts down here on the desert floor but his mind rose, clear to the top of San Manuel. There would be turbulence in that cloud, lightning, sudden downdrafts. Better order the crew on oxygen and go up. "Pilot to crew. Don oxygen masks." Then flip the switch, and talk to the rest of the group.

That's over, Johnny, he told himself. Lieutenant Colonel Siva is dead, as dead as if he'd steered his B-17 into the top of San Manuel. What's left of him goes to Mac's store every day pinned on your father's jacket. D.F.C., Bronze Star, Purple Heart and the overseas ribbons, silver wings, and the silver maple leaf, too. Damasio didn't know his son knew he sneaked the bright jewelry over every day to sit around the store, and maybe impress a tourist in for a bottle of pop.

A car was coming toward him. And it slowed up and came alongside him. It was a shiny civilian jeep; in it was Father Francisco. Johnny took off his hat in deference to the priest who had confirmed him, who had been missionary to the Mission Indians for twenty years. "Hi, Padre. Gonna be hot today. Want me to put your top up?"

The old man shook his head. Dust stained his brown robes. "When you get old, Juanito, the sun feels good—and how is it with you?"

The advantage of being an Indian was that people couldn't read your face. And also, they expected you to be slow in answering. How was it with him? It was not good. Val, who was tribal spokesman, farmed all the land on the reservation that could be farmed, and fed the people, after a fashion. This time of year the deer weren't worth shooting, or any other game. And he was sick of sitting in the yard and *(Continued on page 60)*

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Watchdog in the White House

By FRANK GERVASI

When his country's safety is concerned, Bill Leahy has said "No!" in a quarter-deck voice and straight into the teeth of Roosevelt, Churchill, Stalin and many lesser diplomats

EVERY morning at 9:45, with the punctuality of a battleship's bells, a tall, elderly man, as impeccably Navy as his uniform, is ushered into the President's White House office. Harry Truman, once a field artillery captain, stands and greets his Chief of Staff, Fleet Admiral William Daniel Leahy.

Leahy sits in a comfortable leather chair at the President's left, and they talk for from 15 to 50 minutes or more.

The Admiral does most of the talking, in a low resonant voice, using precise, measured words, often tastefully salty. The subject is always the same: the physical safety of the United States.

As he talks, the Admiral refers to summaries of intelligence reports received overnight from all over the world. Some of the messages deal with strictly military matters, others with political, social or economic developments.

Almost anything of consequence that happens anywhere in the world has an eventual or immediate bearing on American security and the shaping of policy.

It is Leahy's job to translate day by day world events into what they mean or might mean, militarily to the United States. It is also his job to advise the President on what to do to ward off actual or potential dangers to the country. Admiral Leahy, therefore, holds a position of influence and power second to none in the nation. He has held it for six years, under two Presidents. Yet, for many Americans, the name Leahy is synonymous with football at Notre Dame (where Frank Leahy is coach) rather than with international, strictly nonpigskin strategy.

The secret nature of Admiral Leahy's work is partly responsible for the Admiral's relative obscurity. Leahy himself did the rest. He doesn't, as he would say, "give a damn" for publicity. Consequently that massive balding head of his, with the startlingly blue eyes that look out from under such brows as out-beetle those of John L. Lewis, is not so familiar as the physiognomies of a dozen other admirals and generals of World War II.

But few of those far better known, with the exception of George Marshall and Douglas MacArthur, have played as important a role in war and in peace as has Bill Leahy. Presiding over the Joint Chiefs of Staff and sitting at meetings of the Combined Chiefs as President Roosevelt's personal representative, he was an influential determiner of strategy.

Leahy consistently opposed opening a second front in Europe until he was "damn' sure" it would end the war in a blow. He persistently advocated dealing Japan "one hell of a collective smash" as soon as possible. Both policies prevailed.

Coaching F.D.R.'s Successor

Afterward, Leahy tutored Truman on what happened at all of the Big Three conferences and at a lot of others he attended. Leahy kept a closely written account of everything that ever occurred within range of his eyes and ears. He coached Roosevelt's inexperienced successor on the significance of Russia's emergence as a major power at the end of World War II. Today, as he prepares to leave the White House in January—whether Truman is elected or not—Admiral Leahy is credited with being one of the principal architects of the "tough policy" toward Russia and an advocate of the arms-and-money Truman Doctrine to halt Soviet imperialism in strategically important Greece and Turkey.

But to Roosevelt must go the credit for creating the post of personal Chief of Staff to the President, and for picking the imperturbable old sea dog to fill it. Back in 1939, when Admiral Leahy, at 65, retired as Chief of Naval Operations, F.D.R. said to him: "Bill, when this war comes to us I am going to recall you and have you right here with me."

Roosevelt put Bill Leahy "on ice" for a couple of years, sending him first to Puerto Rico as governor and then to Vichy as ambassador. The latter was the most thankless post a man ever held. Leahy's orders were to make friends with old Marshal Pétain, prevent the piggish Laval from dragging France into the war on Germany's side, and to rescue the French fleet from Nazi hands. He carried out his instructions to the last comma, but for his pains was accused by the left-wing press of being pro-Fascist.

Press criticism for his deal with Admiral Darlan over the French fleet left Leahy unperturbed. But he returned to the United States a weary man suddenly grown old. In cold, dismal Vichy, Mrs. Leahy had died in April, 1942. The Admiral had lost a wife who was also his dearest friend and talented, indispensable assistant. He brought her body back in June and, perhaps fortunately for his peace of mind, was immediately summoned by F.D.R. He was to begin a third career, following one as a sailor and another as a diplomat.

Leahy fitted his new situation as neatly as a breechblock fits a gun. Talk of unification of the armed forces was in the air; and the Navy, which a spokesman in a high place, had been growing openly resentful.

At the same time Roosevelt, who, like Winston Churchill (although with considerably less reason) fancied himself a strategist, was getting in the way of the generals and admirals entrusted with winning the war. F.D.R. kept the lines to the Army and Navy aquiver with questions and sizzling with suggestions for short-cuts to victory. Everybody was relieved when Roosevelt himself thought of Leahy to fill the job of personal Chief of Staff to the President. Leahy and not the President would handle the highly technical business of running the military side of the war, and would act as liaison officer between the Commander in Chief and his generals and admirals.

Although Roosevelt described Leahy's new job as that of a "legman"—in the newspaper trade a reporter who gathers news, as differing from one who writes it—the Admiral was actually considerably more.

He was, to begin with, a close personal friend of F.D.R.'s. He was seven years older than the President and able to talk to Roosevelt much as an older brother.

In a White House family renowned for yes men, Leahy distinguished himself as one who could say "no" to Roosevelt forcefully and frequently. His fearless use of the monosyllabic negative is illustrated by a story told by his admirers. One busy afternoon late in October, 1944, the telephone buzzed in the Admiral's plainly furnished office in the East Wing of the White House. Leahy picked up the receiver and was heard to say, "Yes, Mr. President."

He said "yes" several times, in fact, pausing between "yesses" to listen. Finally he was heard to explode a more familiar "*no*" and to have followed it up with something like—"You just run your side of the show, Mr. President, and leave the strategy to me because you don't know anything about it. . . ."

And throughout the war, Roosevelt did just that. He reciprocated Leahy's blunt frankness with respect and admiration. And he relied heavily on Leahy's genius for reducing all questions and problems, no matter how complex, into one question: "Is this good for my country?"

Roosevelt did not always take Leahy's advice—preferring sometimes to "play it by ear," as he called it. This happened at Yalta in the febrile February of 1945 when the flash-flood of Russo-American friendship hit its high-water mark.

A Dramatic Moment at Yalta

Roosevelt sat at a table in one of those drafty damask-lined parlors of the Livadia Palace, winter resort of the Czars on the Black Sea. The strain of haggling with the Russians over Europe's destiny was a gray filigree on Roosevelt's pale face as he handed Leahy the notorious Big Three agreement on Poland.

"What do you think of it, Bill?" the President asked. Leahy's lips moved silently as he read the accord for establishment of a "strong, free, independent and democratic Poland." Russia "guaranteed" the liberated country "unfettered elections," "universal suffrage" and a "secret ballot." Leahy snorted. He removed his old-fashioned nose-pincer eyeglasses and looked at his chief.

"Mr. President," he said, raising his voice so that the increasingly deaf Roosevelt might hear, "you ought to throw this into the wastebasket. It is so elastic that the Russians can stretch it all the way from here to Washington without ever technically breaking it . . ."

"I know, Bill, I know," the President replied, "but I can't do better for Poland at this time."

Then the President justified the agreement. The Red armies and not ours had liberated Poland. A long war loomed with Japan, and Russia, in return for political concessions in Europe, had promised to begin fighting the Japs three months after the end of the war against Germany. Besides, the President pointed out, the Soviets had accepted the liberal, democratic language of the Polish accord. Britain and the United States had to assume that their wartime ally would respect its peacetime obligations.

Such rationalization left Leahy cold. He saw the Polish agreement only as legalizing Russian expansion in Europe. A Europe dominated by Russia spelled danger to the safety of the United States. That was the answer Leahy got when he asked himself: "Is this good for my country?"

Leahy has asked himself that question innumerable times in his long career. He asked it when Japan's warlords flung their armies into China, began building a formidable fleet and openly insulted the United States; when Fascist Italy built a strong Mediterranean navy and high-seas submarine fleet; when Nazi Germany emerged strong and powerful from its military debacle of World War I: when something strangely resembling the imperialist Russia of Peter *(Continued on page 76)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY KARSH

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The Forage Cap

By HARRY SYLVESTER

THE gray day for which Amy waited did not come until just before the September equinox; in it she went to walk at low tide. Far out on the sand flats which here went fully a mile into the great bay, she felt as though she were walking under water. What she had remembered best and most wanted to see in the four years she had been away from the Cape was the light. It was elusive, difficult to paint, almost as difficult to describe. A gray day found it there most fully, at low tide when the sand flats were bare and the tide pools reflected the sky and informed the air, so that what seemed at first two or three shades of gray were really fifty, a world dedicated to the color, whose sole inhabitants, the gulls and birds of the shore, were made for it.

September, as often on the Cape, was a time of sun and water warm in the shallows, of starfish, horseshoe crabs and seaweed of twenty different shapes and colors. So that she had these and—the summer people mostly gone—the beach almost to herself. There were, too, the warm yellow sun, the smells she loved, at night the sound of the waves—and the sunglasses. These she wore rather distastefully, the only thing to remind her strongly of the place she had left.

Now on the outermost edge of the flats she paused, and raising her eyes from the rippled sand, the shells, the weed, she viewed the old freighter anchored off the Wellfleet shore. During the war it had served as a target ship for planes from the training fields of Hyannis and Quonset Point.

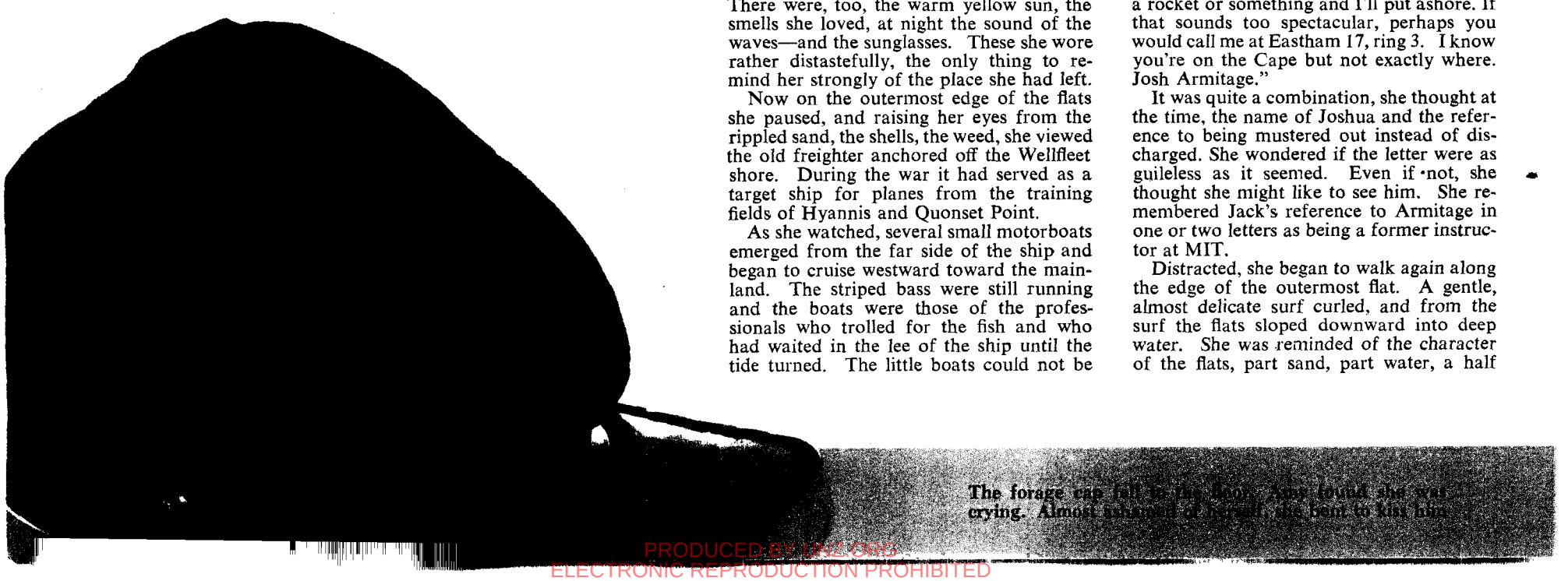
As she watched, several small motorboats emerged from the far side of the ship and began to cruise westward toward the mainland. The striped bass were still running and the boats were those of the professionals who trolled for the fish and who had waited in the lee of the ship until the tide turned. The little boats could not be taken down the creeks later than half tide, but the bass did not usually bite until tide's turn.

Watching the little vessels as they batted a way through the waves, Amy found herself looking for one with an orange pennant. As yet the boats were too far off to distinguish anything but shape and varying shades of white or gray. She took off the dark glasses—after all there was neither sun nor people here on this ultimate reach of the land—to see the better. Although she had not answered the letter, she now found herself preoccupied with it.

It had arrived two days before, the only piece of mail not forwarded from her home, and read: "Dear Miss Barker: Jack Pearce was in my squadron. He often spoke of you and now that you are on the Cape I wonder if I may call on you. I've been here most of the time since being mustered out of the service, trying to get up my courage to go back to teaching. If you see one of the little bass boats with an orange pennant anywhere near you, that would be me. Send up a rocket or something and I'll put ashore. If that sounds too spectacular, perhaps you would call me at Eastham 17, ring 3. I know you're on the Cape but not exactly where. Josh Armitage."

It was quite a combination, she thought at the time, the name of Joshua and the reference to being mustered out instead of discharged. She wondered if the letter were as guileless as it seemed. Even if not, she thought she might like to see him. She remembered Jack's reference to Armitage in one or two letters as being a former instructor at MIT.

Distracted, she began to walk again along the edge of the outermost flat. A gentle, almost delicate surf curled, and from the surf the flats sloped downward into deep water. She was reminded of the character of the flats, part sand, part water, a half



The forage cap fell to the floor. Amy found she was crying. Almost ashamed of herself, she bent to kiss him.

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world indeed which she had traversed to this edge. Now that she had smiled at herself, some tension was eased; she wondered if the change were associated with walking out here. Pausing she looked at the boats again. Two of them were closer, and on the smaller of the two she could detect an orange pennant. When she half raised an impulsive arm, she found the doubts, the lack of interest in people still strong. As though made vulnerable by her indecision, she could envision Jack Pearce, barefooted, wearing only a pair of rolled dungarees, standing on the bow of a Wianno-class sloop. . . .

DISMAY followed the memory: She had not thought to be still that vulnerable. Helpless, she found all she could do at the moment to express her feelings, her small anger, was to determine that she would wave to no boat, this or another. But apparently whoever was in the small craft had seen her half gesture, for the boat was heading toward her. Her impulse was to turn and walk away. When she continued to move along the edge of the flat she knew it to be a ridiculous compromise.

She did not glance seaward, even when she could hear the slap of small waves against a bow. "Amy —Miss Barker," someone called. When she turned, it was as though she had freed herself from indecision and the pain of memory.

All she could see of the man addressing her was a head above the boat's small cabin, a head covered by some sort of nautical peaked cap, as it emerged above the small cabin. Now that she turned and looked, she must pause by the water's edge, but she tried to appear as though not waiting for him.

"I'm Armitage," the head said, loudly.

"So I gathered," she said.

"I can't hear you," the head said. "This motor—" The head bobbed sideways and the motor died on a diminishing whine of gears. The boat stuck its nose in the sand, and the head emerged again above a body lean and wide-shouldered. Armitage came forward across the roof of the cabin and jumped onto the sand. He wore red rubber hip boots.

For a moment they stood facing each other, the man's dark wide-set eyes frank and faintly amused, the girl's curious and with their own amusement. Then both of them broke the gaze almost simultaneously.

"Aren't you going to have trouble getting off the bar?" Amy said.

"If I do, the tide will float me in half an hour. You look different."

"Do I? It happens that way sometimes. I wanted to give my face a rest from make-up, all of it, let alone what we use in the studio." She had also hoped that so doing she would be less easily recognized.

Armitage shook his head slightly. "I don't mean differently from in the movies."

She wondered what he did mean. By now a comparison with Pearce was unavoidable. Armitage was a trifle less tall, less urbane and more troubled than she remembered Jack. Of course there had been eleven months before his death when she had not seen him, and she conceded that in that time he, too, might have grown troubled. Nor had Armitage, she felt, the usual awe most men felt for her.

Amy didn't give him her hand but continued to look at him, letting curiosity show in her face a little more than was needful or kind.

"How did you know it was I here?"

"You waved your arm," he said. "I mentioned that in my note."

"I didn't realize I did. But even so. It could have been another girl."

A grin etched his face. "Even so—who am I not to respond when a lady waves to me?"

Her smile, Amy knew, was rather wintry. When his face moved she saw under the dark skin the strong lines of the bones, and she was troubled more than she liked to be. For a moment she did not know what to do and she thought for a moment of leaving him there like a beached seal and turning toward shore. She noticed that his cap was not nautical, but resembled nothing so much as the forage caps seen in pictures of Union soldiers in the Civil War. This amused her and lightened her mood. She decided to stay because it would be a chance to talk to someone about Jack Pearce.

"What were you in Lieutenant Pearce's squadron?"

"Same as Jack. A jaygee. Later, I got blocked up to be a two-striper. He would have, too."

"I know." Again neither of them could look at the other.

"Why don't we sit down?" Armitage said.

"Oh, I want to go back to the shore soon."

He glanced over her shoulder; whatever he saw amused him and again Amy was not sure she liked him. "And you," she said, "must want to get back to your fishing?"

"The fish can wait." His eyes changed again, a questioning look that, in dismay, she thought might indicate scorn. Even the emotion was an anachronistic one, she thought; it went with Joshua and "mustered out" and the forage cap.

"Where," she asked, with deliberate brightness, "did you ever get that Civil War cap?"

His face lighted again, restoring to her not so much any happiness as confidence in her powers. "Oh, that," he said, as though he had not thought about it in months. "I had a granduncle who was with the 24th Massachusetts and this was his cap. It's been recovered. I used to wear it on missions in the Pacific."

"Why did you wear it?"

His face darkened and he shrugged too elaborately. "You had to wear something." He apparently noticed her face, more uncomprehending —even she knew—than it need be, for he went on after a pause: "I mean there were those who wore religious medals, and those who carried rabbit-

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He wanted to help her, but she could not allow that— first, she had to help him

feet, and those who carried something from a girl, a handkerchief or—" He colored slightly. "I wore this."

"A kind of charm or token."

"Maybe more than that, maybe less. Let's say, something to cling to."

"You know," she said, "when my family used to come down here real early in the season, we children would watch the Decoration Day parades and follow them to the cemeteries. It just occurs to me now that in no place do they pay quite so much attention to the old graves as here—a kind of ancestor worship. And you are a New Englander, aren't you?"

"Oh, you're very clever." He had looked away from her and his voice carried a bitterness as faint as bayberry on the wind. Looking down in a kind of embarrassment, she saw the tide wetting one sandal.

"You're going to have trouble getting back to the shore," he said. Turning, Amy saw water in back of her. The bar on which they stood had become an island. A needless alarm touched her. "Oh, I think I can wade through it."

"You might have to swim before you're done," he said. "Why don't you let me run you back to the shore? I can get the boat up Taine's Creek in a little while."

Unable to account for her hesitation, Amy said that he could. "Do you want me to carry you to the boat?" he said.

"No. I can make it." She bent and loosened her sandals. When she kicked them off he stooped and picked them up. It was easy for her to climb into the boat. Armitage backed it off the sand bar and turned it, heading out into the bay's gray light. Now the wind became more searching and Amy was forced to stand in the shelter of the cabin, only her face exposed, and aware of Armitage close to her right arm. It took a few moments to clear the shallows, during which time he kept his hands on the wheel. When the waves became small swells he—rather casually, Army thought—put his left arm around her waist. Her reaction, she found, was something less than automatic. Consciously she had to decide to remove his arm. "I think you're being more than average silly," she said.

"I know," he said, lugubriously. "I've never been able to do much about it."

She almost smiled with him. "Aren't you going the wrong way to put me ashore?"

"I have to circle some to clear these outermost bars. It'll be about three quarters of an hour before I can navigate the channel."

"I wish you'd told me."

"You couldn't have got ashore by walking. You waited too long. If you want to pass the time painlessly, you can fish. There's plenty of lines."

"No, thanks," Amy said.

"Then you won't mind if I do?" He began to unwind a stout hand line with a barracuda feather-jig on it. Amy sat on the port gunwale and watched him. As he paid out the line with one hand, the other throttled the motor down to trolling speed. The change in the motor's tone enabled both of them to hear that other sound troubling each of them, although neither was aware of it. Armitage glanced upward—that is, he threw his face up in such a way that anyone would have expected it to return immediately to its normal position; but instead it stuck there awkwardly, and Amy heard him say, "Well, here they are again."

Her glance followed his and she saw them, eight Helldivers forming two diamond-shaped patterns against the gray. Dropping her eyes, she felt doubly betrayed.

WHEN Armitage looked at her again, she saw his understanding of what was happening to her today: first to meet him who had known Jack Pearce, and now to see these planes that both men had flown. She even felt uneasily that Armitage knew of her having envisioned Jack standing on the bow of the boat.

More for his sake than her own, she said, "What are they doing here?"

His smile was strained. "Signs of the times, maybe. About two weeks ago they began to use the old target ship again, off the Wellfleet shore. Now they're back again. Green as grass, too. Watch them."

The diamond patterns attenuated as she watched, became a single long line. The lead plane dived, and she waited for some violence but nothing happened. "They're just practicing diving?"

He shook his head, the emotion in him so complex as to be nameless. "They're trying. There!" A tiny lavender flash showed against the vessel's gray-red side.

"What was it?"

"Practice bombs. They can't hurt you unless you're practically standing next to one when it bursts. But they've asked the fishermen to keep away from the ship. We usually moor our boats in its lee waiting for the tide turn at night. They haven't been doing any night bombing. These new kids have trouble enough getting any hits by day." Seeing her mood had not departed, Armitage said, "Here, you want to fish?"

Amy held the rough heavy line, feeling pleasantly through it the move and beat of the water. Armitage let out another line on the starboard side, but no fish struck. The boat moved in a wide circle toward the shore. After several minutes, Armitage fixed his line to a cleat and again put his left arm around Amy.

"You might lose a bass that way," she said.

"It would be well worth it," he said.

"You're very flattering, I'm sure," she said. When he persisted, she took his hand and arm firmly and turned out of his embrace. "Look," she said, facing him; "there's something you'd better know. When Jack Pearce died, it *(Continued on page 32)*

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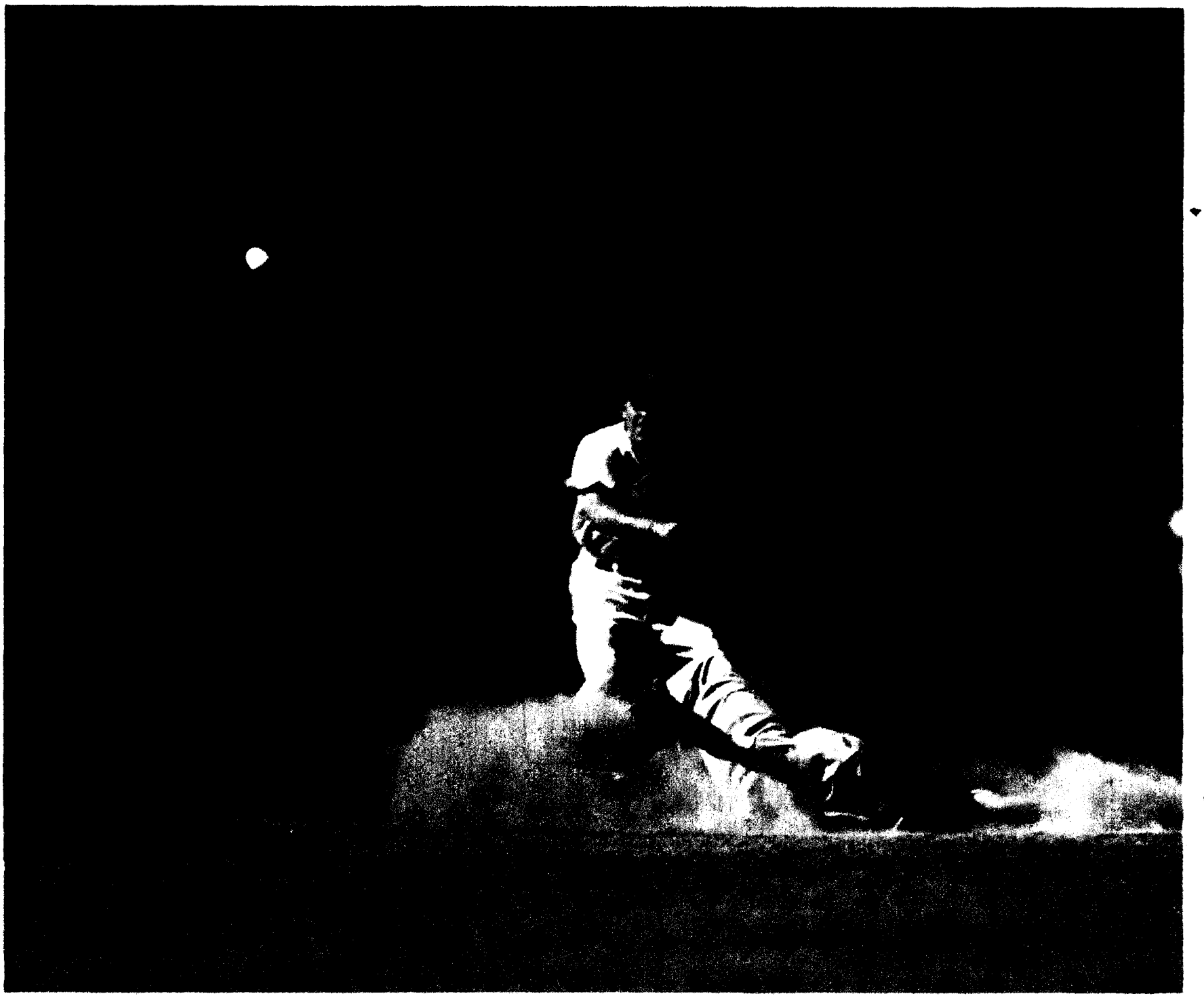

The Red Sox have taken the hurdles well in baseball's 1948 steeplechase. Here their shortstop, Vern Stephens, throws to first for a snappy double play

The Big Series Scramble

By KYLE CRICHTON

THE 1948 pennant races in the major leagues resembled a steeplechase in which the horses had been thoroughly doped with gin in the paddock. No club was able to keep in a straight line for more than twenty feet; each spurted, wobbled, fell back, picked up again and finally were all running haphazardly in a bunch.

The Boston Red Sox won twelve straight in a home stand in late July, went West and began wandering aimlessly across the landscape like a mule with the blind staggers. The Cleveland Indians had a great spurt in August and topped it by losing three straight to the Chicago White Sox, one of the worst big-league teams in history. The New York Giants' pitchers strung together three shutouts in a row at one period in July and proceeded to hurl thereafter in such fashion that their lives were in danger from enemy line drives.

The sentimental and actual sensations of the year were the Philadelphia Athletics, who had the look of an old-fashioned jitney held together with baling wire. Connie Mack ruled over this amazing outfit with his usual score card and uttered thanks in his prayers every night for the good fate that had dropped into his lap such pitchers as Joe Coleman, Lou Brissie, Bill McCahan and Dick Fowler.

The best crack about the A's came from Hank Greenberg, who said: "I'm not afraid of them; nobody in our league is afraid of them, and the team that meets them in the World Series probably won't be afraid of them."

The A's pitching suffered a bad sinking spell in late August, the hitting was never much good and the end was inevitably sad.

Joe McCarthy showed his intelligence when joining the Red Sox by arranging for the purchase of Jack Kramer and Vern Stephens from the St. Louis Browns. This represented an investment of approximately $250,000, but it proved warranted by midsummer when Kramer's pitching was holding the team up almost singlehandedly and Stephens was beating such a tattoo off the left-field wall at Fenway Park that he was leading the league in runs batted in. Since Ted Williams was leading it in almost everything else the Sox were right up there all the time despite a pronounced weakness in the box.

The Cleveland Indians, who never seem happy

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID AND HY PESKIN

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The season-end party for the two pennant pinchers should be a wild one. The quality of baseball has been lousy but loud; the race the tightest ever, for a record number of major-league teams

unless surrounded by tragedy, found themselves in first place for months with little help from their fireballer, Bob Feller. With Feller in his old shape the race would have been a runaway, because Lou Boudreau not only knocked the cover off the ball all season but came up with two fine pitchers in Bob Lemon, converted outfielder, and Gene Bearden, a former member of the N.Y. Yankee chain. To cap it all Bill Veeck provided the publicity coup of the century by signing Satchel Paige, the famous Negro hurler, who though approaching fifty or thereabout, held his own with the American League hitters and drew monstrous crowds wherever he appeared. The Indians also profited at the gate and in the field from the spectacular play of Larry Doby, their Negro outfielder.

The Yankees were up and down all year like a man lost in a lift. They got started finally in late August when they planted Larry Berra firmly in right field, established Bobby Brown at third base and converted Tommy Henrich into a first baseman. Manager Bucky Harris also did a little button pushing which brought Bob Porterfield in from Newark, and things began to hum shortly thereafter. Despite injuries Joe DiMaggio was as great as ever and held the club together during the dark days.

In the National League the dogfight was even more frenzied, with five teams engaged in the struggle. Billy Southworth had great pitching at Boston from Johnny Sain, Warren Spahn, Bill Voiselle, the old Giant castoff, and Nelson Potter, who had been hurled into outer darkness by M. Mack in a fit of pique. Southworth never got the team really rounded away until he placed Alvin Dark at short, and after that, the Braves were always favorites.

There was a great detonation in midsummer when the Giants dropped Manager Mel Ott and took over Leo Durocher, but the results were what might have been expected: Johnny Mize, Sid Gordon, Whitey Lockman and Willard Marshall were not hitting in 1947 style and the pitching remained weak. With Durocher gone, Burt Shotton resumed his comfortable seat on the Brooklyn bench and the Dodgers finished their climb from last place to first, were knocked off, got up again and were knocked off again. The Brooklyn accent was on youth and speed, with such antelopes as Jackie Robinson, Marv Rackley, Gene Hermanski and Pee Wee Reese burning up the base paths. What they lacked was experience and a long-ball hitter but they were always an interesting team.

Billy Meyer made a surprise entry out of the Pittsburgh Pirates by juggling a patchwork pitching staff with finesse and fingers crossed. He came up with a great young pitcher in Bob Chesnes and as usual had the heavy-artillery fire of Ralph Kiner and Wally Westlake. Stan Rojek, ex-Dodger, became a Pittsburgh pet with his hitting and fielding.

For a long time the St. Louis Cardinals consisted of Stan Musial. He was murdering the ball at a .400 clip and leading everything. Harry (The Cat) Brecheen was doing the pitching and the others were oiling their squeaking joints for the stretch drive. Marty Marion, Enos Slaughter, Terry Moore and Whitey Kurowski were definitely getting old, but when the chips were down they began to rally and were making it tough for everybody as the autumn leaves began to fall.

The quality of baseball was lousy but, boys, was it loud, raucous and rousing! Along about July the teams looked at the standings and said to themselves: "Nobody seems to want this pennant. Maybe we better grab it!"

That started the hottest pennant scramble in the history of organized baseball. Never before had so many teams fought so long for leadership in both major leagues. The World Series will have a lot of exciting baseball to live up to.

Roy Campanella of the Brooklyn Dodgers slides safely into third base as Erv Dusak, St. Louis Cardinals' third baseman, tags him too late. This year, youth and speed have been the Dodgers' biggest asset

Alvin Dark, Boston Braves' prize rookie shortstop, gets off a fast throw over Buddy Kerr, of the New York Giants, to complete a double play at the Polo Grounds. Brilliant pitching has featured the Braves' play. Larry Doby, Cleveland Indians' center fielder, belly-slides safely into home plate, below, as Yogi Berra, Yankee catcher, waits for a late throw-in. Bob Feller's slump hurt the Indians badly

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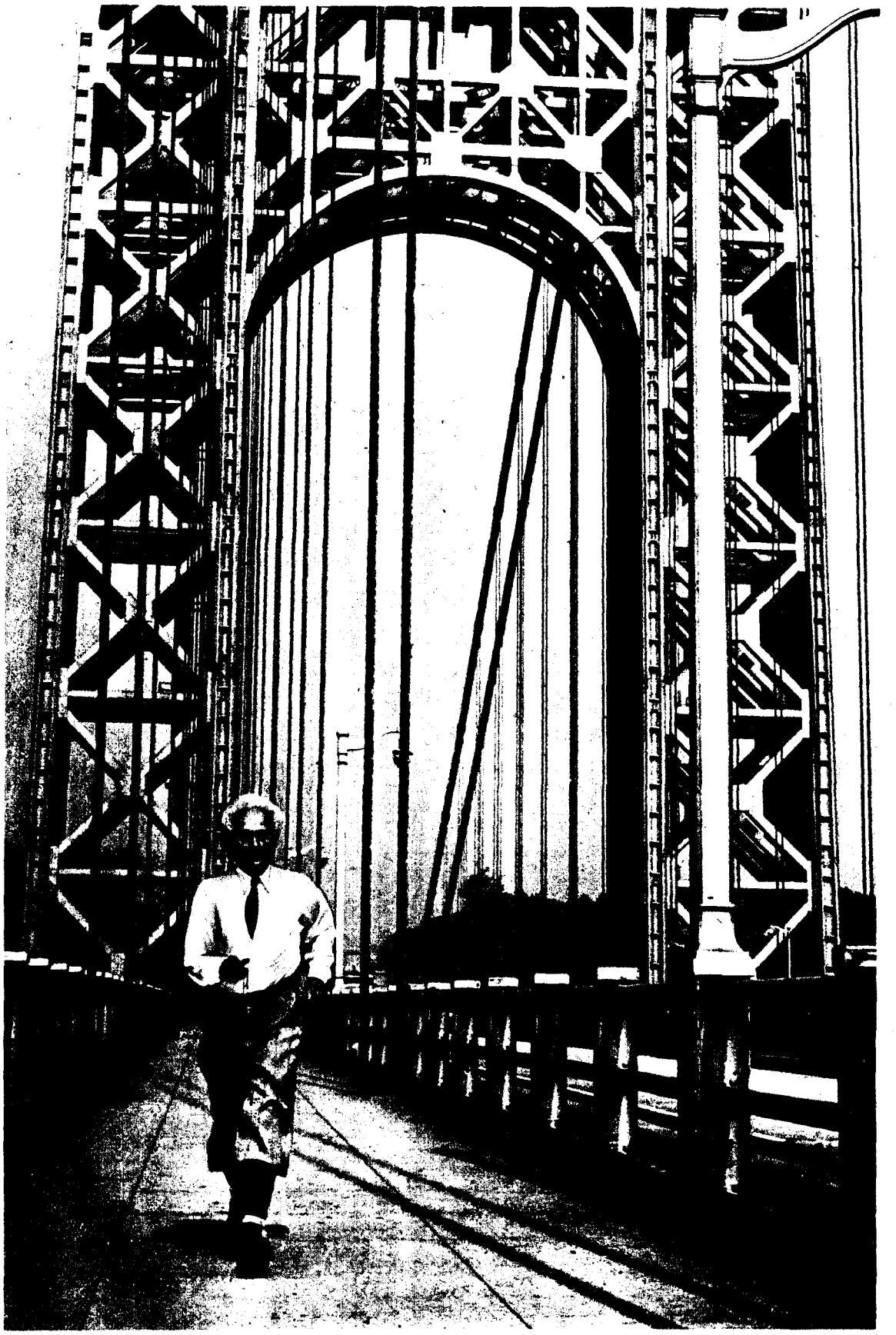
Mr. Heel and Toe

By TED SHANE

You, too, can be a hiker in six easy steps if you follow the heel-and-toe prints of Jim Hocking. In his ninety-two years he's hoofed more than 260,000 miles, and he expects to do a hundred on his hundredth birthday



Our nonagenarian shanks'-marian stepping out briskly across New York's George Washington bridge

AS WAS his custom, on his seventieth birthday, James Horatio (Jim) Hocking walked 70 miles—one for each year of his life. The next day he recorded his sensations in an outdoor column he was conducting at the time for a New York paper. "Why write such lies?" the unbelievers wrote in. "No man in the world could walk 70 miles at seventy."

That was in 1926.

This year on October 15th, the white-thatched, Lincoln-lean, Indian-bronzed Hocking will eschew the mile-a-year plan, and content himself with a short stroll around Long Beach Island, New Jersey, where he's been summering. This will be a matter of about 35 miles, and the venerable Hocking will shanks'-mare it in about 11 hours. It seems that three years ago, Jim was injured by a car while walking home from his work—from New York City to Teaneck, New Jersey, about 12 miles—and he's had to taper off some on his heel-and-toeing since. He's ninety-two now. But he hopes to do the 100 miles he's been planning when he reaches one hundred in 1956.

And how far did *you* walk today?

Sound as a berry, bright blue-eyed and never sick a day in his life, Jim Hocking admits he owes his long life and incredible spryness to the world's cheapest, most natural and satisfying sport: hiking. For Jim has literally walked through life. Technically he's a heel-and-toe man: a speed walker from way back when pedestrianism, as walking races were called before the motor age, was the international pastime. Hocking estimates that during his lifetime he's dogged in over 260,000 miles.

He holds almost every amateur distance record from 75 miles to infinity. He's walked the 97 miles from New York to Philadelphia nonstop in 19¼ hours; at sixty-nine he piked from New York to Chicago in 16 days; he once walked across the entire continent, topping the stroll off with a return amble up to Canada from San Francisco, across Canada, and down the Hudson Valley home. This 8,000 miles was ripped off in 250 days. He arrived without a blister, a care, or a nickel in the world. Also without anything but brief newspaper mention. Jim's always been, and will always be, an amateur who walks for fun. "The world is your footpath," he says rapturously. "Walk 10 miles a day and live to one hundred and twenty-five!"

Oh, yes, Hocking was well over sixty at the time of this jumbo hike.

A Trail for All Classes of Hikers

Hocking, of course, doesn't recommend the transcontinental trudge for beginners. He does, however, urge you seekers after health and the peculiar joys of the shanks'-marian to hit the Appalachian Trail. Two thousand and fifty miles long, and developed entirely by volunteer hiking enthusiasts, this trail is the longest single hiker's artery in the world, a veritable bunion Broadway. From Mt. Katahdin in Maine to Mt. Oglethorpe in Georgia, the Appalachian is four feet wide at its narrowest, completely blazed, foolproof, and safer than a city street. Except for a few spots in the Great Smokies, it is fitted with huts, shelters and camp grounds, spaced for an easy day's hike, though certain sections still show the neglect of the war years.

The way to walk the trail, Hocking advises, is to decide at exactly what point you want to cut in. Write to the Appalachian Club headquarters in Washington, D.C., for detailed maps and information, chart your course carefully and travel any length of it your legs, and time, can stand. Many drive a car to a specific point and walk a round-trip hunk. There are sections where you may even drop your car at one point and make a deal with other hikers to have it delivered at a desired exit.

One of Hocking's favorite hauls happens to be on the Appalachian Trail—from Mt. Katahdin to the Massachusetts State Line, several hundred miles of breath-taking beauty. Hocking helped blaze it. It merges with Long Trail, and includes nearly every kind of terrain and scenic wonder. You may even run into a summer blizzard above timber line. Except for the winter months in New England, the Appalachian Trail is hikable the year around. On the hottest summer days, it's cool in the trail mountains and you'll find a sleeping bag handy at night. The *(Continued on page 39)*

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Death in the Classroom

Safety authorities are worried about the growing chances for a school fire disaster, warns Miss Porter. Last week she told of the danger each child may be facing in a firetrap school. This week she describes preventive measures

By AMY PORTER

CONCLUSION OF A TWO-PART ARTICLE

NOBODY wants a school fire any more than anybody wants smallpox. But when the Los Angeles Fire Department decided that the Hoover Street elementary school was not fire-safe, and caused an order to be issued to the board of education last January closing the school pending installation of automatic sprinklers, the board, parents, teachers and even some children were upset.

"Where," the parties concerned wanted to know, "do they expect us to put these children?"

The fire department said nothing in reply, officially. Unofficially, its attitude was expressed by one of its members: "The way we look at it, no school at all is better than a firetrap school. If it was my kid, I'd rather he missed a year of school than have him attend classes in a building that isn't safe. Don't these people ever read the papers, about what happens when you have a fire?"

Officially, the board was notified that the same close-up order would be served on 20 other schools in Los Angeles unless automatic sprinklers were installed.

It caused quite a flurry, but the harassed board did manage to put the school-less children into other schools for the rest of the year. As this article is written, five of the 20 other schools involved have been equipped with automatic sprinklers, and plans are under way for sprinkler installations in the remaining 15 unsafe schools.

This example of a get-tough policy to prevent school fires is cited not in criticism of Los Angeles, but in praise of it. Los Angeles has a first-rate school system, first-rate buildings (except for these few), and an outstanding fire-prevention program. A fire-department spokesman protested when I said I wanted to mention the Hoover Street school incident in an article. "I'm afraid it will give a wrong impression," he said. "It will look as if we aren't friendly with the school board, and we are. We get along fine, we co-operate, and we want to keep it that way."

The Los Angeles School Board is by no means the villain of the piece. Its members are as eager as anybody to have everything just right. But they, like all other school boards, have money troubles. In Los Angeles, as elsewhere, the school population has grown to problem proportions. So the board decided it had no choice but to build new buildings for the new population with such funds as it had in hand, continuing meanwhile to use every old building on the lot.

But the fire department said, "No."

That brave, resounding "No" stands alone, so far as I could discover, in the entire nation's never-ending but never very effective campaign against school fires. Los Angeles isn't the only place where the law has teeth if anybody wants to make use of them. There is scarcely a community where one law or another—state, local, public welfare, building code—would not serve to close up an unsafe school. If the law were invoked.

In gathering material on school fires, I visited many communities in many states. Everywhere, fire officials told me: "We really *should* close up school so-and-so. It is a firetrap. Actually we have the power. I suppose we *could*, but you know how it is. The mayor and the councilmen, and the school-board members, they are all good fellows, they are with us on this, but their hands are tied, like ours. Politics, taxes—it takes money—what can we do?"

Well, Los Angeles did it, and by its action points out one way to remedy our scandalous firetrap school situation.

The scandal: More than half of our schools are firetraps, according to authorities of the National Board of Fire Underwriters and the National Fire Protection Association. There is an average of seven school fires a day in the United States and Canada.

In the United States alone, in 1946, the last year for which complete statistics are available, there were 2,300 fires in schools and colleges, with a property loss of $11,000,000. Incomplete returns for more recent periods show *(Continued on page 70)*

Alert to the menace, Los Angeles has enlisted the children themselves in the fight to prevent school fires. Inspector Walter Chartrand of the fire-prevention division instructs junior firemen from Cahuenga School

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

The time for concerted community action against firetrap schools has come! Fire Prevention Week, beginning October 3d, provides the opportunity. Check on your school. If you don't get the action you think necessary, write Collier's. And let us know, too, if your campaign has been successful

Collier's for Action!

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Shaking visibly, Stanley bent and picked up the cartridges that Bonnie had ejected from [illegible] before she had aimed it at his head

O'Connor and the Blue-eyed

NESTLED among the fat sugar pine of a valley high in California's Sierra Nevada, the Doyle-O'Connor Rainbow Trout Camp had a false look of prosperity. The place didn't have a patron to its name. The manager of a certain bank had trouble with his fingers every time he thought about the loan he'd made on the camp. They itched.

In front of the lodge a redheaded young man named Lester Doyle climbed into a pickup truck of advanced years and grinned with bogus cheerfulness at his partner, Stanley O'Connor. "I wish you wouldn't look so much like you were serving board and room to an ulcer, Stan. If we had a client you'd make him nervous."

Stanley was a tall, fair, bony man with gentle, worried eyes. He was as friendly and trusting as a pup and willing, even eager, to tear the shirt from his back to help man, woman or child. In the two months that the camp had been in operation these qualities of generosity and kindness in Stanley had proved an almost lethal drawback to solvency. At the moment Stanley's guilt was showing and he felt very low. "I got a weak, second-rate character, Les. I let you down. If I'd been strong I wouldn't have accepted those three bum checks. We'd be $417.25 fatter. We could advertise legally. We wouldn't have to stoop to preying on a sweet, rich female."

Lester chuckled. "Sop up your tears, Stan, and blow your nose. You got a big, noble heart but you oughtn't to let people move in and set up house in it. Which reminds me: While I'm away to the city we probably won't have a customer but if we do, kindly don't feel obliged to give him the resort and a deed to the national forest." He started the motor. "We've been booted around some, but good old Clarissa will pull us through."

"Is she going to hold still for this scheme?"

"Of course. Aren't we engaged? Isn't what's mine going to be hers and, praise God, vice versa?"

Stanley showed pain. "Maybe we shouldn't exploit her. Even if her father does own a packing house, Clarissa's too fine a girl to do this to."

"Leave us not forget, Stan, that I've been that dame's adoring slave for eight years and that her old man won't so much as let me caress one of his calf's livers until I prove I can make a few bucks out of this tourist trap we got here. So I'll phone Clarissa soon as I get to town. If she can pressure old Homer into coming up here and if he can catch some good trout I think we can tell the bank to get back in its cage."

Homer Matson, Clarissa's father, was an elderly

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Felon

She arrived in a stolen car, packing a gun—and fell smack into the clutches of the kindest, gentlest, most gullible man who ever lived

By NORD RILEY

capitalist whose trout glands swelled every spring, causing the old gentleman to leave home, crawl over boulders, wallow in frigid streams and endure poison oak, mosquitoes and contusions in order to cast a counterfeit insect at a fish that seldom gives a damn about anything. He was devoted to fishing certain streams year in and year out, but the partners had decided that one way to bring business their way was to beguile Matson into trying their waters. As head of the Pasadena Izaak Walton Club, Matson swung weight with many well-heeled fishermen. What was more, he was in a position to guide the Waltons when it came to selecting a camp for their annual two-week trout binge.

Stanley patted the pickup's tin flank glumly. "Be kind to the truck, Les. She's old. Don't ride the clutch. Watch for rocks."

Lester smiled. "One more word: If anyone offers you a check, Stan, take to the hills." He shifted into low and the truck started down the grade. "See you about seven."

When the truck had gone, Stanley sat down on the lodge step and let his worries out for a romp. Their cabins were clean and comfortable, their little blue lake a few yards away was full of trout, the scenery was heroic and the weather exhilarating, but almost no one knew these things. They had no money to advertise, and the reason they had no money was that $417.25 flaw in Stanley's character. He was bawling himself out for being nice to people and swearing to Heaven that never again would he be caught with his heart open and his prudence down, when he heard the car. He stiffened like a setter getting bird scent.

Up the grade came a long, low, bright green automobile of foreign manufacture. Stanley had an unnerving sensation that the driver's seat was empty, then he made out a small bushy head between the spokes of a steering wheel. The car stopped before Stanley. The occupant was a girl with large, shining blue eyes and neglected brown hair. She wore a plaid shirt, moccasins, and levis rolled to her knees.

"Tell me this," she said, "where am I?"

"This is the Clyde-O'Connor Camp. I'm O'Connor."

"Let me ask you something, O'Connor. You got a place I can lay this tousled head tonight?"

Stanley became cunning. "It just so happens we do have an empty cabin tonight. Won't you come in?" She jumped out and trotted over to Stanley. He observed that she had a turned-up nose and bulged here and there in a manner best calculated to arouse feeling in males. *(Continued on page 53)*

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIC ZAMPARELLI

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Billie Burke—Her Story

By BILLIE BURKE as told to CAMERON SHIPP

This is the final episode of a glamorous tale. The bright lights of Broadway grow dim for the fabulous Flo Ziegfeld and illness shatters a vital, passionate man. Miss Burke takes the stage again—alone

CONCLUSION OF A THREE-PART ARTICLE

AS I look about my small, compact house on quiet afternoons and evenings when I am free from being that silly woman in the movies or on the radio, I perceive that I am somewhat overrun with elephants. There are elephants in my library and elephants on my dressing table, and there are two big old fellows, gleaming white and about eighteen inches high, who live in the garden and are accommodating about holding flower pots. Some are of porcelain, some of china, some of jade, silver, gold or amber, and they are all fat and optimistic creatures with their noses held proudly high for good luck.

The elephants were Flo Ziegfeld's, and there was not much else to save when he was gone, after all the little people came and took things. Flo collected his elephants lavishly and tastefully, with the same free hand that he collected girls for the Follies, and cockatoos, parrots, strawberry finches, rainbow-breasted pigeons and other birds of bright plumage for our home. He esteemed all exotic and beautiful things, especially if they were costly, and he operated always on the principle that if anything was desirable then more of the same was essential.

One afternoon I returned late to find Sidney, Flo's valet, and Delia Leonard, our cook, whispering and grinning in the library. Sidney was as proper as an engraved invitation. He always called me "Madam." He straightened up and addressed me solemnly. "Madam," he said, "Mr. Ziegfeld has done it again."

I did not know whether to expect zebras or a mink farm, but they led me to the dining room. We had a rather large dining room which had been carefully decorated with the correct formal things, but now it looked as if the Imperial Russian Court had launched a giveaway program. I do not recall where Flo got them. He had done it in secret as a little surprise for me. But he had acquired a service of eagle-crested and gold-rimmed chinaware which had originally belonged to Czar Nicholas II of Russia. There were several thousands of pieces, enough indeed to entertain every doorman who ever pretended to be a grand duke.

I discovered that Flo had paid almost $50,000 for this princely tableware, so magnificent and so out-of-place. Even he had to grin wryly when he saw that even a Ziegfeld home has no place for such a cascade of imperial china. But he was a little sad when I finally persuaded him to send it back.

So many of his gestures were like this. His mistakes were as lavish as his successes. But the key to Flo's great flair for musical revues was, I always thought, his love of color and his impeccable taste in using it. He discovered Joseph Urban toiling in a Boston attic and promoted him overnight to design the Follies sets because he saw instantly that this man was no more afraid of pigments than Il Tintoretto or Matisse.

Billie and Flo Ziegfeld with Maxine Elliott, at left, as they were in their days of fame and fortune

Flo, of course, had some whimsicalities about color. He admired pink, despised violet, and always insisted, whatever the scene, that his girls be bathed in pure gleaming white lights. As for music, people forget that his father, Dr. Ziegfeld, was a distinguished maestro in Chicago, and that young Flo was brought up to know Bach and Beethoven, Schubert and Haydn, as intimately as he knew the popular waltzes of the day.

There is an absurdity going around, still going around, I am sure, which says that Flo hated comedians. The legend is that he used his funnymen merely as a diversion between girl scenes. Well, now—

I remember when Will Rogers first started to work for Flo on the Ziegfeld roof. He had a roping act, a clever roping act, and that was all, not a word spoken. But when Flo sat at his small table off to one side, near the stage, Will could not resist talking to him. He called him "Mister Zig Field" in those days, and he made sly, *sotto voce* comments to him on prominent people in the audience.

"Go on, say 'em out loud," Flo would urge him, but Will would stammer and grin and twirl his rope, and mutter, "Aw, Mr. Zig Field, they wouldn't think it was funny."

It required months of patient encouragement before Flo could convince Will that his remarks would be appreciated by the full audience, and the result was as you know—the launching of the greatest wit of his day.

Oh, he never laughed at his comedians. He laughed very little at any time. And certainly, being a thoroughgoing professional, he did not chuckle at Cantor and Fields and Rogers and Errol and Fannie Brice any more, I suppose, than Bob Hope howls today at Jack Benny. But then I never saw Flo applaud the girls, either.

After he had made a success in the Follies, Will told Betty, his wife, that he thought Flo should give him a raise of $200 a week. The Rogerses debated whether Will should dare approach the boss about it, fearing that Will would be fired. Unexpectedly, Flo sent for him.

"I won't mention money," Will said to Betty. "He's going to bawl me out about something or other and money is the last thing we'll talk about today."

He appeared diffidently at Flo's office and Flo opened the conversation. "Will," he said, "the season starts pretty soon, so I thought I'd better tell you I am going to raise your salary by a thousand dollars a week."

Will couldn't say anything. He fumbled with his hat and looked at the floor from under his forelock.

"Well, isn't that enough?" Flo asked. "Do you think I ought to make it more?"

Will says he turned and ran out of the door without being able to say a word. But he told me, "Y'know, Billie, if I'd a stood there and stammered a minute longer, I believe the old boy might have give another raise."

Flo found such comedians as Leon Errol and Fannie Brice in vaudeville and gave them their great chance by displaying them in the showcase of the Follies. Of all the women who ever worked for him, Fannie Brice was his best friend, the only one—and I say this on advice of counsel—who might be described as his "pal." She worked for Flo for sixteen years without a contract.

Once Fannie left the show to have a baby. Flo sent for her and addressed her with cold reproval.

"Of all the people in the world, Fannie," he complained, "for you to do a thing like this to me!"

It was lines like that, delivered with a straight face, that sometimes convinced me that Flo himself was a comedian at heart.

Fannie's great triumph in the Follies was, of course, the well-remembered Mon Homme (My Man) which she sang with such remarkable pathos. It was one of Flo's pets. He gave it to her, showed her how to sing it, and costumed her.

Fannie was a lovely girl in those Follies days, with a beautiful figure and wonderful hair, golden-chestnut colored. She thought she ought to do the number in a smart evening gown, with sophistication and polish.

Flo came out from the wings with Lilian Lorraine.

"This goes," he said, and ripped Fannie's beautiful gown at the shoulder. "And this," said Lorraine, tumbling her coiffure, and between them they committed vandalism on poor Fannie, who had to stand there and take it.

The result, as millions remember, was the tattered, hole-in-the-stocking costume in which Fannie sang her greatest song.

I am sure that Flo loved his comedians, for no producer ever put so many of them into his revues. Where one japester was enough for his competitors' show, Flo employed five. When the Follies went on tour, there was always a private car for Will's horse and his gig, every possible expensive detail taken care of to keep him happy and to keep him funny.

The story that Flo despised comedians is, of course, a concoction of the comedians themselves. They were jealous of the girls.

That last summer at Burkeley Crest, with the flowers, freshly cut every day *(Continued on page 66)*

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MURDER IN SZECHWAN

By ROBERT BRANSON

He felt his life was over when he returned and found what had happened to his wife. But he was spared the last cruel irony

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER

IN WEST China when they bury the dead they heap the grave over with a round mound of earth. The cemeteries bulge with fat, grassy knobs.

There is such a cemetery at the edge of the northern Szechwan town of Hsingping, where I stepped off a river boat one rainy afternoon last September. The cemetery starts at the boat landing and curves down along the river. It lies under a long canopy of old trees. The grass on the graves is very green because there is so much dampness.

I had made the trip all the way from Shanghai to see a geologist named Hank Tyler who has been prospecting for oil two or three years up there. Since he had no idea when I was arriving, he was not at the wharf to meet me. I hired the only taxi in sight—a shabby old sedan.

The driver had considerable trouble getting the car started. It was fitted out to burn charcoal instead of gasoline, and he had to do something complicated to a stovelike contraption that was bolted on behind. I sat on the lumpy back seat, my clothes soggy with sweat and rain, and looked out into the cemetery.

I saw a man sitting there, about 100 yards away, beside a grave at the edge of the river. The grave had a white cross on top. The man's outline was dimmed by mist and drizzle, but he was wearing a black Western suit and one of those U.S. Army sun helmets. I knew at once that he must be a Christian missionary paying homage to some departed Christian soul. From an old American lady in Shanghai, I had learned that there were two missionaries in Hsingping—a Reverend Sprague and a Reverend Fitzgibbons, one American, one English. The old lady, in fact, had insisted on giving me some table doilies for their wives.

The driver was still puttering with the charcoal burner. I leaned through the window and asked him who the man in the cemetery was. "Over there"—I pointed—"Is that Mr. Sprague? Is that the *megwa* missionary?"

The driver grinned and nodded and said something in Chinese I didn't understand. I wasn't convinced.

"Is it Mr. Fitzgibbons?"

He grinned and nodded again.

"Which one?"

"Yes, sir."

After a minute or two more of this, I gave up. I unstrapped my bag, dug out the package and walked into the cemetery. I had neither umbrella nor raincoat, but I knew I could scarcely get any wetter than I already was. And the sooner I could get this errand out of the way, the better.

The sod was mushy underfoot and water dripped from the trees. As I approached, I could see that the man beside the Christian grave was drenched. He sat on a bamboo stool with his back to the flat, muddy water of the river, and his hands were folded in his lap. Drops of rain hung from the rim of his sun helmet. Certainly, I thought, this was above and beyond even a missionary's duties.

He watched me as I stepped along between the great humps of earth. He was young, not more than thirty. He had a thin bony face and a jutting Adam's apple. He wore steel-rimmed spectacles. His shirt was filthy and he needed a shave badly. Behind his spectacles, his eyes were dark and unfriendly. He neither smiled at me nor got up.

"Reverend Sprague?" I asked.

"Yes, I'm Sprague." His voice was as solemn as his face.

"I thought it might be you. I'm up here to visit Mr. Tyler. Before I left Shanghai, an acquaintance of yours—a Mrs. Crabbe—gave me something to pass along to your wife."

"That was thoughtful of *(Continued on page 40)*

The sampan shoved off for Chungking, and no one's seen the Fitzes since

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The Hot Fur Racket

The underground fur business is booming in New York State. Poachers and racketeers are working hard. So are the game wardens. Deep in the mountains a battle's being fought to save valuable skins

By GEORGES CAROUSSO

A PLANE called Deerie cruised slowly over the snow-covered mountains. Below it, the naked winter trees left the floor of the forest open to the pilot's scrutiny. Even animal tracks were clearly visible on the smooth snow.

The plane followed a sharp mountain contour and dropped toward a swamp and a frozen pond. Suddenly the pilot stiffened. There was a small black hole chopped in the ice on the pond. He banked, turned and came back, sweeping low over the treetops. It was a hole all right, with one thick branch and several thinner ones protruding from its edges. That was all the pilot could see. But he could complete the picture. There was a ring slipped over the heavy branch, and the ring was attached to a length of chain. There was a steel trap at the other end of the chain. The trap was placed beneath the water where a beaver, reaching for the green twigs, would be bound to step into it.

The pilot turned once more. There were other trap holes on the beaver pond. Suddenly excitement mingled with his anger. The beaver had not yet been caught! The snow-covered mounds of the beaver houses were intact. There was still time to save this beaver colony! His eyes picked up snowshoe tracks and he followed them, coursing his plane like a hound on a hot trail. But whoever had made those tracks was clever, and the pilot lost the trail at last when it led into a spruce thicket. He gave up the hunt, and returned to his home airport.

The telephone wires hummed. The net grew and spread and took form, and began to close in on the fur poachers. Within hours, a car drove over a narrow, snow-choked mountain road. It stopped to let off two passengers, then went on. The two men strapped on their snowshoes and shouldered their packs. They eased their .38s on their hips, cradled high-powered rifles in their arms and stepped off the road. They were out to get their man.

The men were not alone. They knew that from another road, miles away across the wilderness, two other men were converging on the beaver pond from a different direction.

The net was spread wide; wider than even the men themselves knew. Many miles away, in New York City, another one of them waited and watched. He stood in a doorway just off Fifth Avenue, and watched a fur shop on a busy side street. The badge beneath his coat read Game Protector.

Man hunts, reminiscent of the old Yukon days—.38s on Fifth Avenue—it's fantastic, perhaps, yet the hunt is always on for the poachers and the fur bootleggers who run a racket in illegal pelts that nets them a million dollars a year.

Park Avenue and the wilderness are not far removed from each other. The mink coats seen in swanky night clubs may have been trapped right in New York State where some of the world's finest quality mink is taken. And there is a good possibility that some of this mink has been illegally trapped and sold.

The proximity of New Yorkers to the trapping grounds is often less than the distance traveled each day by some commuters. The girl in the "Hudson seal" coat, for example, walking along Times Square in the heart of the city, may be within ten miles of the place at which the muskrat pelts that make up her coat were trapped. There are muskrat in Brooklyn, the Bronx, Long Island and the Jersey meadows. On the site taken over by the World's Fair in Flushing dozens of boys used to make their spending money by trapping muskrat.

New York State produces more wild-trapped fur than Alaska, and one quarter as much as the whole vast territory of Canada. It has its swamps and wastelands, and just an easy drive north of New York City it owns the largest state forest preserve in the nation. There is gold in the lonely Adirondacks —the soft gold of rich fur, plentiful and of fine quality.

And New York has its market right at hand. It is just a few hours drive from the trap line to the greatest fur manufacturing center in the world. That makes it easier and more profitable for the legal trappers. But it makes it just that much easier and more profitable for the poacher and the bootlegger to dispose of his illegal pelts. Within his easy reach are 3,500 manufacturers employing 25,000 people and handling more than 30,000,000 skins a year.

According to Clayt Seagears, Director of Conservation Education for New York State, American women buy 2,000,000 fur coats every year, and New York women, alone spend $120,000,000 annually for their furs. That is quite a business! Of course, not all these manufacturers nor all these women would willingly buy bootleg fur. But the racketeers find little difficulty in disposing of $1,000,000 worth of illegal goods in an industry that, in this country, turns over half a billion dollars a year!

Between the racketeers and their unwilling dupes stands a small law-enforcement group of 170 New York Conservation Department game protectors, aided by a man from the National Fish and Wildlife Service. That is very few men, and even these few are hampered by inadequate laws. At present, there is no law in New York State to compel fur buyers to be licensed, and it is only through licensing that the Conservation Department can know the dealers operating within its jurisdiction. Anyone can buy pelts and run them into the city market. At present, there is no law, either, to make the tagging and listing of all wild-trapped fur compulsory, and, as a result, even the records of legal pelts are incomplete.

Although the illegal fur traffic is New York State's number one violation of conservation, the wardens have a multitude of other duties to perform over the tremendous territory under their protection. From the waters of the Atlantic, where they check on illegal netting and fishing, to some desolate inland wilderness, where they must inspect the creels and hunting bags of sportsmen and search for lost hunters, they are on a perpetual round of duty.

The men who drew the net around the beaver pond where the Deerie had spotted the out-of-season traps captured their poachers. For three days and three nights they waited in twenty-below-zero weather eating cold rations and spelling each other off on cat naps.

They got their men toward dawn on the fourth day. There was no trouble.

"There'd better be no trouble," one of the protectors advised. "My hands are so froze that I don't rightly know how tight my finger is squeezin' this trigger."

The back track of the poachers' snowshoe trail led to a cache of thirteen beaver pelts and a fisher.

The man who stood in the doorway just off Fifth Avenue got his man, too. For hours he watched the suspected fur shop fruitlessly, then walked to a drugstore to call in his report. While waiting for the number, he kept his eyes on the passing traffic. Suddenly, he slammed down the receiver and ran out of the store and into a taxi, flashing his badge.

"Follow that black sedan," he ordered. "The one with the fresh snow wedged in back of its license plate."

No snow had fallen in the city for a week. But it had snowed upstate. The sedan turned right into the next one-way street *(Continued on page 42)*

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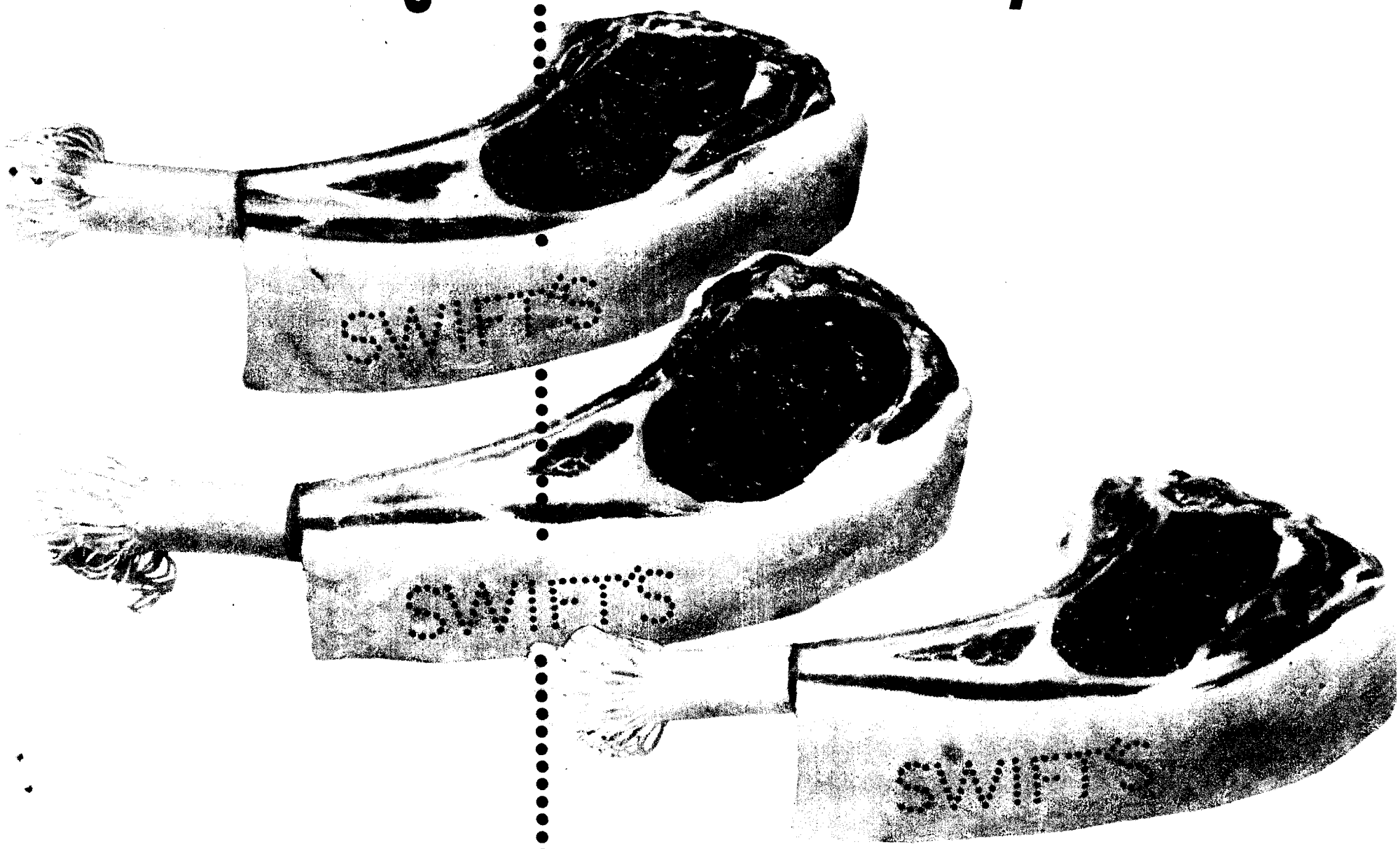
How to get fine lamb every time...



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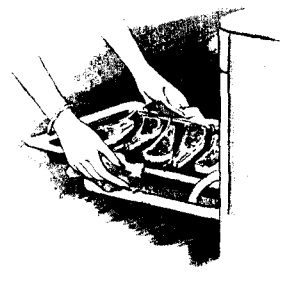
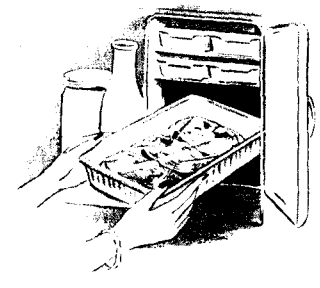
Martha Logan, Swift's Home Economist, suggests WAYS TO MAKE THE MOST OF LAMB



BROIL CHOPS THIS WAY: For 1" chops allow 7 min. each side for med., 8 min. for well-done . . . 3" from source of heat. Season each side after thoroughly browning.

HOT PLATTER and plates, plus a gay garnish of spicy crab apples are appetizing touches. And attractive service is one way to make sure not a morsel goes begging!

TWO-FOR-ONE TRICK: When you buy a leg of lamb, it's a good idea to have the meat dealer cut off 2 or 3 small steaks to be pan-broiled or braised later in the week.



STORE THE LAMB STEAKS, waxpape wrapped, in the freezing tray o your refrigerator. Mushroom o curry sauce gives a delicious flavo variation to the cooked steak

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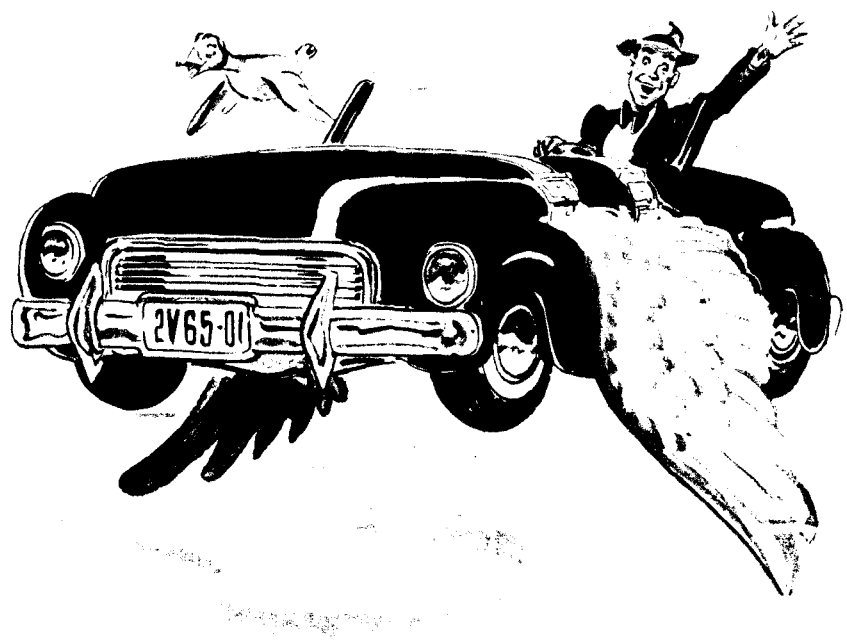

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THE FORAGE CAP

Continued from page 21

was as though I'd lost an arm or a leg. You're a big boy and so you might as well know: I haven't been with anyone since he died. Maybe you have some idea of what that means where I work? I haven't been with anyone there at all. Or anyone in any other place."

He made a formless exclamation, turning away. After a moment in which he obviously tried to think of something bright to say, he told her, "A lot of us thought Jack was exaggerating when he told us about you." When Amy did not speak but remained, now turned almost completely away from him, looking out over the water on the port side, Armitage tried to think of something more to say. She lighted a cigarette and he said, "Isn't there something you think could do you some good?"

"That's why I'm here." Amy didn't turn to him, so that he bent to catch her words. "My family always came here summers, and I suppose I'd hoped the water and the shore and the seeing of things I hadn't seen in a long time would heal me."

"But nothing else?"

Even with her back to him, he sensed her hesitation. "Since you insist on knowing," she said, "yes, there is something else. I'd like to have held him once —after he was hurt."

"You couldn't have. He went down in the sea. I saw it."

Still Amy didn't turn, but he sensed her hurt. Now he knew that through some chemistry of the emotions, they had reached a stage or place where almost anything either of them said hurt the other, and he knew it was not good to prolong. His practiced eye told him he might now barely get up the channel that came out from Taine's Creek if he kept the boat faithfully to midstream. Turning sharply, he easily drove the little vessel up it with the incoming tide, scraping bottom once or twice, until he came to a rickety little landing. He was glad no one was present when he helped her off the boat. "I'm sorry all this has disturbed you."

"You couldn't have known," she said. "In a way, I'm glad to have seen you. How did you know I was near this creek?"

"I didn't."

"That's my father's place." She nodded toward a salt-box whose gray paint had weathered until it blended with the beach plum and grasses.

Armitage shrugged loosely, but his eyes gave him away. Amy saw he was hurt, too, more mysteriously than herself. It was this knowledge that made her say, "Maybe some other time, some other year—or if you're ever out on the Coast—"

She was surprised when he shook his head. "It's too rough," he said indistinctly. The motor roared as he turned the little boat against the tide, so that she could scarcely hear him. Starting to move over the rickety boarding, she turned and watched him go off between the banks, the forage cap bravely on his head.

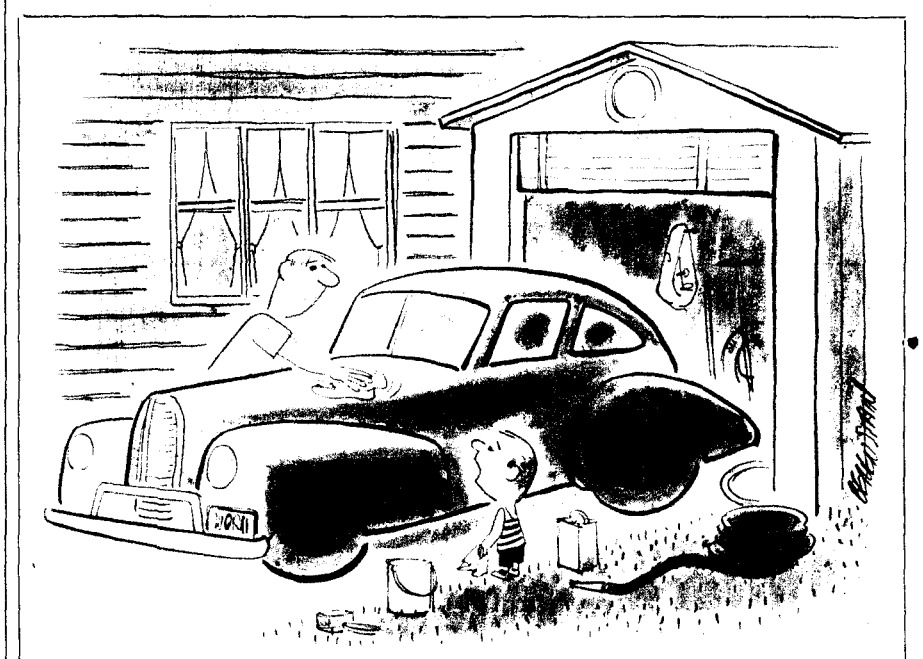
Moving back through the dry heavy sand, she began to wonder about the things other men had carried in their planes, a rabbit-foot, a Saint Christopher medal. Jack had—if she could believe his letters—carried one of her bras with him. It had amused and pleased her when she first heard of it. But now it made only a kind of desperation in her. It hadn't saved him and now thought of it could hardly be expected to help her.

EVERY day for three days, but now in sunlight, the planes returned, sometimes four or six, once as many as twelve. Watching them, Amy wondered why she did, finally supposing that they were a price she paid for all this sun and quietness. Whether this place she had known so well when she was a girl had begun to heal her, she could not have said. It was fatuous, she felt, to think that anything at all could heal in so short a time. And as though to justify her caution, she found that most of a night she could not sleep.

She thought as often of Armitage as of Jack Pearce. His obvious physical attraction seemed reason enough. His was a wiry strength and intensity of character to trouble others besides herself. Sleepless in a dark whose windows viewed the starry heavens, she thought often of how few of the men she knew were like him.

His cap, too, the ridiculous forage cap of his granduncle's, stayed in her memory, persistently enough to make her wonder exactly what it meant to Armitage. What she said at their meeting about ancestor worship had stung him enough to make her think in the succeeding days that she had struck closer to a nerve than she intended. In the dark of the third night after their meeting, the meaning of the cap came clear to her. What Armitage sought was what most Americans were forever seeking, a sense of continuity and of roots.

Wearing a forage cap of the Grand



COLLIER'S "Paper says clear. You know what that means" STANLEY BERENSTAIN

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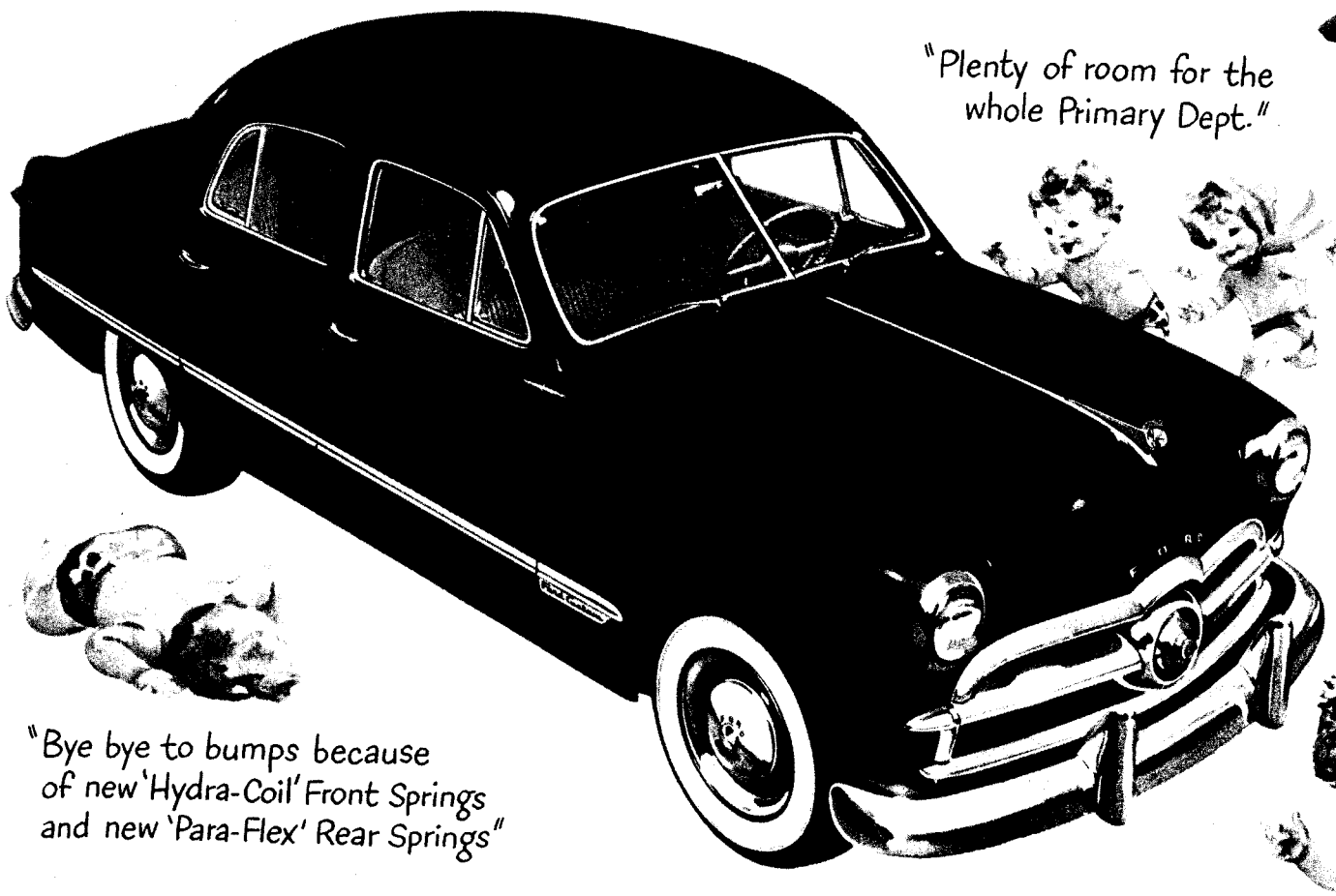

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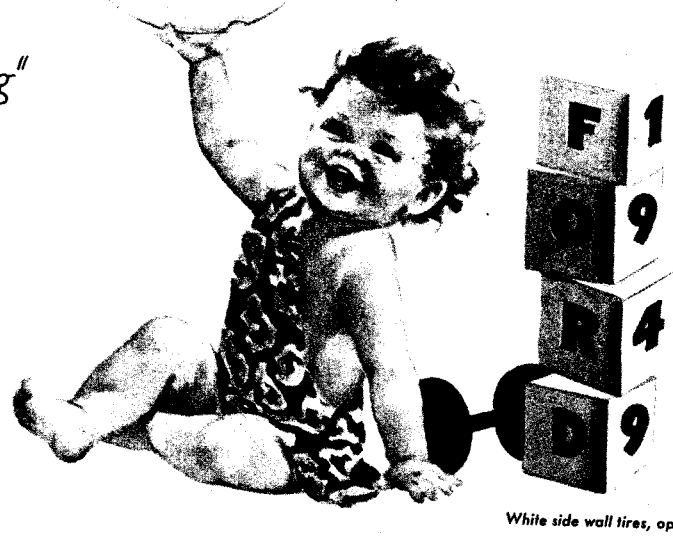

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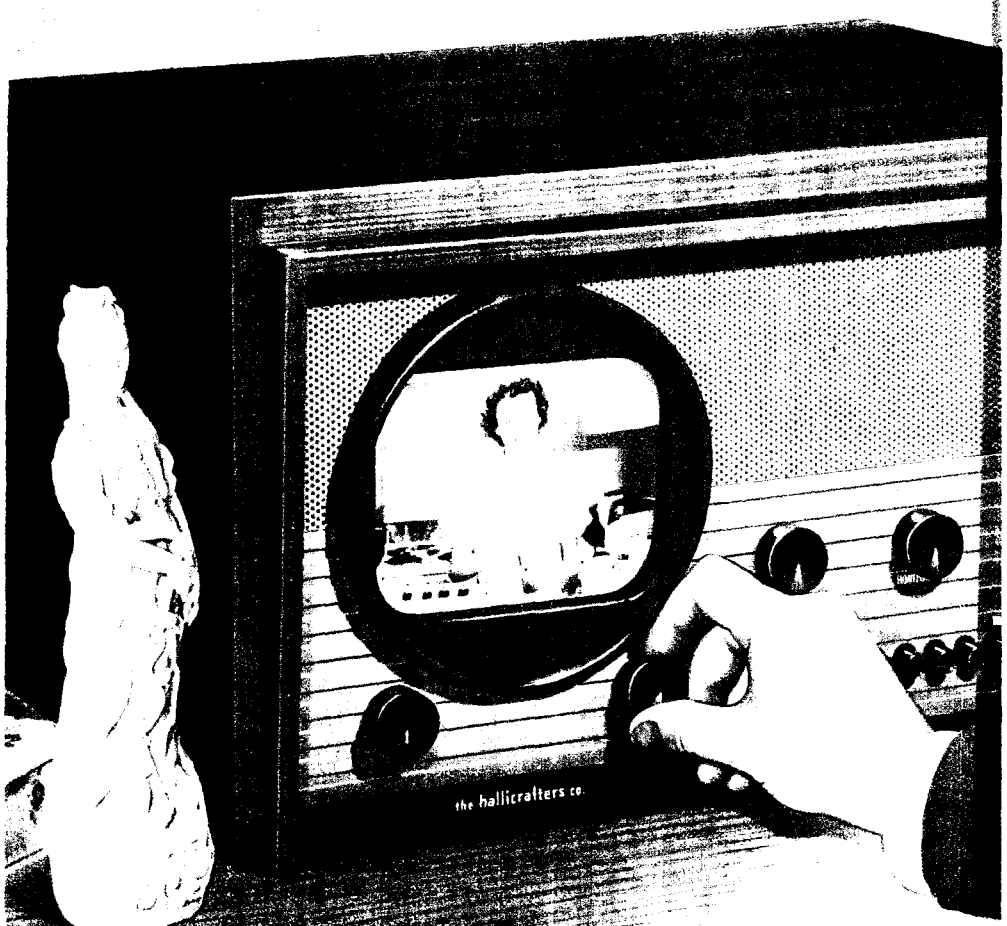

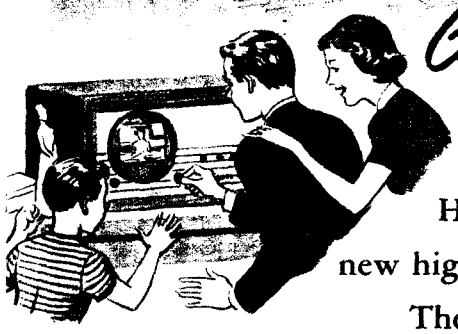

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Army of the Republic while he took his plane in over an enemy carrier, it perhaps meant to Armitage that his grand-uncle flew with him, that even somehow the 24th Massachusetts Infantry was there. But not anything so obvious. Armitage, whatever he was, was not a fool. A certain nobility that persisted in all of life, Amy conceded, might easily have been the grandfather's, and Armitage might have hoped that the cap would remind him of it, making his intention a good one and so, as they used to say, lending courage to his arm. Amy had even gone to the town's little library that day and discovered that the 24th Massachusetts had been a good regiment, behaving well at New Bern and at Swansboro.

It was a kind of speculation not new to her, although it and her capacity for it often made her uneasy. Now, too, there was the added strain of trying not to think of Jack, now that she had been reminded strongly again of him; of trying to think of Armitage, instead, of what his feelings had been when they met. He had not returned to her or even tried to communicate in any way, so that she found herself admiring his discipline as well as the other things that were his. Her eyes hurt in the dark and when she heard the sound of planes again, she knew it was her weariness working on her imagination.

SITTING up to rid herself of the imagined sound, she heard an increase of it. She put on a light wool robe and went out into the night. It was clear, with a low, half moon, and she could see the planes overhead, eight of them in two diamonds. Their lights were on, so that it was not only easy to watch them but Amy was reminded that the young men flying them were very young, indeed; young and new to their work.

But improving. As she watched the two patterns of light become a long line that dipped toward the water, she saw begin to appear the lavender flashes. By night, she could count easily and see that they were hitting the old ship on every third or fourth try.

They stopped rather suddenly. For a little while they circled randomly or confusedly above the bombed area. They then formed their patterns again. Flying back over where Amy stood, she saw the patterns were not as precise as before.

She went back to her bed, troubled by something new. It did not keep her from falling into a light sleep or drowse from which she was awakened into a world of pale light. The half moon was higher and shone directly into her window, its magic frosting all things near her, the tufted spread, the tiny, enameled clock, the maple chair and the clothing she had dropped on it. Shadow obscured the clock's face and she turned it. The hands pointed to 12:25; she had thought it later and held the clock to her ear. It was ticking, reminding her that however her own healing might be delayed, time would not be stayed, nor the world whose frettings it measured continue to pay her heed.

Amy sat up again, reminding herself—a trick learned in the past two years—that the thoughts of the night were not the thoughts of the day, that they were darker and more troubled. This time, she heard the sound that had awakened her, a motorboat's in the creek. It was probably one of the local fishermen going down to the bay, she told herself, but knew the tide was wrong.

Then she found herself hoping it was Armitage. This hope created a new bitterness; it was as though instead of his proving a counterirritant, Armitage troubled her in his own right, quite separate and apart from Pearce. Displeased with the world, but mostly with herself, she rose and dressed in the wool skirt and rough jacket lying on the chair. Leaving the house she picked up a flashlight, more for the reassurance of some useful object in her hand than because one might be needed in moonlight.

What wind there was hardly moved the beach grass. Bent shoreward by the prevailing winds, each blade of its uppermost camber held a thin coating of silver.

Moving toward the creek, Amy wondered at any lack of fear; it was as though some part of her was reassured, if only here and only for now.

A small boat moved uncertainly in the creek, its throttled motor beating softly like a heart. The bank's shadow obscured all but the boat's essential outline, but even before her light picked out the orange pennant, Amy knew. Some dark, scarred quality toward the bow had made her for a moment unsure, but then she knew that could be weed the boat had picked up.

The boat had been moored to the bank but the motor turned over, causing the craft to sway and move in the fashion she had first noticed. The motor died and as though its sound had been a condition or spell keeping her from seeing detail, she became aware for the first time of the figure standing in the stern.

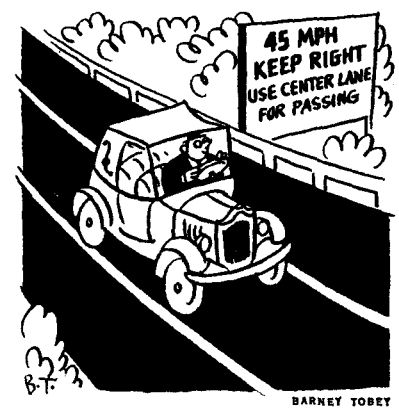
It was Armitage but with some change in him. His face in shadows had a pale streak across it. Other details she could see clearly, the red hip boots, their color showing in this moonlight, the strip of white bandage on a hand that rested on the cabin roof, the forage cap, now a trifle askew. He had not spoken and it was this brought a return of fear to Amy, yet she could not raise the light to his face.

"What happened?" Her voice sounded harsh.

Sighing, he also moved, raising one boot to the gunwale. His face came into the moonlight and Amy saw the pale streak was another strip of bandage diagonally across his forehead in front of the temple. "You know," he said vaguely, "the craziest thing—" He rose, standing on the gunwale; when he swayed she put out a hand to steady him. Taking her arm in both his hands for an instant, he steadied himself, then stepped to the wharf. He released her arm. "They bombed the target boat tonight."

"I know," she said. "They woke me going over."

OUNCE OF PREVENTION



KEEP RIGHT

Clarence, cautious and sedate,
In his prehistoric crate
Wobbles down the center lane.
Snails like him should go by train.

Unaware that bottlenecks
Cause innumerable wrecks,
He's a menace and a goose
And should not be on the loose.

—Margaret Fishback

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"I was sleeping in the lee—"

"You mean they hit you?"

"Same thing," he said. "One of those damned little black powder bombs hit right over me and against the side of the big boat." He paused again. "Sure shook hell out of things."

It was on the tip of her tongue to ask him why he had come here, and although she knew she could never have said it, the mere act of her having thought it shamed her. "Come in the house," she said simply. "Let's see if you need a doctor."

HE FOLLOWED her through the sand. Turning to see if he needed her help, Amy found he had fallen ten paces or so behind her.

When she put a hand under his arm, he said, "I'm all right."

"I hope so." Standing there, facing him, she reached up and straightened the forage cap on his head. The fragment of a smile formed on his face. "A necessary part of me, all right." He followed her again, but hesitated outside the kitchen door. "I'll dirty your floor with these boots." He gestured vaguely toward them.

"They won't hurt anything, unless they make you uncomfortable." Her hand led him into the neat room with its long refectory table and two benches. In electric light she looked at him closely. The only thing she found to worry her—a wide, rather deep scrape across the forehead near the temple—he had managed to cover partly with a strip of bandage.

"Here, sit on one of the benches and I'll dress that properly." Her fingers, searching in the bath's medicine cabinet, trembled more than the injury or the happening was worth, so that she sought the source of her concern. It was as though she knew it but would not face it. She found a small bottle of alcohol, a packet of bandage. When she returned to the kitchen, Armitage was up and drawing a glass of water. Turning to face her, he drank slowly out of the glass, regarding her over it, until he had drained it. The forage cap still rested on his head.

"Sit down," Amy said. "You're too tall to reach." Her concern would not go but she could control her fingers.

"I'm all right," he said.

"I don't think you need a doctor but you're not all right."

He sat down on the maple bench and closed his eyes. She found that it was still awkward to treat him as she had to stoop. Inwardly she fought a desperate, failing skirmish against something without a name; it was no longer possible for her to distinguish between what was necessity for him and artifice in herself. Sitting at the end of the bench nearest him, she said, "I can wash it better this way," and pulled his head down on one of her knees. His face remained immobile, the eyes closed, but the forage cap fell to the floor. Turning to the table to wet a cotton swab with alcohol, Amy found that she was crying and could not see clearly.

It was the cap falling that had done it, she knew. That cap which somehow linked Armitage to his granduncle and the 24th Massachusetts Infantry, or rather to some nobility that was in both, reminded her, now consciously, of what Armitage shared also with Jack Pearce.

Almost ashamed of herself and knowing there was no way she could explain it further to Armitage, Amy put one arm under the wide shoulders and bent to kiss first his cheek, then one eye. Raising her head, she saw he had not opened his eyes and a kind of panic came to her. One of her tears dropped on his cheek and he opened his eyes to look at her. The pain in them was not from his hurt but shared with her.

"You mean what you say, don't you?" he said.

"I don't know what you mean."

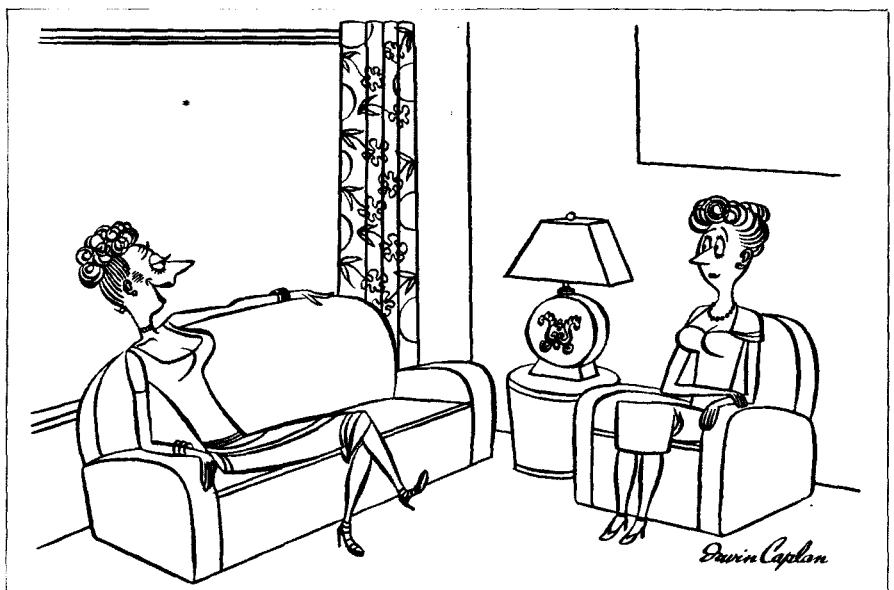
"What you said about Jack the other day—I thought then that it was a kind of act. This, tonight, reminded you in a way of him."

"Supposing it does?" Anger could not control her tears. "Is it so awful? Do you feel so put upon? Do you think you're the only one in the world who needs mending?"

Armitage didn't answer but his face changed and he sat up, pivoting on one hip, the feet in their great boots swinging down like counterweights to raise his body. Then he turned to her and held her quietly, her forehead resting on his shoulder for a long time before he tilted her head up and kissed her to end the crying.

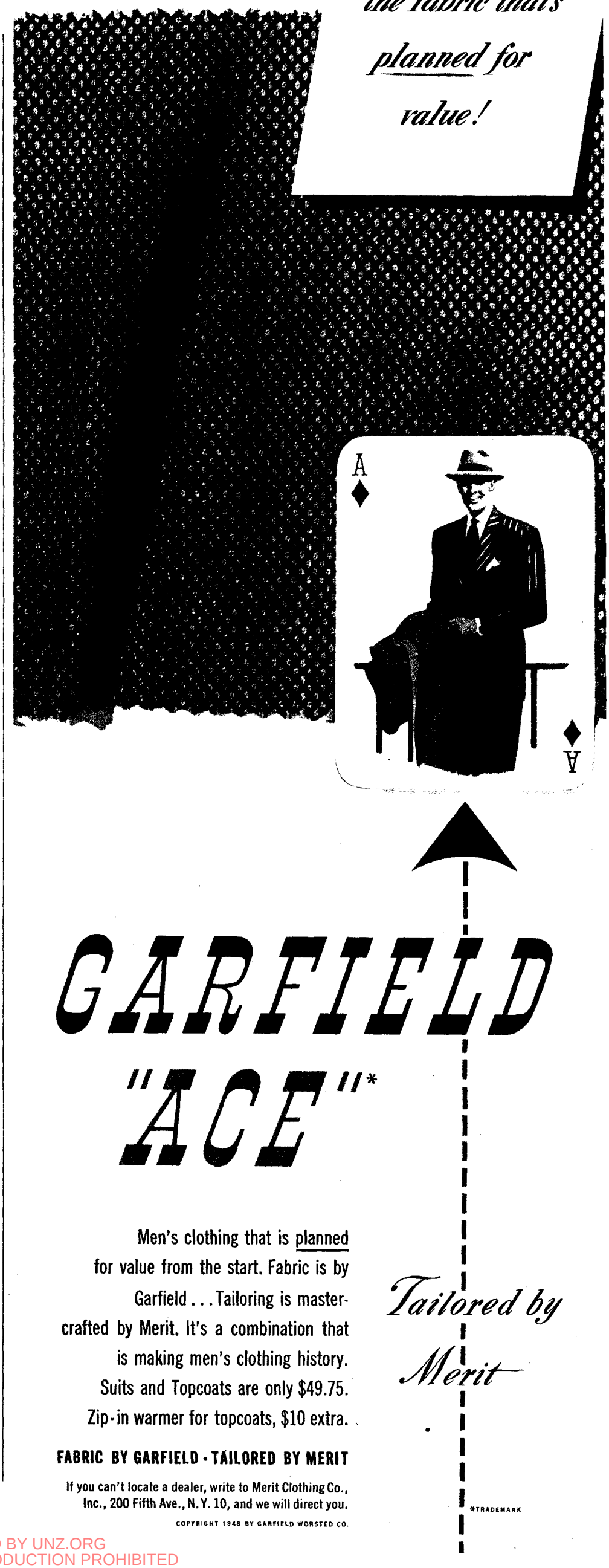
Amy let him talk to her and hold her, so that when Armitage at last picked her up and carried her into the living room, she turned her face into his chest so that he could not see it in the light.

AMY woke before Armitage did. The fireplace before which he lay was cold, its ashes white in the first sun. He looked younger than Amy remembered him; she felt older than he and devoted to him in some special way she could not name. When he woke, she thought, maybe he would want to come back to the Coast after her. This thought carried its own joy and its own fear. Even after she had taken a shower and was brewing coffee, Amy walked softly for fear of waking him, so that she could postpone a little longer that time when his face would tell her what it had become so needful for her to know.



"If I could combine their qualities I'd be the happiest girl in the world. Ronald is gay, debonair, rich, handsome, witty, and Clarence wants to marry me"

COLLIER'S — IRWIN CAPLAN



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Ah, my Absorbine Jr.

The Human Female

By COREY FORD

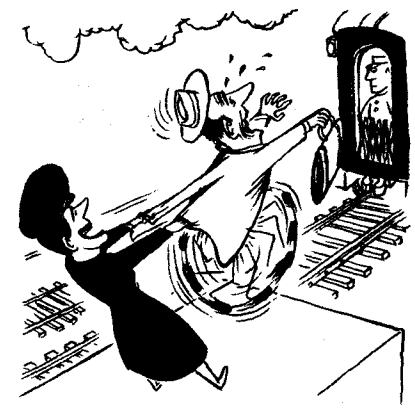
Another female foible report indicating there's no point in women telling jokes

DRAWINGS BY VIRGIL PARTCH

AS a further step in Collier's Survey on the Social Behavior of the Human Female, we have been making an exhaustive study of women storytellers (and if you don't think it was exhaustive, feel my forehead) and we have decided that women may be divided into two classes: those who tell stories, and those who don't.

At present, all women belong in the first class. The problem is how to get them into the second class.

In order to obtain our information firsthand, a fleet of special investigators was dispatched to eavesdrop on the human female in her native haunts (such as men's bars) and make careful notes on what kind of stories she tells, when she tells them, how many times she tells them, etc. One enterprising investigator even went to the trouble of climbing up a fire escape and planting a wire recorder in the bedroom of a married couple



They tell stories anywhere

Storyteller in native haunt

named Beamish, as a result of which he has been making great strides in his investigation, hotly pursued by Mr. Beamish.

The statistics thus gathered were placed in a derby hat, and a number of conclusions were drawn. The prize-winning conclusion was drawn by Mrs. Irma McAnkle, charwoman, of 134 Linden Avenue, Terre Haute, Indiana, who held conclusion number 63. Mrs. McAnkle received a roadster, an electric washing machine, a trip to the 1940 World's Fair, and a bill for $4,327.69 from the Collector of Internal Revenue.

According to our survey, women are most apt to start telling their husbands a funny story when he is (a) rushing to make a train, (b) reading his newspaper or (c) trying to sleep. One husband, Mr. T—, said that his wife always starts telling him a story when he is telling *her* a story.

"What's more," Mr. T— told our investigator, "it's the same story." Ninety-four per cent of the husbands interviewed declared that they had heard their wife's story before, usually from their wife.

The female storyteller, our survey revealed further, falls into five general types, which we shall call 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5. In order to illustrate these various types, our investigator took five wives, whom he selected at random. (He was later arrested for bigamy.) Each of these subjects was told the same story, the one about the parrot and the magician, whereupon she laughed and jotted it down on a piece of paper she borrowed from our investigator. (In a subsequent report, we hope to investigate why a woman never has a piece of paper.) The five methods follow:

Type 1 always tells the ending of the story first. "Have you heard the one about the parrot and the magician on a sinking ship, and the parrot says to the magician, 'All right, let's see you bring it back,' do you know it?" If the husband says no, she tells the story. If the husband says yes, she tells it anyway. "Well, it seems there was this parrot . . ."

Type 2 gets the beginning of the story all right, but forgets the ending. "I heard the funniest story today" (all stories that women hear are the funniest stories they ever heard) "there was a parrot and a magician, and every time the magician did a trick the parrot would say, 'That's easy,' well, finally the ship sank, I forget just what the parrot said, but it was absolutely a divine story if I could think of it."

Type 3 gets the beginning *and* the ending but leaves out the middle of the story. "I heard the funniest story today, this parrot and this magician were on a ship, and the parrot said, 'Let's see you bring it back,' I think there was a little more to it, I know it seemed funny when I heard it."

"It seems there was a magician . . ."

Type 4 never gets to the story at all. "I heard the funniest story today, I was having lunch at Tony's, was it Tony's, no, it was that little place on Market Street, you know the little place right next to the place we had dinner that time, I was having lunch there with Madge Prentiss, do you remember Madge, I hadn't seen her in absolutely ages, I hardly knew her she's changed so, she called me up and asked me to have lunch with her at this little place, I'll think of the name of it in a minute . . ."

Type 5 gets the story completely confused, and then blames her husband when he tries to straighten her out. "I heard the funniest story today, it seems there was a magician and he had a parrot, or rather I guess it wasn't his parrot, anyway this magician kept doing tricks, and every time he did one the parrot would—"

Husband. "You left out where they were on a ship."

Wife. "I don't see what difference it makes."

H. "But it's part of the story."

W. "As a matter of fact, they were on a raft, because the parrot said—"

H. "The ship sank, dear."

W. "Of course it sank, or what were they both on a raft for?"

H. "But you want to say it sank, that's the whole point."

W. "Maybe you'd rather tell this story."

"The ship sank, dear"

H. "I'm sorry, dear, I only wanted you to get it right."

W. "If you want to tell it, I mean, it's perfectly all right with me, it's all spoiled anyway."

H. "I'm sorry, dear, go ahead."

W. "I guess I better start all over, it seems there was this parrot and he had a magician . . ."

When the human male tells a story, on the other hand, he always gets right to the point. As a matter of fact, I heard the funniest story myself today, there was a parrot and he was running in the third race at Aqueduct, I guess come to think of it that it was a horse, anyway this horse went into a bar and ordered two Martinis, and the man who owned the dog—I remember now it was a dog—or maybe it was a pigeon—

Do you remember how that story goes, dear?

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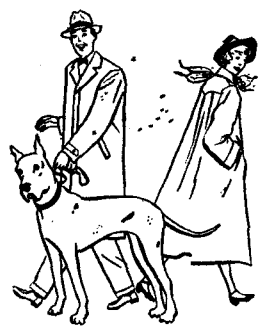
DOG-GONE WONDERFUL

Walk-Over Mudhounds



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INSIDE SPORTS

Continued from page 6

shoes and wades in. Pretty soon a geyser shoots up all kinds of stuff—rocks, sand, chips off an old log, a 10-inch bass and finally the ball! It stops 10 feet from the pin and he holes out for a half and he wins the 18th and we're all even. You just can't beat him."

That's what Georgia Tech's Southeastern Conference opponents are worrying about.

WORRYIN' GUYS DON'T WIN

As usual, Dizzy Dean was talking. "Some guys worry themself sick in the World Series. Ol' Frank Frisch, for instance. Why, I was jes' breezin' in the opener of the 1934 series. One out, somebody on first, and we're ahead 'leven to nuthin' in the ninth and Greenberg coming up.

"I'd already struck out Hank twice, no trouble 'tall, but you know what that worryin' Frisch did then—sent four guys out to the bull pen to warm up. Honest, I thought he was gittin' ready for next season.

"I looked at Greenberg and then I looked in at the Detroit bench and I yelled, 'What? No pinch hitter?' You shoulda seen Greenberg. He was purple.

"Well, I put two fast ones acrost the letters on his shirt and he missed the second one so far it was pitiable. I hadda laugh. All of a sudden, Frisch came chargin' in from second base. 'Cut the foolin',' he yelped, 'we've gotta lot at stake.' Then Durocher came in from shortstop and said, 'Aw, let the guy have his fun, Frank.' But Frisch don't pay no attention to Durocher. 'Stead he told me, 'You lose Greenberg and you're through.' 'Leven to nuthin' and he was gonna pull me. That's what worryin' does to guys in the World Series."

Your average major-leaguer is a worryin' guy which explains why so many players fall down in the World Series. Worryin' guys—tired and tense after 154 regular-season games—usually slump below championship form in October.

That's especially true of worryin' stars, who get the idea they have to carry their teams. Honus Wagner, Ty Cobb and Rogers Hornsby were mediocre World Series performers.

Invariably, the World Series brings out the worst in worryin' guys, and it would not be surprising if the 1948 meeting produced some of the worst baseball ever perpetrated in October.

COLUMBIA'S SPRYEST OLDSTER

Jimmy Murray wanted to be a fighter because his dad was a fighter. Jimmy remembers watching his dad fight middleweight Mike Donovan (father of Arthur, the referee) for two hours on a barge anchored off Red Bank, New Jersey. The police finally broke it up.

Jimmy went to work as a boxing instructor at Philadelphia's Elite Sparring and Fencing Club, but quickly shifted from fists to foils. Columbia University hired him in 1898—the year Columbia moved to Morningside Heights in New York.

"Jimmy came with the buildings," somebody remarked at the banquet honoring his golden anniversary last spring.

Murray is a spry little fellow, about 125 pounds, somewhere between seventy-five and eighty, still rough and tough. Tony Biddle, the hand-to-hand expert who taught judo to the Marines, is a Murray protégé. During a Philadelphia visit several years ago, Biddle and teacher Murray squared off in a friendly scrimmage—and Jimmy threw Biddle through the library window. ("One of those expensive stained-glass ones," Jimmy recalls proudly.)

Columbia's fencers haven't noticed any change in Jimmy's technique as he starts the 51st year. He takes on the whole squad, one by one, every afternoon for "the lesson." Recently, an *épée* candidate was asked, "Is the old man really tough?"

"Is he tough?" the youngster replied, "Why, if we didn't wear masks and pads, he'd stack the bodies to the ceiling."

NOTE FOR HUNTERS

Perhaps the rarest competitor in sports is the Weimaraner. It is an excellent hunting dog on land or water, built like a pointer (only lighter), and colorful, to say the least. Weimaraners have gray and/or silver hair, and blue or amber eyes. They're called "gray ghosts" in bench shows. The breed comes from Weimar, Germany.

NEW ERA

Once upon a time
It could be said
The nickel, cent and dime
Came under this head—
But not today. You just proceed
To try and *buy* some chicken feed!

—W. E. Farbstein

MRS. GAFFERS NAMES A HORSE

"In Flanders' fields the poppies blow . . ."

Although there is little rhyme or reason in the naming of race horses, John McCrae's poem of the first World War emphasizes the appropriate title given to a two-year-old owned by Mrs. W. C. Gaffers. The horse is by War Glory—Little Time and his name is Row On Row.

BEDTIME STORY

Coach Ray Flaherty of the New York (football) Yankees makes the rounds at ten o'clock to satisfy himself that all the little 240-pounders are tucked in for the night. Flaherty became a firm believer in bed checks several years ago when he was coaching the Washington Redskins and halfback Ernie Pinckert was in a mood to celebrate.

On that festive evening, Pinckert invited a few teammates to his hotel room and phoned room service for a bottle of champagne. At ten o'clock, there was a knock (Flaherty's) on the door.

Pinckert was busy telling a story, so he merely opened the door a few inches and shoved a ten-dollar bill into the hall.

Flaherty accepted the bill and then—as Pinckert groped vainly for the anticipated bottle—Flaherty said, "Thanks a lot, Ernie, and this'll cost you fifteen dollars more."

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MR. HEEL AND TOE

Continued from page 24

fall, of course, is breath-takingly Technicolorful in New England.

Although enthusiasts come from the country over to sample the Appalachian appeal, which is something boskily special, there are miles and miles of trails elsewhere—the Pacific Crest Trail, the Rockies and all the national parks offer hoofing lures. "But you don't have to walk a trail to walk," Hocking urges. "Make your trail right outside your door."

Hocking advises a long, hip-swinging toes-straight-ahead stride—30 regulation Army inches long—as the most untiring. Wear well-broken-in high shoes, a size or so too big, softened with neat's-foot oil, woolen socks over vaselined toes and heels. You can carry anything from an Army knapsack containing an old Army blanket and a collapsible ax, to a modern streamlined Bergen pack with a down-filled sleeping bag, collapsible water bucket, a pair of pliers for removing nails, a browse bag to be filled with dried leaves for a mattress, or a rubber one to be air-filled, a pup tent big enough for two, a carbide lamp, a sheath knife for scalping Indians or annoying companions, and a pantryful of concentrated foods and dried fruits.

"If you're a human mule and want the comforts of home in the woods," Hocking laughs, "you even carry book digests, a portable radio or accordion. Me—I like to carry little, walk far."

Vacations at Very Low Cost

So Hocking enjoys the simple meals served at the huts along the Appalachian Trail, or at adjacent way stations. For lodging, supper, breakfast and a pocketful of sandwiches for midday, Hocking pays around $4. Back-to-nature-getters, aside from the initial outlay for the pack, can do it for less. A man and wife can do two Glorious Vacation weeks of Trail for as little as $40, sleeping in bag and tent on the campsites, doing their own cooking, etc. Hocking used to mail his wash ahead on long hikes for laundering and delivery at a trail post office.

Jim Hocking has reason to feel the trails healthier than the closed-in spaces. Just after his eighty-ninth birthday (he'd walked 55 miles in 11¼ hours, breaking his own record for the distance, made at the age of 88) Hocking was struck by a car in New York. For the first time in his life he wound up in a hospital, where he immediately tried to get out of bed and walk home with a concussion, five smashed ribs and one leg shortened slightly. As soon as he regained his feet, Hocking hit the road and since has worked his leg back to its normal length. George Bernard Shaw, an old pen pal, cabled Hocking in hospital to get on the trail again.

"You do what I talk about," G.B.S. said. "You're the greater man."

Hocking insists that hiking is the panacea of the world's ills. Not only does it strengthen you against colds, but it penetrates the iron curtains of the mind and spirit.

"You meet doctors, lawyers, congressmen, bank presidents, postmen and plain people on the trails," he says. "There is no room for snobs. After a few days of hiking with trail companions you just float along. And the things you talk about! And see! Incidentally, between hikes, walk to work. It'll keep you in shape, and it's the only way to enjoy your job."

Hocking—he was born in Cardiff, Wales, on October 15, 1856, and has been a ship's engineer, building superintendent and writer—isn't sure when he'll quit walking. "You stop growing at eighty-five. At ninety you just begin to get That Rhythm," he sums up. "When I go, however, I hope it will be on a trail walking toward some cloud. I want to sit down against a nice tree—and drop off to sleep.

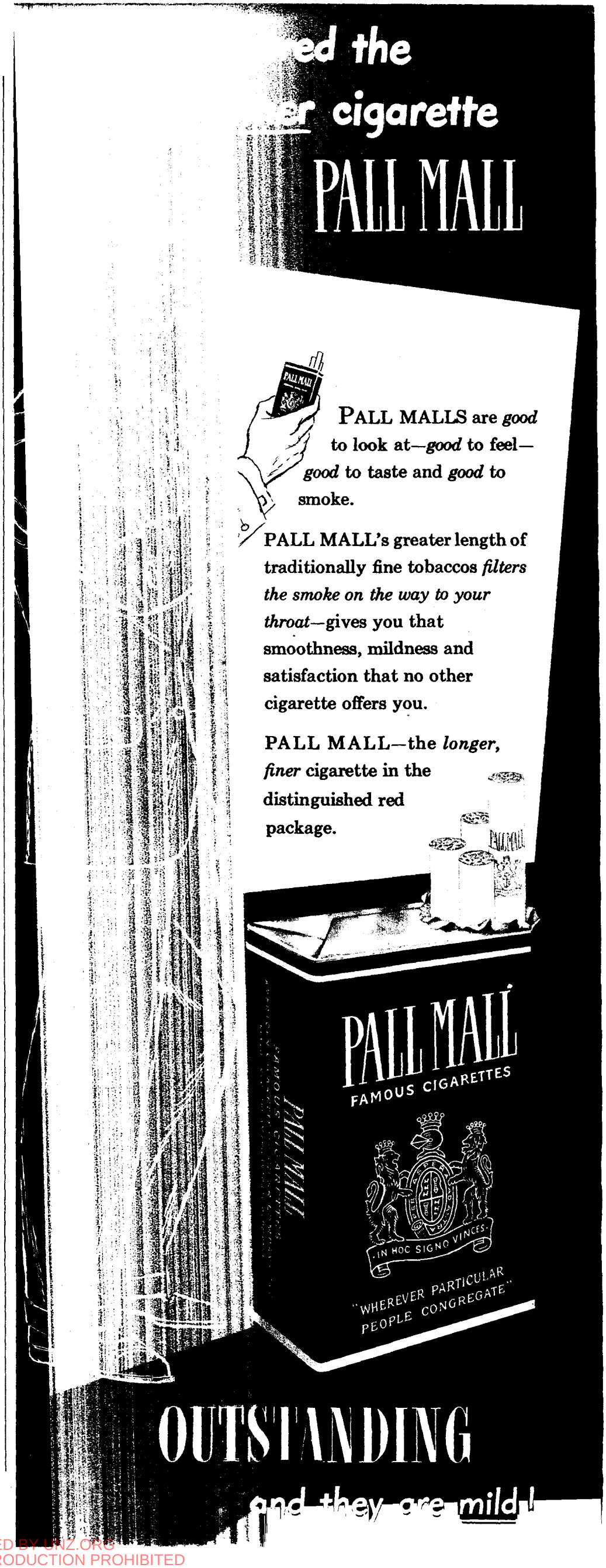
"Meanwhile, I'm heading for one hundred. It was easy to get to eighty, then to ninety. What's to stop me from going on from one hundred?"

This is a fair question. Age one hundred is not such a terrific hike from age ninety-two, if you are used to walking.

COLLIER'S

"Marie isn't in just now. This is her hundred-and-eleven-pound, five-foot-three, blond, blue-eyed sister"

KIRK STILES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MURDER IN SZECHWAN

Continued from page 29

Mrs. Crabbe," he replied very slowly, still not smiling. "She must not know that my wife was taken with cholera nearly a year ago." He nodded at the white cross. There was an awkward silence for a moment.

"I'm sorry," I said. "Well, I wish you'd take this package anyway. I think it's some table linen. Half of it's for you and the rest is for Mrs. Fitzgibbons. I'd appreciate it if you'd give it to her next time you see her and tell her where it came from."

Real pain seemed to creep into his dark eyes. His lips moved a little, but he said nothing.

"Mrs. Crabbe said everyone up here would know Mrs. Fitzgibbons," I said. "A woman with bright red hair."

Sprague looked down at the ground. I couldn't see his face.

"God forgive me for what I say, if He can," he said. "I wish that Mrs. Fitzgibbons were dead. I wish that she and her red hair and her blue beads and her husband were all in Hell."

HANK TYLER told me about the Spragues and the Fitzgibbonses that night as we sat on his veranda, smoking. Below us, the fires and lamps of the town swam through a curtain of drizzle.

"Sprague and his wife came out here from somewhere in the Middle West right after the war. He's a Christian missionary and this was his first overseas assignment. She was one pretty girl—long black hair and big brown eyes and a skin like peaches and cream. She couldn't have been more than twenty-two or so. They'd just been married, and Sprague was crazy about her. He was utterly and completely infatuated.

"She died during a cholera epidemic about six months later, and Sprague's been a little off his rocker ever since. He's there in the cemetery like that every day."

I asked Hank where the Fitzgibbonses fitted into the picture. He replied that Sprague held the Englishman and his wife responsible for the death. He lighted a cigarette.

"The Fitzes were old-timers out here," he said. "They had a big comfortable house with plenty of servants. When the Spragues landed in Hsingping in 1946, they didn't have anyplace to stay. The Fitzes persuaded them to move in with them.

"The cholera epidemic broke out about six months later. Sprague himself was away at the time—up country on some kind of religious expedition. He didn't know anything about his wife's illness until he got back. That was three or four days after she died.

"Sprague found the village full of cholera and the Fitzes' house deserted. Mr. and Mrs. Fitz had cleared out to Chungking and left only a note behind them. The note explained how they'd done their best for poor Mrs. Sprague, and how they'd given her a fine burial, and that they were going to Chungking until the epidemic blew over.

"It nearly killed Sprague. The servants found him lying in the courtyard having some sort of fit. They put him to bed, and nursed him along with Chinese snake medicine, and finally he came out of it after about a week. I think he'd kill the Fitzes now if he ever got his hands on them."

"You can't hold anyone responsible for cholera," I suggested.

"No, you don't hold anyone responsible for cholera," Hank replied. "Sprague's completely irrational about the whole thing, of course. Like I told you, he's off his rocker. But I'll tell you something odd about it: I think he's righter than he knows."

Hank flicked the stub of his cigarette over the veranda railing and its red coal fell out of sight in a long slow arc through the rain. "Everyone here in the town is convinced that the Fitzes—or Mrs. Fitz, really—did the girl in with a hatchet. Pure murder."

"On what evidence?" I asked.

"Lots of it," he answered. "For one thing, the Fitzes never came back. They've dropped completely out of sight. But there's more to it than that."

This is what Hank told me:

The Reverend Fitzgibbons was a big jovial Englishman of about fifty. His body was heavy with ale and overeating and years of leisure. Gardening was his most strenuous activity. He had a tremendous booming laugh, and everyone liked him.

"Jolly is probably the word for him," Hank said.

"I don't know just how the coal grew—and it's not really too important—but apparently it developed into a white-hot, really pathological hatred. Things got to the point where Mrs. Fitz refused to talk to Mrs. Sprague, or even eat at the same table. The servants say she ordered the Spragues out of the house a dozen times. Sprague was making arrangements for a new house when he had to go up-country on that expedition.

"The servants claim none of them saw Mrs. Sprague the day she died. The cholera epidemic had been on about a week. The Reverend Fitz came down to the kitchen in the morning and told the cook to fix breakfast trays and a basin of scalding water. He said that Mrs. Sprague had come down with cholera in the night, and that he and Mrs. Fitz were staying at the bedside. He ordered none of the servants to come upstairs

COLLIER'S

"Things are awfully slow. I hear a lot of us are going to get the tomahawk"

HANK KETCHAM

His wife could scarcely have resembled him less. Mrs. Fitzgibbons was waspish in both size and disposition. Her face was tiny and sharp, her mouth a thin straight line, her voice shrill. Her whole being was bent on destroying "filth," both physical and spiritual, and she ruled her husband, her servants and the parishioners with a puritanical fury.

"I think she smiled once a year," Hank said. "Lord, but she was 'good.'"

She dressed austerely—long black or gray dresses, utterly plain; black cotton stockings; "sensible" shoes. Her only traces of plumage were her hair, which was a vivid carroty red, and a string of blue glass beads which had been her mother's and which she wore constantly. Because of her phobia about filth, she never left the mission compound without first masking her face in veils that hung from a black straw bonnet.

"She'd go to the market every morning looking like something out of H. G. Wells," Hank said. "You couldn't see her face—just a great gauze head."

When the Spragues came to town and moved in with the Fitzes, everything went well for a time.

"But after two or three months," Hank said, "the two women began feuding. Sprague's wife, as I've told you, was a really luscious young thing. Mrs. Fitz wouldn't like that. Apparently, she started nursing a little coal of jealousy. She started making the most embarrassing kind of accusations—claiming that Sprague's wife was making eyes at the Reverend Fitz, and so on.

because of the danger of contagion.

"Early in the afternoon, he came down for more food. He shook his head and looked glum, and told the staff that Mrs. Sprague was getting worse, and ordered one of the boys to ride to a village 30 miles away to fetch an American doctor. We figured afterward that this was just pure camouflage; Fitz knew damned well it would take at least 24 hours before the doctor could get to Hsingping."

I interrupted. "But I don't quite get this," I said. "You said Fitz was a good egg. Why should he want to murder the girl?"

"Undoubtedly he didn't," Hank said. "But that witch of a wife ruled him like a child. How she worked herself up to the act of murder is a question for a psychiatrist. But once the deed was done, she must have persuaded old Fitz to stick by her and cover up. The way we piece the thing together, Mrs. Sprague was lying dead all day up there in the bedroom. Mrs. Fitz probably did the job before daylight. And she and Fitz were standing guard over the body until night fell again.

"Anyway," Hank continued, "Fitz came dowstairs a third time about eleven o'clock that night. He woke up the servants and told them that Mrs. Sprague, rest her soul, had expired. He gave two of the boys a wad of money and told them to wake up the coffinmaker down the street and bring a coffin back to the mission house at once. Then they were to go to the cemetery and begin preparing a grave; the burial must take place as soon as possible in the interest of the public health. Another boy was to go to the boatmen's quarter and hire a sampan for a trip down-river. The cook was to boil another kettle of water. And none of the servants was to pass beyond the foot of the stairs.

"The coffin arrived. Fitz lugged it upstairs himself. An hour later he came to the head of the stairs and called for the boys. The coffin was in one of the bedrooms, and its lid had already been nailed down snug. The boys got it downstairs and took it to the cemetery on a bull cart. Fitz stood by with a lantern, giving a running funeral oration, while they spaded it over with soil.

"That's about all there was to it. An hour or two before dawn, Fitz sent for two rickshas. He and Mrs. Fitz got into one, all bundled up for traveling, and the boys piled their luggage into the other. The sampan shoved off for Chungking, and no one's seen hide nor hair of the Fitzes since.

"They did send Sprague a note from the coast some weeks later. They said they had decided not to return to Hsingping—sadness of the memories, or something. They said they were making a new start, and told Sprague to take over their house if he liked. The letter didn't have any return address on it, only a Hong Kong postmark.

"But the rumors didn't really begin to circulate until one of the servants stumbled across a roll of bloodstained bedclothes and a hatchet. They'd been stuffed through a crack into a space between two walls, and it was pure miracle that they were ever discovered at all."

"Does Sprague know about that?"

"No," Hank said. "And no one in the village would think of telling him. He is much pitied."

I'VE had these details set down in my notebook for nearly a year now. It struck me that they were ideal ingredients for a story. Jealousy and hatred among the missionaries. A pious murderess with red hair and a blue necklace. Death by hatchet in an upper bedroom, and a hasty burial by lanternlight in a Chinese cemetery. The grief-crazed devotion of a missionary who sits in all weather by the riverside grave of his bride—but who knows less about her death than the village gossips.

I've been intending to do a story for months. But I didn't have the ending for it until yesterday. I got a letter from Hank Tyler. It was a long letter, the bulk of it devoted to data for a series of articles I'm doing on China. Toward the end of the letter, Hank wrote:

"You may have read about the floods in Szechwan last month. Five people died here in the village, and the damage was tremendous. One of those who died was Sprague, the missionary, whom I'm sure you remember. The man in the cemetery. He got soaked wading around and died of pneumonia before anyone knew he was sick. He's undoubtedly happier dead, poor man. The flood brought his story to a nasty little finish in more ways than one.

"You'll remember that the cemetery was right beside the river. Well, the water spilled over into the cemetery and for a couple of days it pounded through there in a regular torrent. When the flood finally subsided, the cemetery was a mess. There was a good foot of mud and rocks and wreckage over everything, and about 20 of the graves had been washed out.

"They found Sprague's wife's coffin half buried in silt with part of the lid battered off. You know what they found inside? Some red hair and a string of blue beads . . ."

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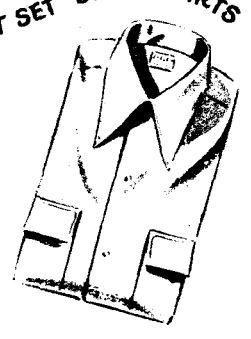

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ESSLEY SHIRTS SPORTSWEAR PAJAMAS

FOR MEN AND BOYS

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THE HOT FUR RACKET

Continued from page 30

and stopped. There were four bundles of illegal pelts in its rear trunk.

Arrests and convictions and fines are a common occurrence, but the illegal traffic goes on. Trapping is a fever, as prospecting for gold is a fever. It is no easier now than in days past to cool that fever or to guide it. The government has acted to protect what is left of our natural wealth.

This is not a problem affecting one state alone. It is a national problem. Everyone is made poorer by illegal trapping—the trapper who cleans out the game in his own land, the farmer who watches the top soil washing out to sea where the beaver dams rot and go, Mr. Joe Taxpayer, and the stenographer who buys her fur coat at a "bargain." Each state has passed laws, some good, some bad, and some totally inadequate. These laws make good sense to most trappers.

Prime Pelts Wear Best

What the fur consumers do not realize is that their State Conservation Department is protecting them as well as the animals by specifying the trapping season when the fur of the animal is "prime." A pelt taken in season is at its best. It will wear longer, and will be warmer. A pelt taken out of season is inferior and its hair will start falling out before the last installment is paid.

Every day the battle goes on between the game protectors and the violators. There are no rules in this game, no set patterns. It is the craftiness of one man pitted against that of another. The warden is the hunter, and it is the hunter who must be in motion, and so give away his presence in the woods. It is the hunter who must find the violator or his tracks. But merely finding a man's tracks in the woods means little; a trap must, necessarily, be well hidden and a poacher sees to it that his tracks seldom lead directly to one of his sets.

A poacher's fisher set, for example, is usually constructed on a sharply leaning tree along which the animal may be likely to travel above the deep snow. The trap is set where the trunk reaches the first branch. A hood of small branches is built over it, to keep the snow from clogging it and necessitating frequent visits. The trap is further wired to a bent sapling that will spring upright if the trap is disturbed, sweeping the trap and the animal off the perch. Suspended in that way, a fisher is unable to gnaw its way out of the trap, and will eventually die of starvation. But its fur will remain in condition on its frozen carcass.

Legally, when a trapping season is declared on any animal, all traps must be visited at no greater intervals than 24 hours, but of course the less often a poacher approaches his traps, the less risk he runs of being detected. He sets his traps when he gets the opportunity—usually during a snowfall that will wipe out his tracks—and trusts to the cold to preserve the fur. Then, too, knowing exactly where his traps are set, he can inspect them from a distance and risk approaching them only when they have produced for him.

In spite of the odds in the poacher's favor, in one section alone last year, wardens found and destroyed 27 fisher and marten sets. One of the most fiendish methods employed by poachers to kill beaver is by the use of poison gas. Taking advantage of falling snow to hide his tracks, the trapper will approach a beaver meadow and drive short lengths of pipe down into the beaver houses. The beaver leave their houses at the disturbance and seek safety beneath the ice of the pond.

But that does not worry the poacher. Through the pipe, he injects the poison gas into the beaver homes, then seals the pipe with snow and goes away. The beaver return and die. Their bodies remain in cold storage until the snow begins to leave the ground, when the poacher returns, tears the house apart and secures his pelts.

Some methods of illegal or preseason trapping have been foiled by science. It

DEBUNKING TOUR

DEBUNKER	BUNK	DEBUNKATION
New York physicist	An arrow has little firing power	When shot by an expert, it will travel as far as an ordinary revolver bullet
Schenectady scientist	A mosquito's stinger is smooth as a needle	It's covered with thousands of microscopic hairs
Baltimore historian	General Forrest said, "Git thar fustest with the mostest."	What he said was, "I got there first with the most men."
Shanghai merchant	Rice paper is made from rice	It's made from a pithy plant called tung-tsau
Harrisburg police head	Cowboys in the Old West were all expert marksmen	The average cowboy was a poor shot because he couldn't get enough practice ammunition
Toronto naturalist	The beaver is industrious	It's very lazy—works only 2 months a year
San Joaquin zoologist	The rattlesnake rattles	It doesn't—the rattles merely buzz or rustle against each other
New York chemist	Sealing wax is made of wax	There's no wax in it at all—it's shellac and turpentine

—W. E. Farbstein

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"Nice-looking chick, huh?"

"Ever see a guiltier look on anybody?"

COLLIER'S

DAVE GERARD

was once rather a common practice for trappers to set out traps prior to the legal season. All that the trappers had to do was to catch their beaver, skin them, roll the pelts in the snow to keep them fresh, and then bring them out when the official season was on. Now, the law demands that the skull of the animal also be tagged and presented along with the pelt. Skull measurements easily show whether the pelt and the skull belong to the same animal. When there is any doubt as to the age of the pelt, a test of the deterioration of brain tissue in the skull can ascertain exactly when the animal died.

There are many honest, farsighted men in the mountains who love their land, and if it were not for the law and the game protectors who are there to see that the law is enforced, they would likely take matters into their own hands.

Honest mountain men seldom inform. But they are ready to heap ridicule on a "smart" one who, for all his wisdom, lets the warden put one over on him. Ridicule is deadly in a small town; more deadly than bullets.

Conflict Between Love and Duty

A young warden used that weapon with great success. One winter night, accompanied by six other game protectors, he set out in a car to raid some families living in a line of houses known as "Violators' Row." The worst offender of the lot was the family whose daughter, Helen, the warden had been courting. Helen dearly loved to mind other folks' business, but she had promised the young warden that she would never take sides if an issue arose between the law and her lawbreaking friends and relatives. Perhaps the warden knew women better than Helen knew herself. On the way, he gave his orders: "Come up to the houses from the rear. Keep hidden and watch the back doors. If anybody tries to leave a house, nab him."

After he dropped the men off, he drove to the last house in the row, where Helen lived with her father. The girl answered his knock.

"I'm here on official business," he said. "Been getting complaints that everybody in the Row has been eatin' illegal venison. I know it's not true, of course, but I've got to search every house."

"Well, I never!" Helen exclaimed. "You'll do no such thing!"

"Look, honey," he pleaded. "I know I haven't any right to search a house without a warrant, but I know you and Pa have nothing to hide. It's just routine, to answer some complaints."

"Okay—get the warrant!" the girl snapped, and slammed the door in his face.

The warden climbed into his car, drove off and stopped in the darkness not far away. As he waited, he heard Helen's excited voice as she went from house to house, shouting a warning.

The rest is history. Seven householders, including Helen's pa, hurried to take their illegal venison through their back doors—right into the arms of the waiting protectors. The ridicule that followed broke the reign of Violators' Row. Unfortunately, it also broke up a promising romance.

The risks run by game protectors are often grim. Warden William T. Cramer was shot and killed in the line of duty. The location, strangely enough, was Idlewild, from which the towers of Manhattan are visible. It is the site of the world's largest airport. Warden Cramer and Warden Allen, on their regular rounds of duty, surprised Frank Aldino of Brooklyn and an accomplice shooting songb rds. Aldino, resisting arrest, shot Cramer and killed him, then attacked Allen and bit off his nose and his ear before he was subdued. He was given a sentence of from twenty years to life.

Another game protector, John H. Woodruff, was last seen by the engineer of a passing train, talking to a man in a field. At the time, Woodruff was carrying a gun, and had presumably made an arrest.

It was Thanksgiving Day, but Woodruff did not return home for the family dinner awaiting him. His body was found in the bed of a creek.

These men are not game protectors for the honor that there is in it, nor for the salary the job pays. They are protectors because they love the outdoors and the things that live and grow in it. They are protectors because they are angry. They feel righteous wrath when any unscrupulous person can set himself up as a fur buyer and tour the countryside, infecting gullible persons with promises of rich profits and encouraging juveniles to trap out of season in disregard of the conservation laws.

A million dollars a year in illegal pelts is the promise of these buyers. The only possible preventive is for the state legislature to adopt a pattern of control such as is used in some of the states and Canadian provinces. There, every fur dealer must be licensed, and must keep a record of where and when every pelt in his possession was purchased, and from what trapper. In this way, it is possible to cross-check that the fur was prime and at its best at the time it was taken, and that it was taken legally. Such a law in the State of New York would save its people a million dollars a year for many years to come, and would preserve, in intelligent balance, the people's natural wealth.

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Marriage '48

By VERA CASPARY

Continuing the dramatic story of three typical modern young wives

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY FREDMAN

The Story: On the day the Los Angeles papers print an item saying that one out of every three marriages ends in the divorce courts, three couples are married at the Little Church in the Vale. LILITH CLARK, an interior decorator, is married to her third husband, DR. HENRY FOWLER, a prominent Hollywood obstetrician, and they begin their married life by quarreling about Henry's erratic working hours. HELEN WOZZECK, a machine operator in a garment factory, believes that, when she marries BILL SNYDER all her dreams will be fulfilled. Instead, they are forced to live with their relatives and Helen soon becomes pregnant. After a long search Bill finds an apartment which they cannot afford, but he insists on renting it. The third bride, CAROL, who married DAVIS BARNES, JR., son of a well-to-do used-car dealer is happy at first. But she is ignorant of her husband Davis' flirtation with another woman. Gradually the Barneses begin to quarrel, and when Carol tells Davis she is going to have a baby, he is deeply disturbed. Davis had wanted no children. Meanwhile, Henry and Lilith Fowler have been wrangling about an old admirer of Lilith's, BASIL SCHNECK, who has returned to Los Angeles. Henry is surprised when Davis Barnes comes to consult him; when Davis asks him to prevent the birth of Carol's child he is shocked. He lectures Davis sternly, and Davis sees his error. Henry is aware that his marriage is going badly and he tries to cement his relationship with Lilith by buying a house. When he shows the house to her she calls it an architectural monstrosity. They argue passionately; Lilith drives away furiously, leaving Henry standing alone outside the house.

"Davis has just mixed a farewell drink," Joan Elkins said, not looking at Carol. "Won't you join us?"

PART 4 OF FIVE PARTS

DRIVING away from her husband's hideous dream house, Lilith Fowler felt that she was again and for the third time sliding down the precipitous path toward divorce. The idea was so sickening that she drove past a stop sign and almost collided with a garbage truck.

The rain had started again and by the time she got back to the antique shop it was coming down in solid slabs. She had only to run across the sidewalk from the car to the door, but when she strode in she was thoroughly wet, her boots slushy and water dripping off her coat. Careless of old walnut and mahogany, she stood in the center of the shop while she told her news to her partner.

"I'm leaving Henry."

Margery yawned. "I've been expecting it. From the beginning I knew this marriage wouldn't last."

Lilith was outraged. "You're mad, Margery, quite, quite, insane. Henry and I've been getting along like a pair of turtledoves. Until this morning we haven't had one disagreement." In moments of stress Lilith never worried about accuracy.

Margery's plucked brows rose. "How you kid yourself, darling. You know far better than I that you're not the type for marriage."

"What does that mean? Not the type! Why, I've been married three times—"

"Isn't this your third failure?" inquired Margery sweetly.

Lilith sniffled and marched off toward the staircase that led to her apartment. She pretended not to notice that Margery was still talking.

"—most obvious of all, which has been clear to everyone but you, Lilith, is that Henry Fowler isn't your type. You and he are worlds apart. He's a relic, unbelievably Victorian. Why, if I ever saw an old-fashioned husband, self-centered and masterful, it's—"

"I've never heard anything so crazy in my life," shrieked Lilith. "Henry Fowler's the most reasonable man I've ever met. He's intelligent, broad-minded and quite willing to let me live my own life."

"When it doesn't interfere with the prejudices of your lord and master."

"That remark shows how much you know about it. Henry has never made the slightest objection to any of my interests."

"Not even Schneck?" taunted Margery.

"You can hardly blame him for that. When a man's in love the way Henry is with me, he naturally believes I'm irresistible to all men."

"You're right about that, I'm afraid," Margery conceded. "Henry's always in a lather about some other man's taking you from him. And no wonder! When a man's not too attractive—"

"Henry! Not attractive?" In her confusion Lilith almost tumbled down the stairs. "You must be blind and crazy and unconscious. Why, Henry's the most—I mean—his profile—"

She paused abruptly. A yellow taxi had delivered Henry. He stood beside the door, his wet coat dripping raindrops onto the antiques and the For Sale sign gripped in his masterful right hand. Lilith squealed and ducked up the stairs. Henry followed with a stride that demonstrated his pure animal charm.

SINCE the hazard had been greater this time, the reconciliation was more tender. It was fortunate, Lilith reflected as she lay in bed nursing her cold, that they had got over this fight without sulks or resentment.

The telephone rang but she did not immediately answer. She had barely the energy to pick it up. Drugs and a slight fever had produced a most delightful languor. Henry was in the kitchen fetching ice for another curative highball. The phone rang so insistently that she could not let it go on. When Henry came back with their drinks she was scribbling an address on her memo pad.

"I'm afraid you'll have to go out, Henry. Be sure you wear your overshoes and drive carefully, darling."

"So you're making my appointments now?" he teased. "Who was it?"

"It's Bill Snyder, the husband of the girl who

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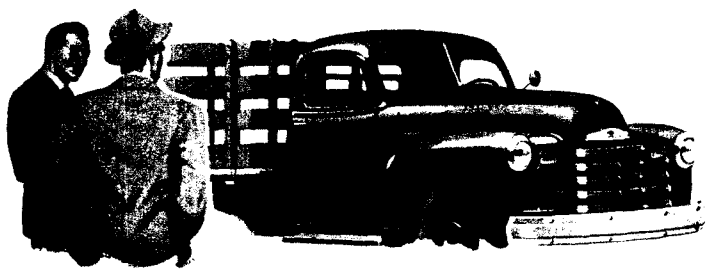

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CHEVROLET

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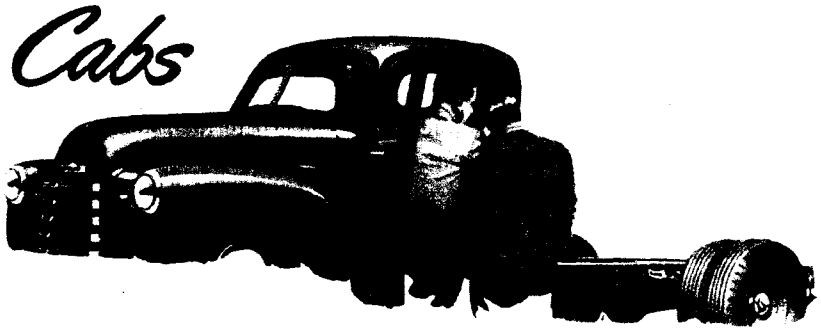

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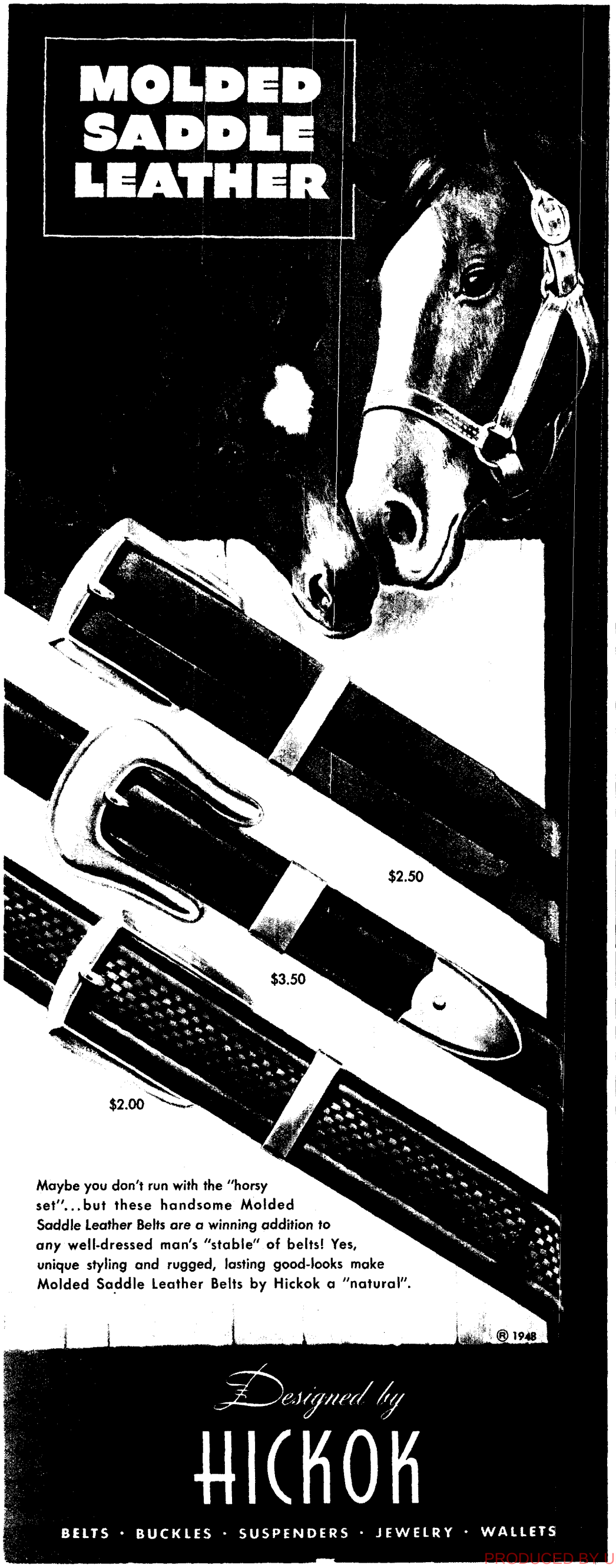
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loaned me the garter. She's terribly ill, he says."

"What about you?"

"I'm not really ill, dear," she said, thinking how lovely it was to be pampered and dependent. "You'll have to go, I'm afraid. It's way downtown, too. Be careful on these wet streets. I just couldn't bear to lose you now."

He lingered beside the bed, thinking how few women could have achieved such enchantment while suffering a cold in the head. The fever had given luster to her eyes and dyed her cheeks a luscious pink.

BECAUSE it presented painful contrast to the picture he had left at home, Henry found Helen Snyder's bedroom depressing. Bill and Helen had paid the first installments and the three-piece rock maple suite had been delivered, but there was not enough of it to fill their rooms. In spite of the bonus demanded by the landlord, not one can of paint or nail had been supplied. Mrs. Stout, the building manager, had listened to the complaints and answered that it was not her responsibility, it was up to the landlord. Finally Bill and Helen had spent their own money on paint and wallpaper; had cleaned up the rubbish, peeled off the smelly wallpaper, sandpapered and painted the woodwork. They worked evenings and on Saturdays and Sundays, but they hadn't half finished when Helen collapsed.

She thought she would die of shame when Dr. Fowler looked around her shabby bedroom.

"The landlord's a big crook," she confided as Henry plunged the needle into her arm. "We paid him a big bonus for cleaning and decorating the place, and we had to do everything ourselves."

"You needn't apologize. The doc knows we're not millionaires," Bill grunted.

"Even if you're not a millionaire, you want your home nice," Helen said.

This did not soothe Bill. What hurt him was the way his wife respected the doctor. Her word for Henry Fowler, classy, was one she had never used in praise for her husband. Like all women, Bill thought in disgust, Helen looked up to men for the money they made.

Helen and the doctor were arguing in low voices. "But I can't, not a whole month," Helen pleaded. "I got to go back to work."

Bill wheeled around. "You'll do what you're told," he commanded.

"Of course she will." Henry Fowler's voice sounded gentler in contrast to Bill's brusqueness. "You want to have your baby, don't you, Helen?"

"But I can work," insisted Helen, pushing up on the pillows. "If other girls can, why not me? And I got to work. We need the money."

Bill was disgusted. He saw no reason why she should spill out all their personal business to the doctor. "Don't pay no attention to her," he told Henry Fowler. "Just leave things to me. How long do you want her to stay in bed?"

"Three or four weeks. And then, if she's been a good girl she can get up and amuse herself. But no more factory, and those stairs."

Helen groaned. Between them the men were taking away her initiative and ruining all of her plans. How would the apartment ever be finished if she quit work? And how would they get enough money to pay the rent, the installments on the furniture, and save enough for her confinement?

The medicine Dr. Fowler had shot into her arm brought no peace. So that she could rest, Bill had gone into the kitchen when the doctor went away.

When she could no longer bear the agony of worrying alone she called Bill into the bedroom. "How do you figure it out, us getting along without me working?"

"Quit worrying and go to sleep," he said.

"We don't have a stitch for the baby, and look at our monthly expenses. All our money going out, nothing saved, I don't see how we're going to make out."

"What's the matter with me? I got a good job, I can take care of my wife and kid."

"Yeah, but we need more than you make. With the price of everything nowadays. Where can we save?"

Bill paced up and down, up and down the bedroom, his hands clasped behind his back. He looked as if old age had suddenly descended upon him. Closing her eyes, Helen remembered the laughing, carefree fellow who had picked her up one night in a ballroom. It was not her fault that he had changed.

Bill had also put a guard upon himself so that his feelings were hidden behind a cheap mask of toughness. "If we need dough, we'll get it," he said sharply.

"How? You're making top union wages now."

"I'll make more. You'll see."

"Just tell me how." Her voice leaped out, cruel and brassy. To rid herself of the shame of weakness, she taunted Bill, tried to make him feel weak and ashamed.

He had to show her that he could make extra money. His manhood had been challenged. But his problem was a tough one.

He found his answer in a part-time job. On Saturdays and Sundays he donned a white uniform trimmed in blue and drove a blue and white truck containing a machine that played London Bridge Is Falling Down. The children called him the Jolly John man because he sold Jolly John ice-cream sticks. He was always tired. Five mornings a week he rushed to the machine tool plant, and on the sixth and seventh he had to hurry to get his Jolly John truck clean and filled for the day's rounds.

It was not easy for Helen to stay alone all day and, at night, to sit and watch Bill sleep. She knew why he was tired, but it made her angry to see him fall asleep right after supper.

Even after she was strong enough to get out of bed and do light work in the apartment, she felt ashamed of her uselessness. She sewed and knitted for the baby, listened to the radio and read old movie magazines. The loneliness turned her sour.

In spite of weariness and hard work Bill was also thinking about things he never mentioned to Helen: of the good times he used to have when he was single; of the bowling team and the handball games on Saturdays; of crap shooting and penny ante.

He and Helen grew more and more stingy in the things they told each other. Each guarded a secret, and neither was aware that the other looked backward regretfully, thinking how good life was before they met and fell in love and got married.

IF EVER in her life Carol Barnes had been blissful, it was now. Since Davis had decided to accept the responsibilities of fatherhood, there was not a single flaw in her life.

Her days were very full. She shopped, decorated the nursery, attended lectures and read the latest books on the care of infants, the training of the preschool child, behaviorism, psychology and vitamins in the infant's diet. She looked well and felt even better than she looked. She hoped it would be a boy and inherit Davis' good looks.

With people of their sort, nothing was left to chance. Months in advance everything was ready. An approximate date had been set, a room engaged at the hospital. After she had interviewed dozens of applicants, she asked Davis to confirm her choice of a nurse for the child's first month at home.

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Most of the nurses who applied for the job were elderly spinsters. Carol was ecstatic when she discovered Joan Elkins, a wonderful young woman who had become a nurse, she told them, because she loved babies.

"Maybe she's a little too cute to have around the house all the time. Aren't you worried?" teased Davis.

"Oh, pooh," said Carol who was daily growing more complacent.

Since he had decided to develop his character, Davis had become quite the family man.

To prove his skill in the role of devoted husband he was always bringing home gifts and gadgets to amuse her. The most magnificent was a television set, costly and tremendous. It destroyed the arrangement of her living room, but Carol uttered no complaints.

"She'll need something to amuse her when she has to stay home with the baby," he explained to his parents who had come to marvel over his purchase and admire his devotion.

THEY waited with tense eagerness as Davis turned off the lights and turned on the mechanism.

The screen lighted up. A voice curled out of the grille. The speaker was short, squat, sincere. He hadn't the shape for earnestness, but he was nevertheless profound. Poking his forefinger at his unseen audience, he declaimed, "And one more fact, friend, that we as a nation must contemplate seriously." . . .

"Watch the gestures. This character's a panic," laughed Davis.

"Sh-sh," admonished Mrs. Barnes.

"—divorce problem," continued the speaker. "Do you realize that one out of every three couples married last year are now on the road to the divorce court? Now, my friends, if we put our shoulder to the wheel." . . .

"Tell it to your own wife. We're not interested," said Davis and shut it off.

Later, when the older people had left, Carol and Davis had a serious talk. The divorce problem, both thought, was vastly overrated. If only people would try to adjust, overlook trifling flaws and irritations, meet every challenge, they would find the virtue of domesticity its own reward.

Davis said, "When people can't get along together, they have only themselves to blame. All you have to do is make an effort at self-discipline."

Carol said, "It may sound awfully old-fashioned, but you know what I think? It takes children, or at least preparing yourself for a family, to make you appreciate marriage."

"I hope it's twins," laughed Davis and took her in his arms. . . .

It is strange how a little sunshine and a good disposition can change the shape of things. Even a shape as rigid as the form of a house can be altered by an attitude. After her quarrel with Henry and the beautiful reconciliation, Lilith decided that the ugly house was not so ugly, after all. She visited it again on a golden morning when the earth sparkled and all the leaves and flowers looked as if they had been scrubbed. All the things that were wrong with the house, she decided, were superficial.

The following day Henry wrote a check and the house was in escrow. During this mysterious period, Lilith engaged in a series of activities so enthralling that she had time for no outside interests.

"We're going to live in a dream boat," she told Henry. "You know, darling, I've got Mr. Brownson to promise the men will start work the Monday following the clearance of the title."

"Hey, wait a minute," laughed Henry. "There are certain considerations that we haven't discussed."

"Don't worry about that, honey. You're paying for the house, but the remodeling is my job. Don't ever forget that Mama has a bank account, too."

This was so like Lilith, so generous and sporting that Henry fell in love all over again. "It's hard to understand you," he said.

"You're my lord and master, and anything that makes you happy is what I want."

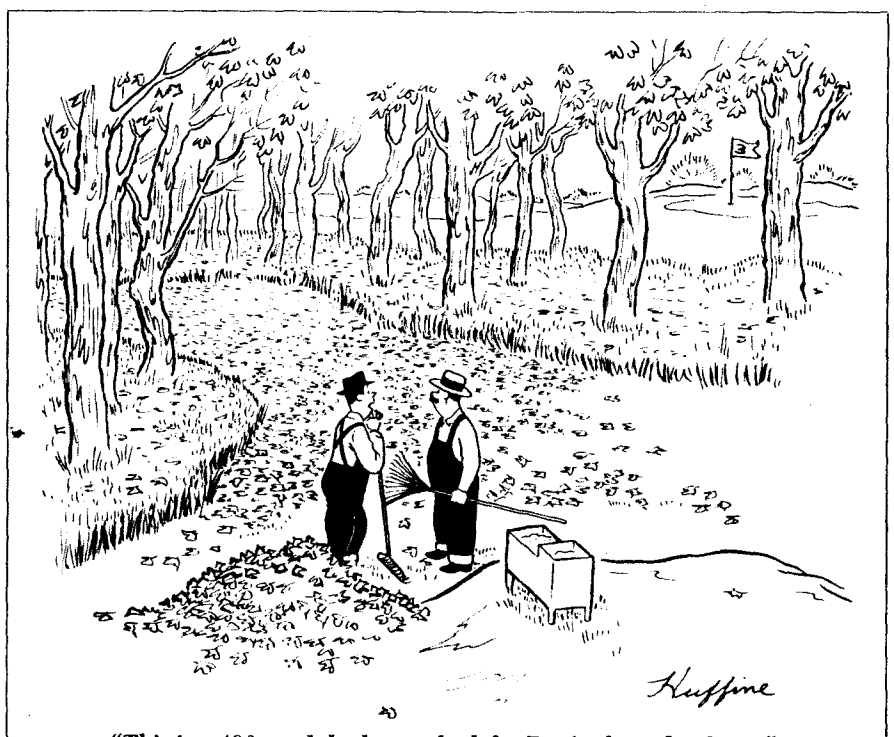
Henry slipped off the bamboo chair and lay beside her on the green mat. It was Sunday and they were sunning on the balcony of the apartment, both of them in white shorts and shirts. The maid was out and they had just finished a meal of marinated herring, hot pastrami and pickles.

As they embraced, the phone began ringing. Henry finally got up and answered it. The operator told him New York was calling Mrs. Fowler. He brought the phone to Lilith on the terrace. She rolled over lazily on the mat, sighing with resignation.

Suddenly her tone changed. "Hello, angel, my love."

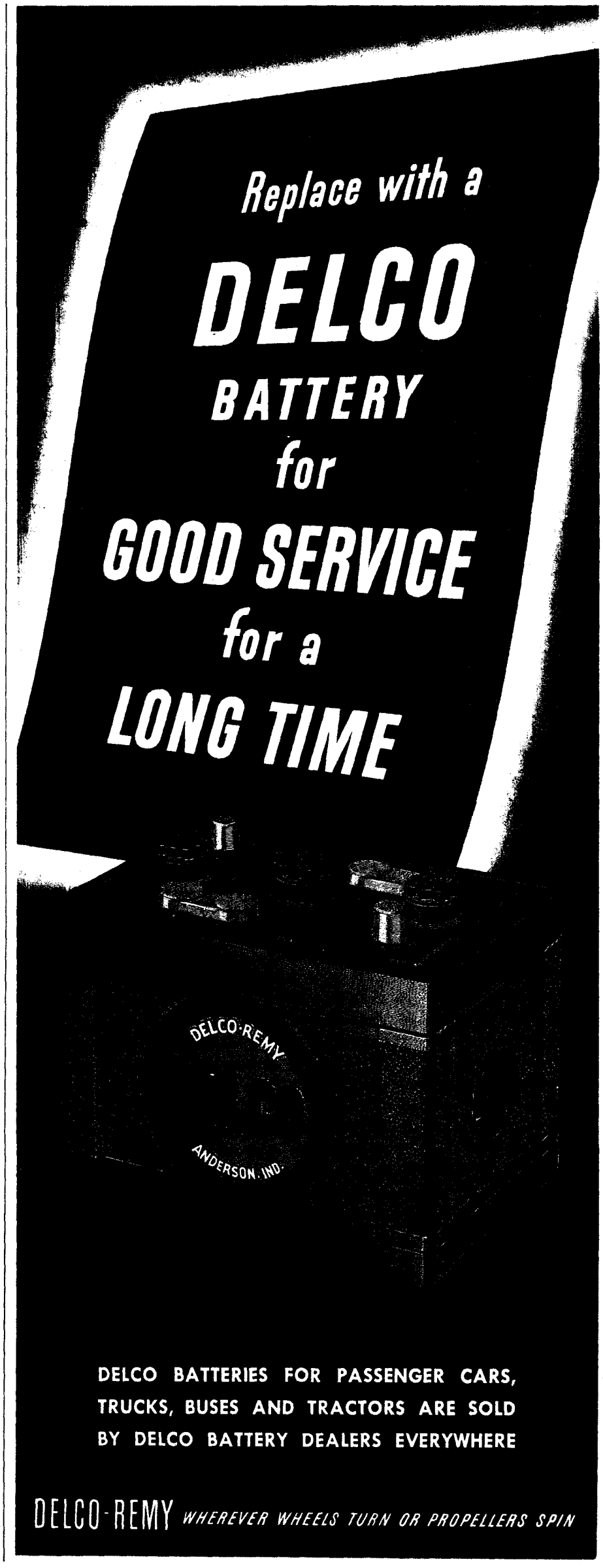
This did not bother Henry. He knew that Lilith greeted her worst enemies with loving superlatives.

"I've got tremendous news, too," she bleated into the mouthpiece. "We've



"This is a 490-yard dogleg to the left. Par is about five hours"

COLLIER'S DAVID HUFFINE



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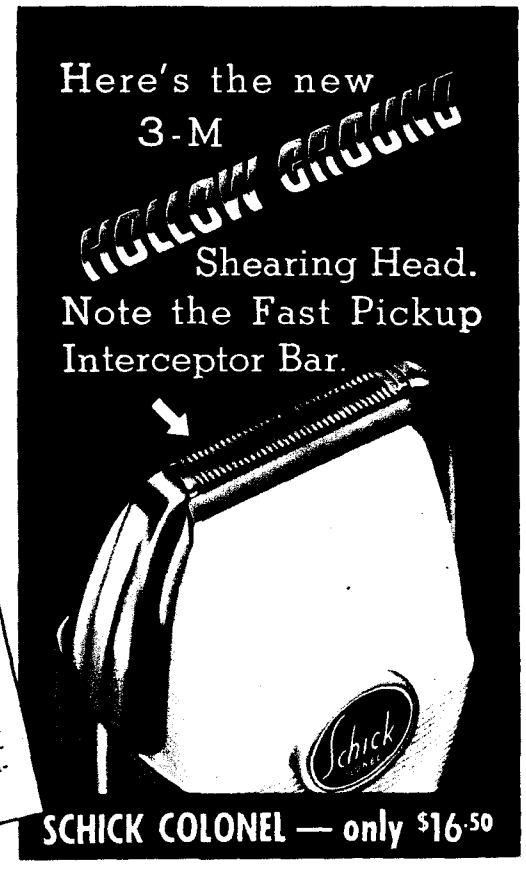

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bought a house. Simply hideous. I'm doing it over. Up to my ears in carpenters and plumbers."

She rolled over on the mattress, moaning, but Henry recognized the motions and sounds as evidence of ecstasy. Cupping her hand over the mouthpiece, she looked up at Henry and said, "It's Basil calling from New York."

He offered an enigmatic smile.

"But impossible," she babbled on. "Of course, I can't. Oh, Basil sweet, don't be horrid. Well, I'll try. There must be a plane leaving tonight. I'll call the airport and then wire you. You can meet me and we'll dash right down to look the stuff over, and then we'll celebrate."

HANGING up the telephone, she announced gaily, "Well, Basil, I'm going to New York tonight."

Henry went purple. "My name, in case you've forgotten, is Henry."

"Wasn't that silly of me?" she answered blandly. "Do you know the number of the airport? Or shall I call the travel office downtown?"

"Will you kindly explain this to me? I heard something about you going to New York on a midnight plane, but I don't understand."

"That's it, precisely. Maybe if you'd call the ticket office and say you have to fly to the bedside of a dying patient they'd give you a seat quicker than they would me. Will you, darling?"

"This is nonsense. You can't go to New York."

"Can't you understand what this means to me, Henry? Basil's imports have just arrived, the best French provincial that's been brought into this country since the war. They're to be unsealed at the customhouse this week, and Basil has offered to take me with him, to let me be the first decorator in the country to see them. Don't you understand, Henry?"

"I thought you wanted to get to work on the house," he reminded her.

"But this is different. It's the greatest opportunity that's ever been offered me, Henry, and it's just because Basil likes me. Please don't be stubborn, darling."

Henry said he was not being stubborn, but the look on his face showed him to be indifferent to her arguments. But she was in the ring now and had to go on fighting. Interior decorating was not, she knew, an exact science, nor did it have the importance of obstetrics, but it helped make people enjoy their homes, and it certainly provided her with a good income.

"Is that necessary?" Henry cut in coldly. "You act as if I couldn't support you."

"What do you want me to do with my life? Sit around all day and coddle myself? Gossip and shop with my girl friends? What kind of wife do you think I'd be then?"

"You're an intelligent woman, Lilith. You ought to be able to find something to do with your time."

"Do you remember how you talked to me before we were married? You admired workingwomen, you said. You thought independence was attractive. Women who had outside interests made better wives, you thought. They aren't so petty, you said, they don't nag and bother their husbands. 'Equality makes for better companionship,'" she quoted, hurling his own phrases back at him.

"Not if a woman lets her work dominate her, not if she sacrifices real values."

"What am I supposed to do? Run my business with my left hand after I've finished ironing your shirts and darning your socks?"

"A woman's work can never completely dominate her. There are too many other influences. What if you were to have a child, Lilith?"

"I just knew that was coming." She held her hands before her face as if to protect herself. "You're a great humbug, Henry. How many times have you told me about those few admirable patients of yours, the mothers who work? I thought you considered them so courageous and wonderful."

Her ardor was becoming. Excitement made her prettier than ever. If Henry Fowler had been a man of sense instead of science, he would have petted her a bit and given her opportunity to make up her mind about the New York trip. Unfortunately Henry was not the sort to cuddle and cajole his wife into obedience. He used logic, which is undependable, and reason, which is repulsive.

To show her strength of spirit, Lilith found the telephone book and started looking up the number of the American Airlines.

Henry stood there, tapping his forefinger upon the table. "Up to now, I've been reasonable," he said, "but I will not stand for your going to New York. I refuse to have my wife go running around the country after a man."

"So that's it. You're jealous."

"Why shouldn't I be? When my wife goes running around with men at night."

"Because you're too busy or too tired to amuse me."

"Is that what you married me for?"

"I wish I knew why I had married you."

She picked up the telephone.

Henry glared at her.

She smiled mockingly.

While she talked to the ticket agent Henry changed his clothes. He left the house without bothering to ask if she had got a reservation.

She thought he would come back in a little while and, while she packed, prepared for a showdown. If in the end Henry should return and repent, she would cancel the trip.

But Henry did not come home. At half past nine when she had to leave or lose her seat on the plane, there was no sign of him. Margery drove her to the airport.

If Henry Fowler had wanted to reach his wife in New York, he would only have to telephone her at the Plaza. He knew she always stayed there. When she called home to give instructions to the maid (for she was still a dutiful wife, worrying over her husband's comfort) she was told that he had moved out, taking his clothes, books, camera and tennis racket. She stayed in New York a month and tried to be gay, but the torch songs made her unhappy and the drinks gave her indigestion. When finally she did come home, she called up the real-estate agents to ask about the house and was informed that Henry had sold it; at a loss.

BILL SNYDER used every argument in the world to convince himself he had made his bed, and would have to lie in it, but he could not resign himself to the notion that the best part of his life was over and done with.

It would have been easier to get along with her if Helen had not cried so much. Bill knew, of course, that she was ill, and that it was lonely for her in the flat.

She had been so cute with her little-girl body, her wide-set blue eyes and her curls like taffy. Now she had stopped caring about her appearance. Her hair was lank and lusterless, her lips untinted, and the smocks she wore made her even more wan-looking and pathetic.

Finally things got so bad that he could not contain himself. What happened was not sudden. It flashed out like a thunderstorm that had been rumbling in the distance. On this Saturday morning Bill would have given a million bucks (if he had had a million bucks to give) for a couple of hours' extra sleep. But it was the old routine, and he had to report at the Jolly John garage on time or lose his route. He sneaked out of bed, warmed

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up some coffee that was still in the pot, and drank it while he shaved at the kitchen sink.

"Trying to sneak out on me again?" Helen whined as she crept into the kitchen.

"What you up so early for? You're supposed to stay in bed late, resting up."

"You tried to get out before I was awake, huh?"

While he dressed she went on whining at him. It was the same old scratchy phonograph record about his rushing out and leaving her alone all the time. Last Sunday he'd stayed out until almost ten a'night and she'd gone crazy, watching the clock and waiting.

"Quit beefing. I suppose you think I'm having such a wonderful time driving around in that music box all day."

"Whose fault is it, Mr. Big Shot? Being such a sucker throwing all our savings away on a bonus. Bonus," her voice made it sound like a dirty word. "Three hundred and fifty dollars for decorating. And what did we get for it? Not even a can of paint."

Bill knew it would do no good to defend himself against the injustice of her arguments. They had been over it all before, dozens of times, and it was always the same, with her forgetting that she had wanted a home as much as he had.

"What about a white shirt?" Bill said. "There's none here."

"It's that laundryman," Helen said. "He acts like we had smallpox or something. Look." On the floor, close to the alcove, where they had the crib and the baby's little chest of drawers (second-hand but newly painted, and the prettiest furniture in the house) lay a bundle of laundry tied in a sheet. "It's over two weeks now."

Bill scowled. The Jolly John company provided its salesmen with white coats but ruled that they would have to appear for work in clean white shirts. "What'm I going to do? I got to have a clean shirt."

"Stay home today."

"And lose my route?"

"So what? With a clean white shirt every time and having to pay out good money for the laundry, it don't pay, Bill." For emphasis Helen kicked the bundle savagely. "I'm not going to stand it no longer. I'm going to do my own washing like a respectable woman."

"You try and I'll knock your block off. We got enough doctor bills now," Bill said savagely, and examined the half-clean shirt hanging in the closet.

Helen stood in the door, watching while he growled over the soiled shirt. She felt ashamed because she was not able to do her share of the work nor bring in any of the money. She tried to hurry so that she could give him a decent breakfast before he left, but tears misted her eyes and her hands were unsteady. The coffeepot slipped out of her hands and hot water and grounds spilled all over the kitchen floor.

Helen screamed. Bill ran to the kitchen, pulling on his coat.

"Now look what you made me do," she shouted in the voice of a martyr suffering unholy persecution.

"I wasn't even near to you," said Bill, hurrying to help her.

She cringed away from him. "Don't you touch me."

He tried to keep his voice low. "You sit down, I'll mop it up for you."

"It's your fault," she sobbed, giving up all restraint and letting go the thoughts she had locked up within herself. "You, you're to blame. Look at me, the way I am now. All the permanent out of my hair, and how long is it since I been to a movie?

"Why did I ever get married?" She went on, crazier than ever, swaying and hugging her arms around her breasts. "I was the dumb one, thinking and dreaming all the time about getting married, not ever knowing it'd be like this. Back in Denver I won a prize at the Ritz Ballroom, all the fellows were crazy about my Lindy. If I'd never come out here, I wouldn't ever've met you."

BILL couldn't take it. The hurt was too deep. He had to lash out at her, "Maybe you ought've stayed in Denver. You might've met a millionaire."

"What do I need a millionaire for?" she screamed. "I don't need no millionaire. I got a big shot husband, writes out three-hundred-and-fifty-dollar checks, don't even ask what he's getting for his money."

He moved toward her slowly, his clenched fists rising. "Shut up! If you don't shut up—"

"Sock me, why don't you?"

It was a close call. His arms slackened and fell as he backed away, cautious of her weakness. He felt sorry for her but he could not hold back his hurt. "Yeah, sure, it's all my fault. You're such an angel to live with."

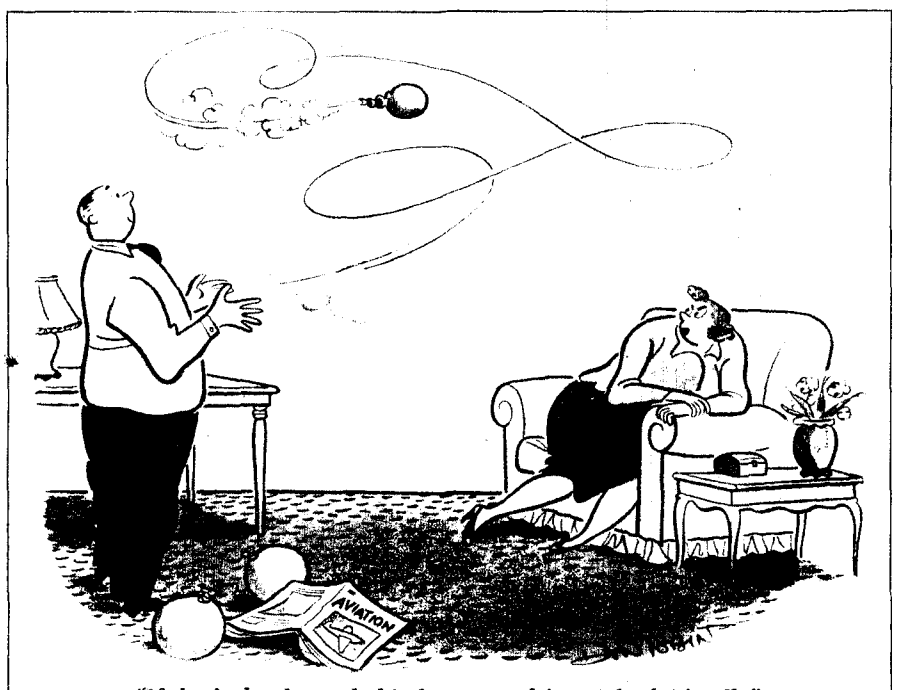
Unguarded, her fear flashed out, sharp, quick and jagged as lightning. "If I die now, I'll curse the day I met you."

Her sister had died bearing a child. Of late they had not spoken of it, but it lay like a lump in their minds. "Shut up, you're not going to die," he said brusquely.

"I wish I would, I'd like to die and never see you again."

"Shut up about dying."

"It'd be better for you if I did. You



COLLIER'S "If that's the theory behind jet propulsion, I think it's silly" DON TOBIN

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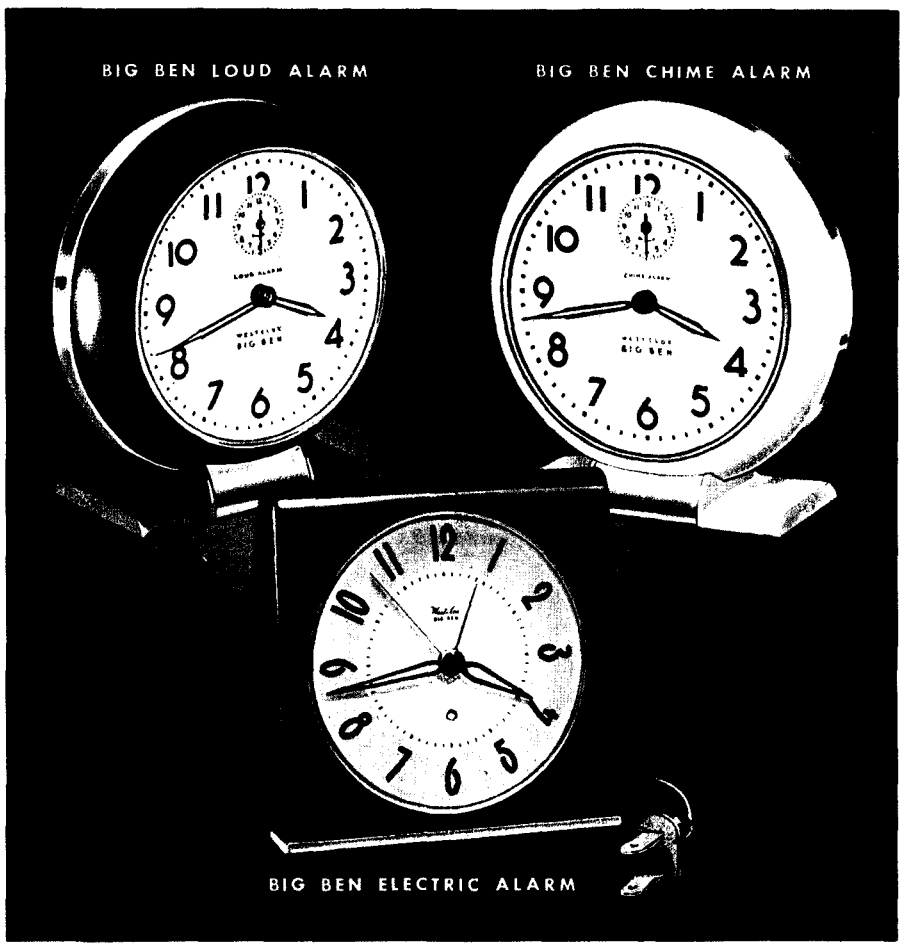

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wouldn't have to hear me beefing and squawking all the time, you'd be free. You could spend your money like you wanted, having a good time."

Because she had unearthed his hidden thoughts he hated her. Without thinking any more about her weakness, without pity or remorse, he let go. His hand stung as it struck, and he could hear the blow echo in the suddenly quiet room. Helen did not cry out, but sank into the kitchen chair, holding her cheek and staring at space. Her eyes, sunk deep into her white face, were empty like the eyes of death.

Bill ran, out of the kitchen, out of the apartment, down the long flight of stairs. The jalopy was parked outside and he jumped in and started her going, like gangsters in the movies when the cops are after them. All he could think about was the way those death-dark eyes had followed him and no matter how fast he drove nor in what direction, he could not get away from her eyes.

He worked like a fiend that day, broke his record selling ice-cream sticks and bars, quart and pint packages and the week-end special, peach and strawberry with pineapple ice between. He could not understand why anyone should buy from him for he felt that his guilt showed like a stain on the starched white Jolly John coat, and that people could see by the look on his face that he had socked a pregnant woman.

At eight o'clock he rolled his truck into the garage, handed in his report, collected his pay and started for home. He was torn between the need to run away and hide from Helen, and the desire to get back to her. On the way home he stopped in a special place and bought a box of Helen's favorite nut toffee. He had also brought a quart of the week-end special packed in dry ice.

He went up the stairs slowly because he dreaded the moment when he would have to face her. Behind him he heard Mrs. Stout's door open, and her footsteps on the wooden treads. His own door was locked. This was unusual.

"Helen," he called in a falsely cheerful voice. "Hey, Helen, I'm home."

"You won't find your wife here," Mrs. Stout said. Her voice was so sudden and so close to his ears that Bill jerked around. "She left right after you this morning. With a suitcase."

"Where'd she go?"

"How should I know? I just saw her as she went down the stairs, lugging that big suitcase of yours. I was on the phone, talking to Charlie, my boy friend. I wanted to tell her she oughtn't to carry anything heavy like that, but Charlie kept me talking till she was gone."

BILL circled around her quickly and ran down the stairs leaving her on the porch, telling her opinions to herself. He felt himself growing red and sweating as he wondered whether Mrs. Stout knew about his hitting Helen. He jumped into the car again, and started out in such a fever of impatience that every stop light was an insult. There was no place for her to go except the Wozzecks'. He burst in without knocking at the door.

"Where's Helen?" Bill shouted as if he believed they were hiding her from him.

"Is she gone?" asked Mildred, jumping up and waving the spoon with which she had been feeding strained spinach to her baby. Stan put down the sports page.

"If she wasn't, why would I be looking for her here," shouted Bill, angry because he had not found Helen with the Wozzecks.

The kid began to toss around wads of strained spinach and scream so loud that they had to shout to make themselves heard. "Bet I know where she's gone," yelled Mildred while she smacked the kid.

"Where?" bellowed Bill.

"Back to her folks. By now she's probably on the bus, halfway to Colorado."

"She couldn't be. Not now, she couldn't stand a trip like that over the mountains on a bus. It'd be the death of her."

"Better than staying with a jerk like you," snapped Mildred.

Bill's only remaining hope was that she had sought refuge with one of her girl friends. But Mary's parents told him she was away for the week end, and asked questions which showed they did not know Helen was missing.

He kept driving around and around the neighborhood, stopping occasionally for a beer in a tavern, and calling Mrs. Stout to ask if Helen had come in yet. It was twelve o'clock when he thought of Dr. Fowler.

COLLIER'S "Sometimes I feel all they care about is our votes—" BARNEY TOBEY

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It was too late, of course, to hope to find the doctor in his office, but his residence was listed, and Bill decided to go around and talk to him instead of fumbling out his questions on the telephone. Bill was not the type of fellow who would ring a stranger's doorbell at midnight, but desperation and beer had given him courage.

A lady answered the door. She had on some kind of flowing house robe, and her face looked as if she expected Santa Claus. When she saw a stranger in a rumpled Jolly John coat, her face seemed to crumble. For a moment Bill thought she was going to cry.

"Don't be scared," he said. "I'm looking for the doctor."

"Dr. Fowler doesn't live here any more."

"Where is he?" asked Bill, too concerned with his own troubles to wonder why the doctor was not living with Mrs. Fowler. "I got to find him."

"I'm very sorry, but there's nothing I can do," said Lilith Fowler.

"Listen, you know my wife, Helen Snyder, she met you at the church on our wedding day, loaned you a garter, remember? Can't you help me find the doctor, please?"

Lilith might have told him to call the telephone exchange that handled the doctor's calls. The operators could always locate Henry. But she could not send Helen's husband out at this hour when the drugstores and filling stations were closed, to seek a telephone, "Come in, Mr. Snyder. You can use my phone."

She knew the number of the exchange and offered to dial it for the bewildered young man. Her voice trembled as she said, "This is Mrs. Fowler. Will you tell the doctor I must speak to him immediately?"

Ninety seconds later her telephone rang.

"Lilith, what's wrong?" Henry said. His voice rattled the wire.

SHE carried the telephone to the couch and sat down abruptly. Her knees had turned to jelly, and her voice to sand. Bill Snyder, who had no idea of the situation, took the telephone out of her lifeless hand.

"This is Bill Snyder, Doc. I come to your house to find you. Can you tell me what's happened to my wife?"

To Lilith it seemed that years passed while she watched Bill standing silent at the phone, licking his lips and nodding as he listened.

"Didn't he ask to speak to me?" she said as Bill hung up.

Bill had not heard the question. His face was like a bad drawing, without structure or expression.

"She lost the baby."

Because there was nothing she could say to Bill, Lilith ran to the bar to fetch brandy for him. He did not want to drink and she offered to make coffee. He begged her not to bother.

"Tell me about it," Lilith said at last. "Helen's all right, isn't she? Aside from the shock and disappointment, I mean. She'll be all right, won't she?"

Bill's mouth worked around an emptiness.

"It's my fault," Bill burst out suddenly. "On account of what I done to her. I ought to be kicked from here to San Diego."

"No, no, it can't be. Those things happen. I'm sure you'd never do anything to hurt your wife."

"If you knew," Bill hinted, but did not go on with the confession.

"At a time like this, when something terrible's happened, it's natural to blame yourself. You look back on all the stupid things you've done, the mistakes you've made and you blame yourself." Lilith was speaking for Bill's sake, but thinking of her own mistakes. "I'm sure your wife doesn't feel that way."

"She thinks I'll be sore at her," Bill said. "The doctor was telling me over the phone. All the time in the hospital she was babbling how I'd think it was her fault she lost the baby. She went to the automatic laundry to wash my shirts. She shouldn't've."

The laundry and the loss of the baby, the stern controlled face of the man and his childish frustrated gestures struck Lilith as a pathetic combination of the trivial and the tragic. She wanted to help him, but she felt impotent. "As soon as you go to see your wife at the hospital, tell her how sorry you are, and that she's not to worry, you forgive her."

"Me forgive her? I'm not blaming Helen. What do you think? It's my fault, the way I yelled at her and—"

"Tell her you love her," Lilith said again. "That's all a man has to do if he really wants a woman's forgiveness."

"My wife's a Pole. You don't know how stubborn they can be."

"Not only Poles," Lilith said, thinking of herself and of Henry, and of the opportunity they had just missed. She knew how to get in touch with her husband when one of his patients wanted him, but she could not be so direct about her own needs. On the other hand, Henry had also had his chance, and he had not even tried to talk to her. This meant that he did not care any longer.

A STATISTIC printed on her wedding day had promised that one marriage out of three was destined for failure. Now, within the first year, Lilith knew that hers had been that marriage. That Helen and Bill Snyder would soon get over their differences she had no doubt. And the Barnes couple were proclaiming the success of their union as blatantly as Davis' father advertised his used cars.

Lilith had read the news in the paper, and had also received a pale pink folder, atrociously vulgar, with gilt letters that stated: "DEPENDABLE DAVIS ANNOUNCES A NEW MODEL."

The law of averages made this Lilith's failure. It was her third. Heretofore she had believed her husbands partially at fault, but she decided now that she was wholly to blame. Perhaps her partner had been right in saying that Lilith was not the type for marriage. A woman who valued her independence so highly and enjoyed freedom with such gusto would do better to remain a bachelor girl.

The baby whimpered and Carol wondered whether she ought to pick him up. To ask the nurse's advice now would show weakness and lack of decision. In a little while Miss Elkins would be gone, and Carol would have complete responsibility for her child. It was her own choice.

She leaned over the crib, absorbed in the adoration of the infant. He had but one lock of hair but it was naturally curly. A dimple dented his fat chin.

In the living room Miss Elkins was giving Davis a pep talk; telling him to help his wife with the baby. The clink of ice told Carol that they were enjoying a farewell drink.

Davis and Joan Elkins came into the room with a cocktail.

"Your husband's just mixed a farewell drink," Joan said. "Won't you join us?"

"I'd like to but I wouldn't dare, not when I'm taking care of him," Carol said.

"Does that mean you'll be a teetotaler until he's twenty-one?" asked Davis.

"Just till I'm sure of myself," Carol said. The baby whimpered again. Carol was holding him as if he were made of snowflakes.

Laughing, Joan Elkins put down her cocktail and took the baby from Carol. She slung him over her arm like a bag of meal. "You mustn't be too easy on these little monsters. Especially the boys. They'll take advantage of you, like their fathers. Treat 'em rough and make 'em like it."

Davis watched the nurse in the mirror

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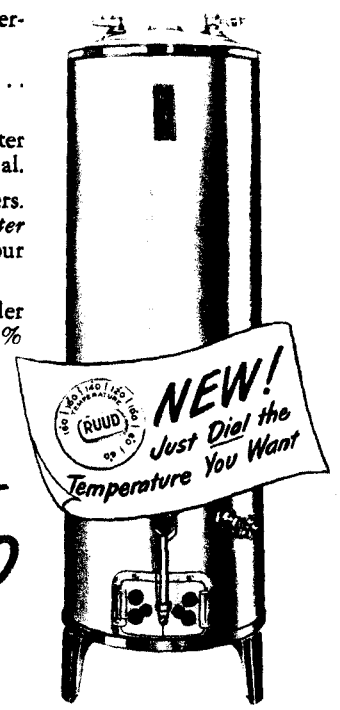

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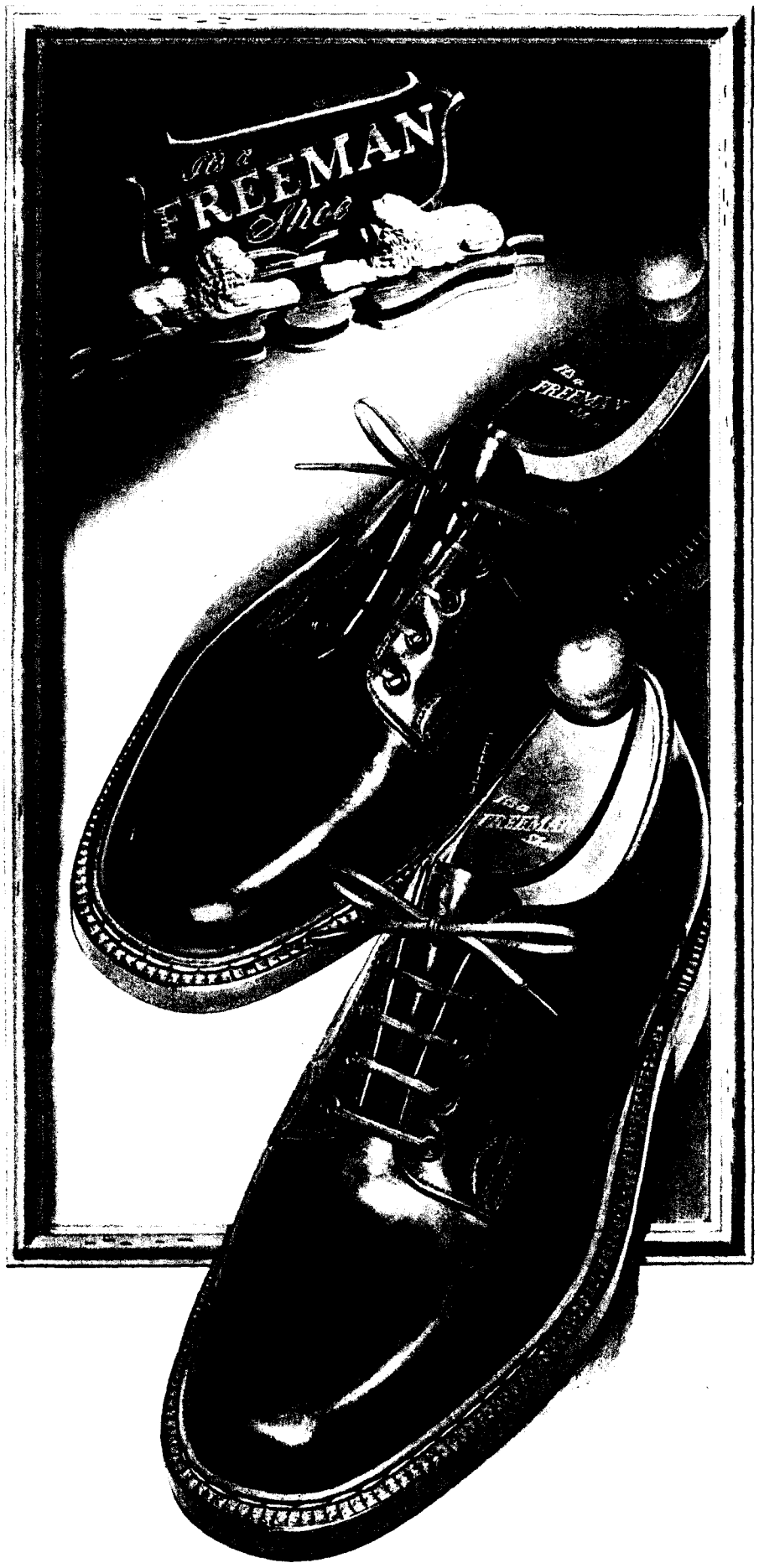

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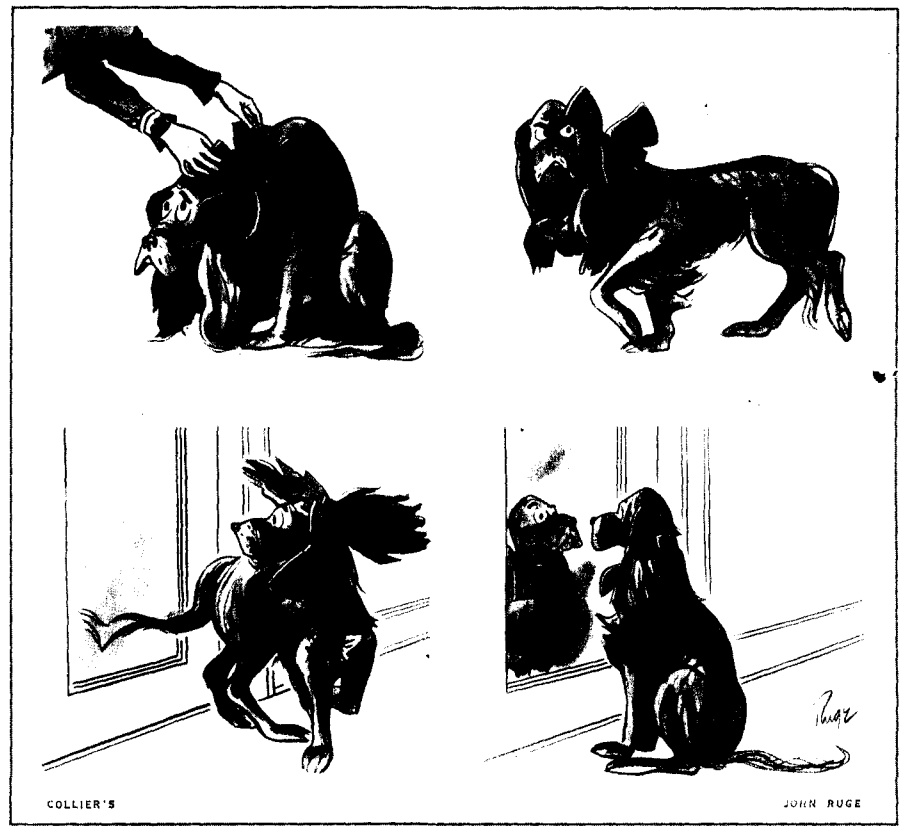

that hung above the baby's chest of drawers. "How about another drink?" he said.

Miss Elkins shook her head. She asked them to leave the room, please, because she wanted to change her clothes. "I'd like to get out by six if you don't mind."

"Got a date?" asked Davis, lingering in the hall.

"Wouldn't you like to know?"

HALF an hour later she came out in a tight black satin dress, black platform sandals and sheer black stockings. A tiny hat tilted over one eye and her loose, flowing hair gave her a sort of naughty, calendar-girl look.

"Wow!" exclaimed Davis. "Aren't you something? Who's the lucky fellow tonight?"

Joan Elkins had gone to the desk and written something on the telephone pad. "In case you're nervous, Mrs. Barnes, I'll be at my brother's house this evening. I'm leaving the number. Don't hesitate to call me if you have any questions, I shan't be doing a thing." She smiled and held out her hand to Carol. "It's been nice working for you, Mrs. Barnes. And please don't worry about the baby. You'll do all right."

Just the same Carol worried. After dinner she sat with a book in her hands but she could not read, nor keep herself from thinking of colic and convulsions. Only pride kept her from calling and asking Joan Elkins to return. Her nervousness had infected Davis. He could neither read, listen to the radio, nor watch the flickering figures on the television screen. Carol suggested gin rummy but he was sick of the game. Backgammon was even worse, for there was no excitement in winning from or losing to his own wife.

"Why don't you call Eddie and see if he can get up a poker game?"

"I'm sick of poker. And of the gang. I've heard all their jokes a dozen times."

"I'm sorry I can't go out with you," she said.

Leaden minutes ticked by. Davis had gone to the desk and looked at the pad with Miss Elkins' number written on it. If he suggested that they call the nurse and ask her to return so that they could go out, Carol would assent. She wanted to be a good sport and keep up the same relationship she had had with Davis before the baby was born.

"What's that? He's crying," Davis said.

She ran to the nursery. The baby was sound asleep, sprawled on his stomach with his hands above his head. He opened his eyes for an instant as she picked him up to change him. It was so much easier than she had expected that she laughed at her fears.

As she came into the living room Davis put down the telephone. "I just called Eddie and I'm in luck. He happened to get up a game for tonight. You don't mind, do you?"

She laughed and wished him luck. As always she said, "Drive, carefully, darling."

The phrase had been repeated so often that it had become meaningless to Davis but to Carol it represented anxiety that she could not control. Davis always boasted that he had perfect control of his car, but he was a reckless driver, and the streets were filled with people who did not control their cars too well.

WHEN she was awakened by the doorbell at three in the morning, and rushed out to find Davis' father waiting, grim-faced, she knew at once what had happened.

"Is he hurt? Tell me, please. Don't make me wait. Is he—" but she could not go on with the awful question. Without her husband she did not want to go on living.

"No, dear, he's not hurt," Mr. Barnes began. "He's been arrested."

She had never in her life been happier. She could have gone out and kissed the officers who arrested her husband, offered them love and money for taking Davis off to jail and saving him from the hazards of the streets. Tears rolled down her face. Mr. Barnes offered his handkerchief.

She smiled gratefully. "What did they arrest him for? Speeding?"

"And going through stop lights. He'd been drinking, too, I suppose. And he got into a fight with a cop. Aside from that—"

Mr. Barnes was silent for a few seconds. Carol's heart tightened. "You're not trying to make it easy for me, Father? He hasn't been hurt, has he?"

Mr. Barnes took Carol's hand and pressed it hard. "He's not been hurt. You needn't worry about that. But there's something else, and I've got to tell you, though Lord knows, I hate to. But it's better than if you find it out in a harder way. It'll probably be in the morning papers. He had a woman with him."

(To be concluded next week)

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O'CONNOR AND THE BLUE-EYED FELON

Continued from page 27

"Quite a hide-out, O'Connor. Where are all the customers?"

"Uh-fishing. At the higher lakes."

"We're here all alone?"

"My partner will be back at seven."

"I don't suppose I'd have to worry about your making passes, would I?"

Stanley drew himself up like a clergyman accused of pinching the organist.

She studied him. "I guess not. Well, that's life." She smiled blindingly. "Where do I enroll?"

Stanley squinted at her name on the register. "Bonnie Brewster. From Reno. Drive down today, Miss Brewster?"

"Sneaked away this morning."

"I suppose you'd like to get in some evening fishing?"

"I didn't bring a thing with me."

Stanley flinched. "You don't have any—uh, gear?"

"Not a stitch. You'll have to care for me for what I am."

Stanley's depression was returning. "You didn't come up here to fish then, Miss Brewster?"

"Bonnie. What's your handle?"

"Stanley."

"No, Stanley, I can't say trout ever romanced me much."

"The house rules, I'm sorry to state, compel me to ask that you pay in advance, in lieu of baggage."

"Happy to, Stanley." She slapped her hip pockets. "Isn't that something? Made such a fast getaway this morning I forgot all about money. Got a check?"

"What bank?"

"Just about any little old bank."

Stanley jerked his fascinated gaze from the girl's open, winsome features and reined in some rather warm thoughts. It was clear he was dealing with an extraordinarily ingratiating dead beat. "I'm afraid not. You see—"

"Maybe there's one in the car, Stanley," Bonnie said. "Leave us look."

Stanley followed the buoyant, abbreviated female out to the big car. Bonnie opened the glove compartment.

"Well, what do you know?" she cried. "A rod! A little old .38 revolver. My!" She flicked out the cylinder, ejected the six cartridges, sighted experimentally at Stanley's head and pulled the trigger a couple times. "Yes, sir, a mighty sweet shootin' iron."

Shaking visibly, Stanley bent and picked up the cartridges.

Bonnie rummaged through the compartment, dispersing a pipe, tobacco, beer-can opener, a screw driver and finally a pad of checks on a Reno bank. "Thought so," she said.

Stanley lifted his eyes from the registration card on the steering post. "This car isn't yours, is it, Miss Brewster?"

"Bonnie. No, it isn't, Stanley."

"The card says it belongs to a Mr. Benjamin Walters," Stanley said, oddly saddened. "A friend of yours?"

"Not exactly. Let me tell you my amazing story of deception, poignant heartbreak, seething passions and other shady particulars. It'll wring out your fat young heart like a bar rag, Stanley."

STANLEY weighed the evidence: the big car belonging to Mr. Walters, the .38, the absence of luggage, her whimsical but felonious way with checks, her appearance of having been clothed by a pack rat. The kid had got off to a bad start, possibly in the slums of a great city and had taken to crime. He peered into Bonnie's lively, wholesome countenance and silently upbraided the social system that permitted such things to happen. His heart strained to go out to her, but Stanley had not forgotten that the last time his heart went out it had snapped back on a rubber check. He decided to be kind but clever. He smiled. "Come inside, Bonnie, and tell me all."

She eyed him searchingly, chuckled, then turned and trotted ahead of him.

"Have a seat, Bonnie," Stanley said. "I'll get you a drink."

"Straight shot for me, Stanley," she said.

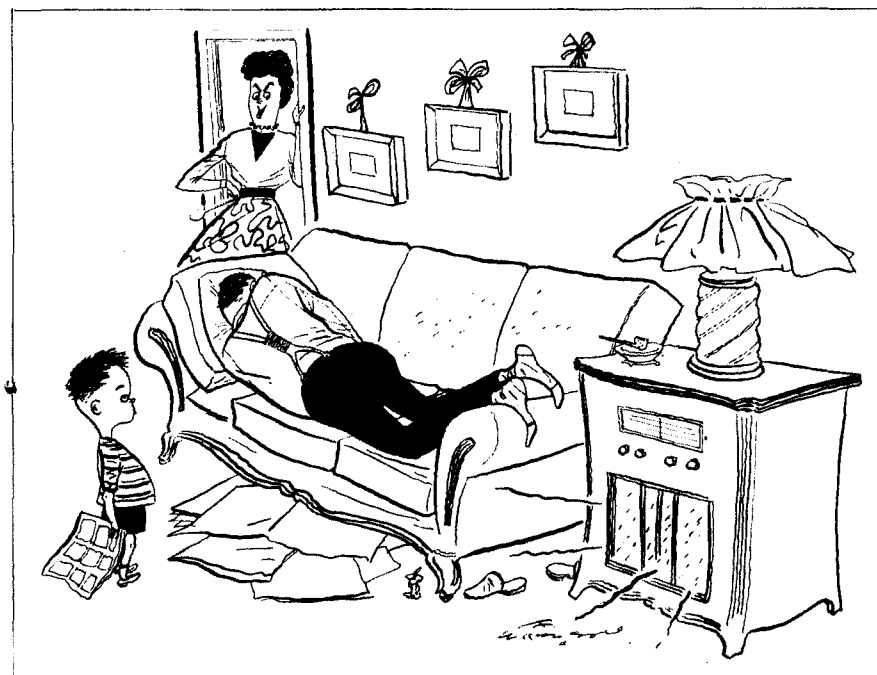
Stanley brought out two bottles of pop, and favored her with a look benevolent old police sergeants used on juvenile delinquents. "Now, consider me your friend, Bonnie. Tell me how you got into this—this jam."

Bonnie was expressionless. "Swear you won't sing?"

"You have my word."

"Mind if I light up first, Stanley? It might keep me from going to pieces."

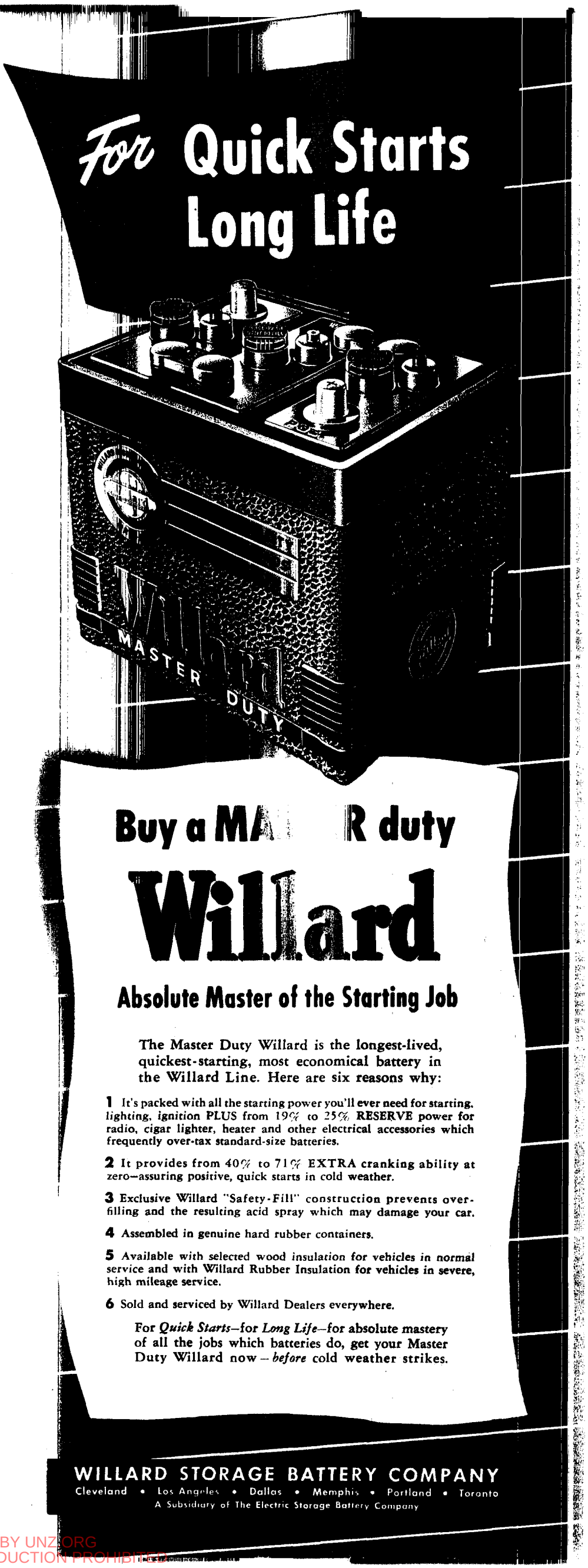
He nodded and she took a pack of cigarettes from a shirt pocket, a wooden match from the same pocket; scratching the match on her denim flank, she lighted up. "I get the shakes without a weed," she said. She folded her legs beneath her. "I'll spill the whole sordid shebang, Stan-



COLLIER'S

"Don't wake him up. He's listening to his favorite symphony"

FRITZ WILKINSON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ley, because you've been sweet—sweeter than I deserve."

Stanley put up his hand and said no, he was not either.

"Yes, you are too, Stanley. But here goes. The horrid truth is that I haven't been a good girl." She flicked ashes into her rolled pants leg. "I bet you hate me now, huh?"

"Of course not. We don't all have the same opportunities."

"There you got it!" Bonnie cried. "I come of a poor and crooked family, Stanley. Pop hit the jug and set fires. Mom—well, Mom took things home from the stores without paying. The old lady's doing time in San Quentin right now."

STANLEY sat up. "San Quentin? San Quentin is a prison for men." He slapped down both hands on the table. "All right, Brewster. Turn it off. I'm on to you."

"Gee, Stanley, I had you going for a while, didn't I? I certainly do like you. You're as kindly an old character as I've ever met."

"Thank you. Did you steal that car?"

"I suppose you could say that."

He whistled. "Are they after you?"

"No doubt. But it's no skin off your nose, Stanley. You're clean."

"You came up here to lie low?"

Bonnie nodded affably.

"How did you expect to get along?"

"I had in mind writing a few checks."

Stanley was walking back and forth now, agitated. "Stolen cars, bad checks, guns, dodging the authorities. Where's it all going to end?"

"You got me there, Stanley. And at this time I would like to thank you for getting so emotional on my account."

Stanley sat down beside her. "How can you remain so cool?" he asked.

"A life of felonies has left me callous, I guess." She took his hand and patted it. "There, there," she said.

"I think I've got a solution for you, Bonnie." He brushed his free hand distractedly through his short hair. "Now, do this. Go back to Reno, phone the owner of the car and tell him you've brought it back. Tell him where it is, then blow. He may not put the police on your trail." He stood up. "I'll advance you money for gas and food."

Bonnie stood up on the divan, grabbed Stanley's head with both arms and kissed him wholeheartedly on the mouth. "If you aren't the bigheartedest galoot in the whole world—!"

His face glowing, Stanley disengaged himself and lowered Bonnie to the floor. Fumbling, he brought out his wallet and from it took the contents, two fives. "This will buy gas and a couple of meals for you. I'd let you have more, but I'm a little short."

"Darn it, Stanley, I can't take your dough. I'll write you a check."

Stanley winced. "You've got to stop saying that. Please!" He pressed the money into her hand. "If you ever get any honest money ahead you can pay me back."

She gazed at him, her lips twitching. "Stanley, if you don't cut this out I'm going to break up." She had a thought. "I know, I'll kiss you again. It'll help pull me together."

She planted another one. "Who says crime doesn't pay?" Bonnie murmured.

When he had got her loose, he said, "You'd better go now, Bonnie. You don't have much time."

"You're right, Stanley. I'll do the right thing if it jails me." She patted him on the shoulder. "Buck up, we're both young. Who can tell, if I can beat this rap, maybe our meeting will be the beginning of something pretty passionate and beautiful for each of us." With that staggering thought she trotted away.

Stanley had to talk sternly to himself to keep from calling her back. It was several minutes before he heard the starter; it ground and ground, paused, then ground on. After a minute Bonnie appeared in the doorway.

"Hey, how about that? Won't start."

Stanley's pulse picked up. He went outside with her. "Get in and try her again," he said. He lifted the enormous hood. His eyes widened. "The whole distributor head is missing."

Bonnie got out. "I wondered what they called it. I just heaved the darn thing in your lake."

He quivered like a harpooned whale.

"Look at it this way, Stanley," Bonnie said kindly. "I like it here. Speaking conservatively, I like you. Think I'm going to give up all that to go straight?"

Stanley reeled against the fender. "Where in the lake did you throw it?"

"Way the hell-and-gone out." She took his arm. "Lemme take you inside where you can sit down and get your color back. I'll open another root beer."

It was bitterly clear to Stanley that he had again fallen victim to his own kind-

"Say, Joe, I just deposited a little more than I can afford. How about lending me ten till Saturday?"

COLLIER'S SERRANO

ness. He gave Bonnie a reproachful scanning. "You know, naturally, that there's no way for me to take you back until my partner returns from town?"

"Naturally."

They walked back into the lobby and sat down. Bonnie regarded him with affectionate amusement. "Don't fret your sad, beautiful head about me. It'll take time to track me down here. Meantime, I'll be spending my last hours of freedom with the gentlest, worriedest—"

"Be quiet!" Stanley cried. "Your light-hearted attitude toward crime is unbelievable! How can a pretty—"

"You think I'm pretty? I could kiss you for that."

"Get back in your chair. How can a fresh young girl steal cars, write bum checks and cheat hotels? It's frightful."

"Stanley," Bonnie said, "you're all balled up about me. I'm not the crook you think. You see before you the pampered daughter of doting parents. Daddy's got oil in Kansas and a 30,000-acre ranch outside Reno. We live in style: swimming pool, domestics, palominos and flying cow-pokes. It's all made me old and cynical before my time, Stanley."

Stanley laughed sardonically.

"Being a fairly toothsome wench," Bonnie went on, "I was bait for any number of young bucks with high heels and tight pants. Also sleek gents from the city. I was courted like mad, Stanley."

Stanley yawned elaborately.

"Kindly stay awake, this'll kill you. Finally, one smooth slicker with droopy eyelids and fascinating ways swept me clean off my wedgies. Fella name of Benjy Walters."

"Ha! Mr. Walters, the owner of the crippled machine outside?"

"The same. This Benjy had just about corralled my girlish love when I found out about him. Know what the fiend did?"

He shook his head.

"Early this morning when I drove Daddy into Reno so he could meet a man on a train I saw Benjy greeting a woman off the same train. He kissed her, and they left, all lovey-dovey. It kind of jolted me, so I followed them in a taxi, leaving Daddy at the depot. They went to Benjy's hotel. On the register the dame was signed in as Mrs. Walters!"

"Then what?" Stanley asked.

"While I was there ready to tear my heart out, Benjy comes down and sees me. He's a slick one. He sizes up what's happened and asks me to go for a ride with him so he can explain. When we get into his car he admits that he is married, but he says his wife is out here to get a divorce. It's just a matter of six weeks and he'll be free and we can run double harness. Oh, that Benjy boy!"

Stanley took one of her hands.

"Well," she said, "I couldn't think straight so I said I was out of cigarettes and asked him to stop and get me some. He pulled over to a drugstore and went in. Sitting there thinking, I got so mad, Stanley, I slid over into the driver's seat and beat it. I didn't want to see him or Daddy or anybody." She turned her dazzling smile on Stanley. "So here I am, beginning to heal already."

Stanley, his honest, harassed, benign visage ruffled with thought, studied the lovely criminal, trying to make up his mind. "I don't know," he said. "One of your yarns is about as incredible as another. Anyway, until I take you back you're welcome to food and lodging."

Bonnie proved skillful in the kitchen. Though he ate well, Stanley had a tendency to lapse into moody silences. Bonnie whistled merrily over the biscuit batter and frying trout, but as the meal wore on she too became rather melancholy. Stanley assumed that her conscience was finally getting in its licks, and he was mildly gratified.

After doing the dishes Stanley told her about the plight of the camp, his bankrupting weaknesses and Lester. He related how they'd sunk all their dough, including terminal leave bonds, into the camp, expecting to cash in on the hordes of fishermen in southern California who live in a natural desert and will drive hundreds of miles to find a trout. Bonnie listened absorbed and her eyes began to glow mistily.

AT TEN Stanley realized that Lester had decided to spend the night in town. "About sleeping, Bonnie."

"Any old manger for me, Stanley."

"We got more empty beds than a pup has fleas," he said. He rose and led her to the small bedroom where he and Les slept in bunks. "Take the upper one. I changed sheets on it this morning. Les won't be home tonight and you'll be warmer in here."

"Believe me, Stanley, I ask this out of pure curiosity: Where are you bunking?"

"Across the road in the first cabin." He smiled. "I hope everything comes out all right for you. You are, in spite of your squalid past, a charming and attractive outlaw. Good night, Bonnie."

"Darn it," she wailed, "you're so sweet I could bawl. Here I bust in on you, snarl up your life, eat your food, lie to you, deceive you, take ad—"

"That's all—," he said, uncomfortable.

"Quiet! Take advantage of your godlike character, and all you want to do is help me, give me your last buck, take all my troubles on yourself! I don't deserve you, Stanley. There isn't a female alive does! Why you're the sweetest, tastiest—"

Red to the ears, Stanley started up.

"So you won't let me tell you how I feel!" She pulled over a chair and

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mounted it. "By gum, I'm kissing you good night though!"

"That isn't necessary. I don't *mind*—" he stopped, staring with sudden hunger into Bonnie's eyes. Then Stanley's safety valves all blew out at once, and his arms went around her. Trembling, breathing loudly, Stanley finally broke loose. "This is terrible! It's being up in these hills so long. Excuse me."

"Don't mention it."

Looking rather wild, Stanley lurched across the road to his cabin where he excitedly undressed and went to bed. He tried to meditate clearly, and was alarmed to find that every time he thought about Bonnie he got excited again.

HOURS later Lester trudged into the silent, moonlit camp. After being delayed in town, he had started back up the grade after dark. Four miles from camp the elderly pickup had collapsed cold and resisted all his considerable mechanical ingenuity to revive it. He had walked the four miles and was pooped. He undressed as soon as he reached the bedroom and crawled into the lower bunk.

Shortly after dawn Stanley got up, clad himself and crossed to the lodge. Wondering what had kept Les in town and what luck he'd had with the Matsons, Stanley started a fire and put on coffee. He was slicing bacon when the car drove up. A moment later Clarissa Matson and her father came in.

"Morning, Stanley," Matson said. "My daughter prevailed on me to come up and give your waters a whirl. Drove all night to get here for early fishing. While you're getting breakfast I'll try a few casts in your lake. See you in a half hour or so." He breezed out.

Clarissa, a tall, handsome brunette, eyed Stanley. "You look surprised. Didn't Les tell you we were coming?"

"Les? Why he isn't even back yet."

"He must be. We saw your truck down the road a way."

"You did? Then he must have come in while—" He stopped, struck by a repugnant thought.

"There's one way to find out," Clarissa said on the way to the bedroom.

"Don't go in there!" Stanley roared.

Clarissa laughed. "Now don't tell me that you, Stanley, of all people, have a woman in there. That I got to see."

She opened the door and went in. Driven by a macabre curiosity, Stanley followed. On the lower bunk, in open-mouthed slumber, lay Lester. Stanley observed that Bonnie didn't make much of a dent in the upper bunk and he hurled silent prayers at heaven demanding that she be overlooked.

Clarissa bent and shook Lester by the shoulder. "Wake up, dreamboat."

Lester slept on, but there was action in the upper bunk. Bonnie's blowzy, tousled head hung over the edge. "Sister," she muttered sleepily, "how'd you get into the act?"

"Oh, Lord!" Stanley said.

Bonnie got a focus on him. "Good morning, parson."

At the first sight of Bonnie, Clarissa had backed off, badly shaken; now she rallied. "All I want to know is this: How long have you been Les's woman?"

"Lester?" Bonnie yawned. "Stanley's partner. Never saw the gentleman, though Stanley speaks highly of him."

"Bonnie," Stanley said, "it's time you met Lester. Les, wake up!" The spectacle of Lester sleeping through the crisis suddenly infuriated Stanley. He shook him like a rug. "Wake up, knothead!"

Puzzled, Bonnie held to the edge of her bunk, leaned far out and for the first time saw the body in the lower bunk. "Judas priest! Who's he?"

"Ha!" Clarissa said.

"What's he doing in my bedroom?" Bonnie cried. "And may I ask how long this has been going on beneath me?" She looked wide-eyed at Clarissa. "Let me ask you something, lady: Is this what they call being compromised?"

"Lady," Clarissa said, "if you don't know nobody does."

Stanley had awakened Lester to some extent, but Les still wasn't all there. "Lemme be, Stan. I'm bushed. Man, what a night!"

"Les!" Stanley hissed. "Come out of it! Clarissa's here. So is Mr. Matson."

Lester sat up, revealing a red-haired freckled torso. He modestly pulled a blanket around his chest. "Well, hiya, Clarissa. Made good time I see."

"I see you've been making some pretty good time yourself," she replied.

"On the contrary, the truck had a stroke last night and I had to hoof it in the last four miles."

"Les," Stanley said unsteadily. "I think it only fair you meet the party in the upper bunk. Bonnie, Lester Doyle, Les, Bonnie Brewster."

Bonnie reached down to shake hands. "Put it there, bunkmate," she said.

Les recoiled. "A woman! He stared at Stanley. "Why, Stan!"

"Me? Damn you, Les, I—"

"Oh, stop the hamming, Les," Clarissa said. "It's all so plain and ugly. I'm thankful I found out about her in time."

"Stanley," Bonnie said, "kindly pass me my pants and shirt."

Stanley handed her the levis and shirt and she retired to the far side of the bunk to dress. Below her, Les did likewise.

Stanley considered the spot he was in and cringed. Befriending Bonnie had been another of his errors. Unless he could credibly explain Bonnie to Clarissa his kindness was going to make a couple dead ducks of both Lester and the camp.

"Clarissa, old Les, here, is the victim of a very comical mistake." He laughed irrationally. "You see, Miss Brewster is my—uh—fiancée. She arrived yesterday after Les went to town to call you. When he didn't return by seven, as he promised, I assumed he was staying in town, so I gave Bonnie my bunk because it's warmer and nicer in here. I slept in a cabin. Les came home and crawled into his sack without realizing Bonnie was upstairs."

"Right! Cross my big loving heart, Clarissa," Les said, "I had no idea that female was up there."

"Fiancé," Bonnie said to Stanley, "give me a hand down." She kissed him enthusiastically, then faced Clarissa. "What Stanley says is true."

CLARISSA gave Stanley a sharp look. "It's funny we never heard about this engagement before. Very funny."

"We've been keeping it a secret," Stanley said. "Eh—sweetie?"

Bonnie simpered and looked down.

Mollified, Clarissa apologized to Les for doubting him and the party broke up, Bonnie and Stanley going into the lobby. A tall, heavy-eyed man stood in front of the fireplace.

"Good morning, Bonnie," he said.

"Benjy! You bum! How'd you get here?"

"Diligent inquiry along Highway 395. Fortunately, there are few turnoffs and my car is unusual in both design and color or I might have missed you." He smiled crookedly. "Aren't you going to introduce me to your thin friend?"

"Drop dead!" Bonnie said.

Stanley was stunned. "You are Benjamin Walters?"

Walters nodded. "Bonnie and I had a little misunderstanding yesterday, as lovers will, and in a fit of temper she ran off in my motorcar." He smiled indulgently at Bonnie. "I assume sanity has returned to your lovely head, my darling."

"Pick up your marbles and beat it," Bonnie said.

Walters still smiled. "Just a wee bit dramatic, darling. Shall we go now?"

The discovery that Bonnie wasn't a criminal had made Stanley oddly happy. He felt vindicated for taking her in.

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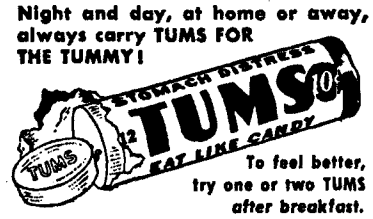

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"Bonnie says she doesn't want to go, so you go, huh, Walters?" he said.

"Please, Slats, button up," Walters said amiably. He took Bonnie's arm.

"Brother, what I wouldn't give for another fifty pounds," Bonnie cried. "I'd knock you loppy-legged!"

Walters was patient. "Don't you realize, darling, that you actually stole my car and that it is much nicer to go with me than the police?"

Lester and Clarissa had come in and Stanley's frayed brains told him to stay out of this quarrel, let Bonnie go and try to explain to Les and Clarissa. But instead he found himself clenching his teeth and starting for Walters. With obvious disgust Walters took a revolver from his coat pocket. Stanley pulled up.

"This Boy Scout routine has got to stop," Walters said, pained. "Be intelligent, Slats, don't crowd me."

"He's right, Stanley," Bonnie said. "You're racing your motor. I'll go along now, but I'll be back in a few days."

Stanley looked back at Walters. "Take your paws off that woman!"

Walters' heavy lids lifted. "What's with this schmoe?"

"Stanley," Bonnie cried, "stay back! The tinhorn's got a gun!"

When Stanley made his play Walters stepped back and with evident exasperation aimed at Stanley's foot. He twice pulled the trigger. Then Stanley slugged him to the floor and jumped on him. Les peeled him off the unconscious body.

"Look what I did to him!" Stanley said, staring at Walters. "One punch, Les. A killing right, as I remember."

"Stanley, stop beating your chest and come here," said Clarissa. "Your girl friend passed out."

Bonnie was flat on her back, but she came to immediately and gazed peakedly at Stanley. "He winged you, didn't he? You're bleeding, aren't you?"

"The gun wasn't loaded," Stanley said. "It was the one in the car. I recognized the broken front sight. It couldn't be loaded because I had the cartridges."

Bonnie shuddered. "You could have made a mistake you know. You could have been plugged saving me." She rose and lurched into his arms. "You're the bravest, fightingest, damnedest fella in the world and I'm—" she stopped. Two men in the uniform of the sheriff's office and a gray-haired man in a business suit had come in. "Oh, boy! Pop and the cavalry!"

George Brewster grinned at his daughter, then indicated Benjy to the officers. "That's the fellow."

While the officers took Benjy outside, Brewster embraced Bonnie. She introduced him to everyone, including her fiancé, Stanley O'Connor, the strongest, fiercest, darlingest man alive. Then she asked what the law had against Benjy.

"Benjy's been bad, I'm afraid," Brewster said. "He is a second-rate gambler and easy-money boy, but his forte is women. Yesterday when I found out you'd last been seen with him I had the police check on him and it seems that under other names he has been married five times, each time to a wealthy woman. His flaw was that he married more than one at a time. That girl with him at the hotel isn't his wife. She's his girl friend and works with him."

AS BREWSTER was ending his report, Homer Matson, hip-booted and beaming, entered. "Lester, my boy, why didn't you hit me over my stubborn old head and drag me here before?" He opened his creel. "Look at 'em! Eight fat rainbows in twenty minutes!" He patted Les on the back. "When I show these trout to the fellows at home they're going to overrun this place. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if the Walton club decided to spend its vacation up here."

"That's wonderful," Stanley said. "Mr. Matson, I'd like you to meet Bonnie Brewster and her father, George Brewster."

"Stanley and I are betrothed," Bonnie said. "Not ten minutes ago he saved me from a fate worse than death."

"That right?" Matson turned to Brewster. "Are you a trout fisherman?"

"Been one all my life," Brewster said. "Dry flies."

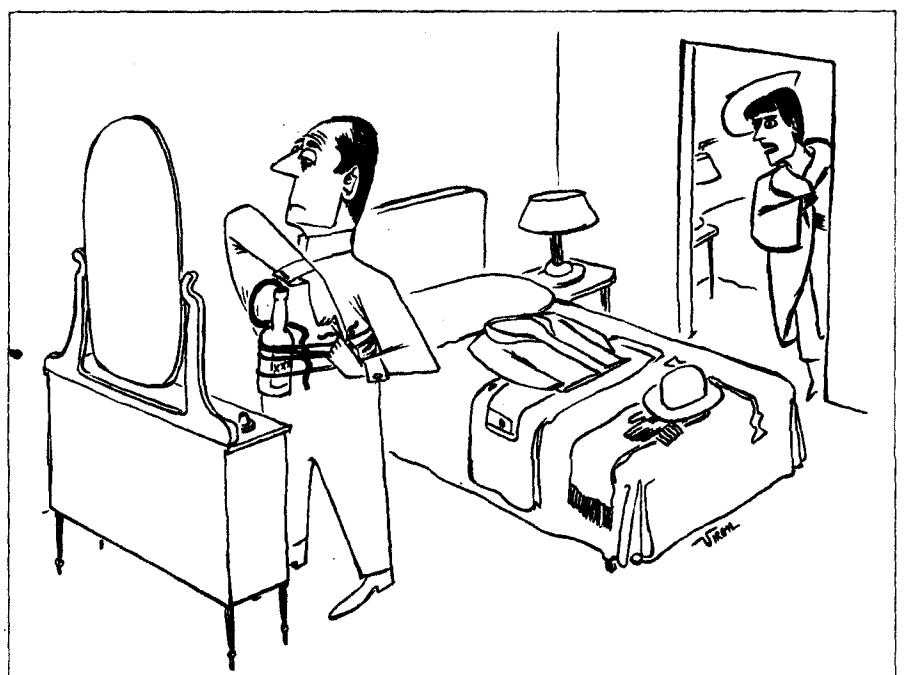
"I was just thinking," Matson said, "that since we're both trout men and that when all these weddings take place we're practically going to be related that maybe we ought to give the kids a boost. I've been nosing around here and I think the place has great possibilities. Clarissa tells me the boys need a little capital for advertising. Maybe we could see that they get it."

Bonnie pulled her father aside for a few words. When they came back, Brewster said, "Count me in, Matson. It appears that I am heavily indebted to Stanley and what my daughter calls 'his big, saintly heart.' I'd be delighted to join you."

Stanley was blushing again. "Just a minute. The truth is Bonnie and I aren't really en—"

"Stan," Les said, "you've done enough good turns and been honest enough to last out the season. Please shut up." He looked pleadingly at Bonnie. "Can't you quiet him?"

"Certainly can," Bonnie said. She pulled over a chair and stood on it. "Watch this."



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TOMORROW
E NEXT DA

By JOHN RANDOLPH PHILLIPS

TODAY I told a lie. And while many will say this is of no consequence—still it is the most important lie that I have ever told.

In the cool of the morning they come to me—Manuel Pereda and the *Americano* known as Toby Baxter. They ride across the plain on two horses they have stolen. Two poor, sad, dusty old horses, because Pereda and Toby Baxter do not have the ambition to steal good horses.

You will understand that I am surprised to see them when I tell you that only yesterday they were convicted of murder on the evidence of Señor Buck Wilson. But they have escaped and now they halt their horses here at the foot of the mountain. I know they have not come to wish Señor Buck Wilson *buenos dias.*

"Where's Wilson?" says Toby Baxter.

"He has gone up to the mine," I say, and Baxter puts away his stolen gun and sits on his horse looking at me. Manuel Pereda rolls a cigarette lazily, but his black eyes are busy. They jump from me to the neat, clean shack that is home to Señor Buck Wilson and me, and then they jump back to me. He misses nothing, that Manuel.

"Well, Juan," says Toby Baxter, "you are fixed good here."

"Yes," I say, "I am fix' good. I am Señor Buck Wilson's handy man. I cook for him and make his bed and wash his clothes and do the odd job. It is now six weeks since the Señor Wilson speaks for me with the judge."

Saying this, I remember the deep, fine quality of my Señor Buck Wilson's voice when he speaks with the judge. "He's just a youngster, Your Honor. A lost pup that's been keeping company with a bunch of wolves. I mean Baxter and Pereda and that gang. Give him a chance, Your Honor. Let me take him up to the mine with me."

He is a great and good man, my Señor Buck Wilson, and I try to be like him in every way I can. I have pleased him, too, in everything but the laziness. The laziness is my despair. I cannot seem to help it. Only this morning Señor Wilson roars and shouts and swears because in my laziness I have left undone a task I should have attended to last week.

But the señor's anger is like a summer storm. For a while it is very violent and I pretend to be properly afraid. Then I tell a funny story and he laughs while he is trying not to, and all at once the storm is gone and sunshine gleams in Señor Buck Wilson's wonderful blue eyes. Then he goes up the mountain to his work and now is a good time to do the task I have so long left undone.

So I gather my tools and make ready to follow the señor and I say to myself a little speech that I will later say to this most hateful task. I say, "Stop, you! Aha! You have fool' and dodge' Juan once too often. But now your time has come!"

That is a long while back in the morning. Now I sit in the shade. Toby Baxter and Manuel Pereda have ridden their tired, dusty old bags of bones up to the foot of the mountain. And I shake with the terrible fear that is inside me.

"Let's get going," says Toby Baxter to Manuel Pereda.

"But you must stay," I tell them. "We will open a bottle. We will open one of Señor Wilson's bottles." I am nervous and my hands flutter. Manuel sees this, and he smiles a smile I do not like.

"I suppose you have learn' much from Señor Wilson," says Manuel Pereda, and that smile is a mockery. "Have you learn' not to be lazy?"

"I am never lazy now," I say, and that is the first lie I tell today.

"Ah, cut it out, you two," says Toby Baxter. His eyes are cold now, cold and pale like ice. "Manuel, we come up here to do a job. Let's do it and get the hell off this mountain. Juan! After today you won't be working for Buck Wilson." He swings off his stolen old coyote bait and again the stolen gun is in his hand, and he says, "Don't make no foolish moves, Juan!"

Manuel swings off his horse, too. He asks me a question, and when I can manage my voice I make answer, and that answer is the second lie.

They leave their horses then and go on foot up the mountain, because that is the only way they can go, and I sit in the shade, because that is the only thing I can do. I am not a bird to soar over the crags and give a warning to Señor Buck Wilson.

AT NOON Señor Buck Wilson comes very fast down that mountain. Never has his anger been like this. Today, for a while, he cannot even make words. His hands fasten in my shirt and they shake me and shake me until my teeth rattle and my eyeballs pop.

"Damn you, Juan! Two men are lying dead at the bottom of the gorge. Two men dead, you trifling bum, because you are too lazy to do a simple job of carpenter work! They didn't go the long way around the head of the gorge, like I've had to do. The poor devils tried to cross the bridge and the rotten planking gave way and— Oh, damn you, Juan!"

I jerk myself free and I say, "They are gone. They do not see that the planking in the middle of the little bridge is rotten. Only the sharp eye of Señor Wilson could see that *hidden treachery.* They are gone, true, and will not return. But, Señor Buck Wilson, did you recognize these men?"

"How in hell could I recognize them three hundred feet below me?"

"They are Toby Baxter and Manuel," I say, "and they climb the mountain to kill you in revenge. Manuel Pereda asks me the best way to go up to the mine and I tell him that over the bridge is the best way."

Finally Señor Buck Wilson understands. He shakes hands with me and puts the other hand on my shoulder. He says, "I guess the Lord will make arrangements to forgive you for that lie, Juan."

I do not tell Señor Buck Wilson that, after I gather my tools that morning, I do actually go up the mountain to repair the bridge and then do not repair it because my head swims when I peep over the edge into the deep gorge below and because I am suddenly very tired in my bones and it is too nice a morning anyway for work. I do not tell him this, because I do not like for even Señor Buck Wilson to know everything that happens. Anyway, I will mend the bridge tomorrow, sure. Tomorrow or the next day.

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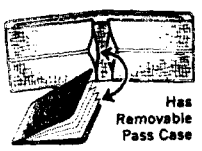

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COME HOME . . . NOT MARCHING

Continued from page 17

watching the sun cross San Manuel. So he said, "I got three days work at Bergman's last week, shocking barley."

"I didn't see you at Mass Sunday."

"Sunday I slept in," Johnny said. He grinned. "I ain't used to shocking barley."

The Franciscan laughed. "You're a good boy, Juanito. Next Sunday I hold Mass down at Barona. Would you drive the jeep for me?"

Johnny was instantly cautious. "Mebbe so. We'll see."

Father Francisco said nothing.

THEN Johnny Siva laughed. "I know," he said. "There's some girl down there you'd like me to meet. An' raise a lot of little Catholics for you."

The old man must have got that often in his life. He didn't flinch. "I've never lied to the people," he said. "One of the Cuerpa girls. She's educated, a registered nurse."

"I used to date nurses in England," Johnny said. As soon as he'd said it, he felt bad, without knowing why. "Well, I gotta get into the Springs. My father promised a lady I'd break a horse for her, and the rowels on my old spurs been borrowed while I was gone."

"Then I'll drop by for you Sunday morning?"

Johnny shook his head. "I'll get word to you if I'm goin'—Padre, I dunno if I want to marry an Indian girl."

The father said, "You don't have to marry her."

Johnny laughed wholeheartedly. "Why, Father, the things you say!"

The priest joined in the laugh. "You're a good boy, Johnny," he said again, and started up his shiny little car.

Johnny walked on, thinking about Val Subish. Val had been away, in the first World War. In the Navy. But it was different for him; he'd been an enlisted man, a chief quartermaster or something like that. When Johnny was a kid, he'd played with Val's kid, and he'd seen Val's uniform, on a hanger under a gunny sack to keep dust off, white shirt, black tie and all.

Somebody yelled at him, patting a hand over an open mouth, like Indians in a Western movie. Johnny looked up. A convertible full of chicks, the Springs kind with about eighteen square inches of clothes on. Johnny didn't yell back.

He was getting into the Springs, it was beginning to look better, with palms and acacias and smoke trees planted, a little shade, a little beauty for the Hollywood people and the Easterners who came to the Springs to spend twenty, fifty, a hundred dollars a day.

Water sprayed high from a fountain in the middle of the plaza, and smelled nice on the dusty air. Around the fountain were oleanders, and Johnny remembered when the syndicate had bought them from Val's uncle, around whose house they grew wild.

The saddle store catered to dudes; besides saddles and bridles and boots it also handled Navajo blankets. Hopi silverware, Mexican leather; stuff to make a dude feel at home and properly dressed in Cahuilla Indian country. Johnny regarded a hackamore made of aluminum and sheepskin. Sure come in handy with that white colt and—

A voice called, "Johnny, Johnny Siva!" and did it in a tone he hadn't heard in a long time. He turned, slowly, hating himself because he was afraid.

The guy with the babe on either arm looked vaguely familiar. But it hadn't been a man's voice. It was one of the blondes. Then, for a moment, the strangeness of their clothes—his cheap cotton shirt and blue jean pants, her handkerchief halter and shorts—fell away, and he knew her as well as if they were both in tailored khaki, and as if the gray light of London were outlining her instead of the glaring sun of the desert.

He said, "Hello, Alice."

She said, "Maybe you didn't recognize me without my clothes," and laughed and he knew what she was feeling, because he guessed he knew her better than anybody in the world. She was embarrassed and shy, despite her beauty. Her mother had been an actress, and jealous of a growing daughter— It made him sick. He could have recited off the list of her mother's lovers, the ones she married and the ones she didn't, and how they reacted to Alice. But Alice had only been in love once.

"This is Dimity Cole," she was saying, "and this is Cassidy, who doesn't have a first name because he's a press agent, and this is Johnny Siva, Lieutenant Colonel of the United States Air Force, who used to be my own personal hero when I was with the USO in London. Johnny, we're being photographed in front of swimming pools! Johnny, I'm a baby starlet! Wouldn't it kill you?"

And all the time she was scared to death. But nobody knew it but Johnny, because she was a fine actress. In the ETO she'd given Shakespeare readings, and the guys had eaten it up.

"I've met Colonel Siva," Cassidy said. "He wouldn't remember."

Johnny made a huge effort. "Sure," he said. "You were Public Relations Officer at a base I flew into once."

"Sure," Cassidy said, "and you wouldn't give me a story."

"Come tell me all about yourself," Alice said. "But don't tell me why you never wrote, Johnny. Don't tell me why you ran out on me, Johnny. Only first, Cassidy is going to buy you a drink on his expense account."

"I could use one," the Dimity chick said. "This cheesecake is a little too much so. I'm liable to blush. Imagine!"

Cassidy said, "Always glad to buy a drink for a hero."

Then Johnny remembered where he was, who he was. "Thanks for the offer," he said, "but no. I'm a reservation Indian. It's against the law to sell me or give me a drink."

Alice said, "In this day and age?"

Johnny said, "Might get drunk and start looking for General Custer. I'll be seeing you."

HE TURNED into the saddle store. There were three clerks, but their necks were too stiff to see anything but the top of Johnny's ruined hat. They didn't want to wait on him, but one of them finally did.

When he had bought the spurs, he left the store, turned right, and started walking fast. Back to the reservation. He had gone two blocks when Alice came out of nowhere and grabbed his arm. "Cassidy and Dimity were glad for a chance to go off together," she said. "They're engaged."

"Must be tough on you," he said.

She nodded. "I'm strictly background. Any publicity comes out of this trip will be Dimity's. Johnny, why haven't you written—"

"Don't chase guys," Johnny said. "You're too pretty to have to chase guys."

"You're not guys," she said. "You're Johnny."

He took a deep breath. "Okay," he said. "I was going to make a lot of dough. You were a Broadway actress, and me—a guy in my group, Major Landers, remember Jerry? His old man is going to leave him an auto factory someday. I went there, I was director of personnel, I was going to be vice-president some

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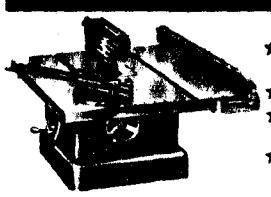

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day. I was a great success, and it made me sick to my stomach."

She said, "Do you think that matters to me?"

"You must like money, or you wouldn't be in Hollywood."

She said, "You know my trouble. I can't shove myself forward, like Dimity, like the other girls. An old flame of Mother's is a big producer, he got me this. But I've never been in a picture, it's always like today. Dimity will get all the publicity, I'll be a pair of legs in the background."

"Listen," Johnny said. "Nobody's prettier than you, nobody's—"

Dimity Cole grabbed the arm of Johnny's that Alice wasn't using. "Cassidy has the most wonderful idea," she said. "Get in the car, you two, and listen to Cass."

The press agent's peeling nose was thrust at them from the front seat of a big black sedan. "I got me something hot," Cassidy said. "Get in."

Johnny got in the back with Alice.

Cassidy started up, fast. "Didn't want too many people to see you," he said. He ran out of town, and stopped on the edge of the raw desert. "Look in the box at your feet," he said.

Alice reached down and opened the box. Johnny stared, incredulously. There was a feathered headdress, a buckskin jacket with beads on it, buckskin pants, moccasins.

"How's that for fast thinking?" Cassidy said. "Put it on, Siva, and we pull a stunt. We crown a queen of the Mission Springs Indians. We take one of the girls, say Dimity—"

"Say Alice," Johnny said.

Cassidy coughed. "All right, Alice," he said reluctantly. "You crown her queen of the redskins in front of the plaza—"

Johnny looked out across the sun-baked sand and alkali. "Okay," he said finally, "it's about time the Mission Springs had a queen." He reached down and got hold of the leather pants and pulled them on over his jeans.

Alice said, "Johnny—"

"You want to be an actress, don't you?" he asked. "You want me to be a white man, don't you?"

Cassidy had started the car. Johnny reached down and picked up the feathered headdress. "What's in it for me, Cassidy?" he asked.

"Johnny, no," Alice said. "Please, Johnny." She reached up and pulled at the feathered headdress. It tore.

"Hey," Cassidy said. "That thing is rented—"

Alice took it off, roughly, and threw it at the back of Cassidy's neck. He slid the car to the side of the road, and screeched the brakes to a stop. "What's the idea?"

Johnny said, "Figure it out yourself, sport," and got out of the car. He walked away fast, and nobody made a move to stop him.

VAL SUBISH looked hot. He set the motor to idling when he saw Johnny, and jumped down from the tractor. Sweat had streaked the dust on his broad face.

"Bulldozin's dirty work, Juanito," he said.

"I'll spell you," Johnny said.

The older man nodded. "Thought maybe you would, Johnny. Dropped by your house, but Damasio said you'd gone after spur wheels."

"I got them," Johnny said. "Got them in the Springs."

"Me," Val said, "I leave those Springs alone. I don't like those fellows."

"Me neither," Johnny said. "Hey, Val. You ever miss the Navy?"

Val looked up at the top of San Manuel before he answered. "They woulda made me a warrant," he said, "if I'd stayed in. But I wanted to come home."

"That's all?" Johnny asked.

"I told him I wanted a car for my birthday . . . that ought to be good for a bracelet, at least"

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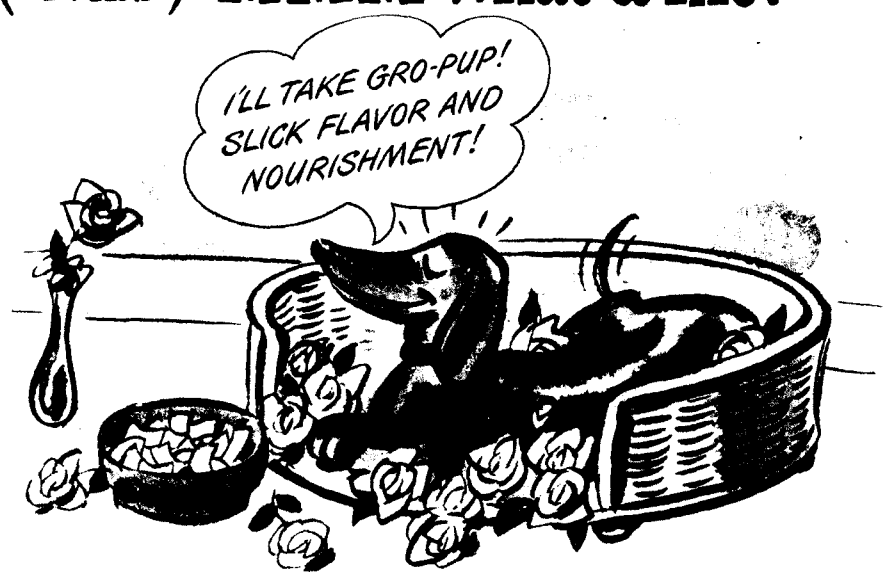
(HE SAYS:) "M-M-M-What a life!"



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Val looked straight at him. "I'm no guy to live alone. There was a girl in Norfolk. If I'd stayed in, I'da married her." He shrugged, and started for his car, a shabby, competent-looking figure.

Johnny climbed up to the dusty seat of the tractor. There were a lot of things an Indian couldn't say to another Indian. Like his father could never admit that he'd been afraid Johnny'd be killed in the war. This was another of those things. You couldn't bring a girl from Norfolk, Virginia, to live on a reservation.

He stepped on the clutch and put the tractor in gear, pulled the hydraulic and lowered his blade.

IT WAS a long time since he'd run a bulldozer, steered a cat of any kind. As a kid, a cat skinner had been his idea of the finest thing a man could grow up to be— You could put this whole tractor, blade and all, into the bomb bay of a B-17. His own plane had been called Sitting Bull.

He grinned, openly, white-man style, and then wished he hadn't because dust at once collected on the inside of his lips. "Dozing Bull," he said silently, "you and me are going places!" In the field, the brush piling up ahead of his polished blade was supposed to slide off to one side. But it stuck, there was a rock in there. He backed up, and went forward, the cat grunting and shoving like a bull against a fence.

The rock heaved up and went rolling off the edge of the field, bounding away in the chaparral. He wheeled Dozing Bull around, and went back to where he'd left off, and then became aware that a car had stopped on the edge of the field, and that someone was watching him.

The dust cleared, and it was Alice Audrey. She was sitting in a little black coupé, watching him. He threw the clutch into neutral, and jumped down, and walked to the edge of the field.

"I rented this car," she said. "From a drive-yourself. Wasn't it enterprising?"

"Sure."

She laughed and turned sideways in the seat, putting both hands on the window edge. "You certainly got yourself dirty in a hurry."

She opened the door and stepped out, her bare legs tan and firm in the sun. "Where did you go to, Johnny? I ditched Cassidy and Dimity. Cassidy was burned up at you. I ditched them and hung around waiting—"

"You better get back," Johnny said, "or you won't be in any of the shots, and then you'll never get a part as an actress."

"Don't talk like that. Don't shut me out! I—"

"You what?" he asked. "You have to be an actress. I gotta be an Indian. Look. Get back in your drive-yourself coop, and go ahead. When you passed that cattle guard back there, with the sign, you were on my reservation. When you get to where you can't go any further, because the road's washed out, you're almost to the edge on the other side, you've seen all of the reservation that's worth seeing. Stop at my house, stop at the second frame house, which is ours, where my father and mother live.

"The squaw in the little dark kitchen, stewing beans or knocking out *tortillas* between her hands, throwing the dough up in the air and catching it and throwing it up again—that's my mother. If my father's back from buying himself his morning bottle of orange pop, he's the old man sitting on the ground, sitting in the sun waiting for something to happen. Stop at my house—it'll be the same."

"And that's all?" she asked. "You're going to sit against a dobe wall, your wife is going to be a squaw, throwing up dough and catching it to make a *tortilla?*"

He found his jackknife in the jeans under the fancy—and now ruined—leather pants, and snapped it open. He cut a sliver off the red cedar fence post and snapped it in his fingers. "I went away," he said. "I came back from the war, and gave my kid cousins some souvenirs, and we had a big fiesta, and I went away. Went to Detroit. Somebody'd say once in a while, do you have Indian blood, and I'd say nothing else but, and they'd be interested for five seconds. I was director of personnel. I could have been vice-president. I know motors, and I can handle men."

She said, "Your eyes are so black, and when you get excited, they almost turn coal red."

"You're pretty," he said, "but I told you that. And all the time in Detroit I kept thinking of San Manuel and—"

"Everybody gets homesick," she said. "We'd visit your folks."

"Sure," he said, "and they wouldn't be humble or meek because your cheapest dress was as good as the best in the Sears Roebuck catalogue. Indians aren't humble. And they wouldn't be sore, because if you made Juanito happy, that's all they want. But how about me? Sitting pretty in a swivel chair, flying my own private plane, and wondering all the time: Have the guys on the reservation got work, can they sell enough wood to get through the winter, is there a smart spokesman this year that can keep the Indian Bureau from trying one of its fool experiments on them? My people got to be led, they have to be led by their own, not driven by the Seventh Cavalry."

"Don't talk like that," she said.

"What'll I say?" he asked.

Dust came down the road while she considered her answer, and the noise of the cattle guard rattling, and then Val's jalopy stopped behind the hired coupé. Val put a match behind the hand throttle to keep the motor idling, and got out.

Johnny said, "Val, I want you to meet a friend," and the older man came up, cautious. "Miss Alice Audrey, shake hands with Valentine Subish, he's our captain, our tribal spokesman."

Val shook hands, his face solemn and threatening, staring at the girl. When she just returned his stare, he grinned suddenly, white teeth in a saddle-colored face. "By golly, she's pretty, Johnny."

"You ain't kiddin'," Johnny said, gutturally.

Alice Audrey smiled. She was looking straight at Johnny now, and all of a sudden he felt that his medals were not pinned to Damasio's dirty jacket, but back on his breast, fastened on a neat whipcord, silver leaves on his shoulders and guys like Cassidy in a big stew to do what he wanted them to.

Maybe he'd never loved her, maybe he had only been proud because he could lend her courage. And in one of those funny things that happen, in running out on her, he was no longer lending it to her, but giving it to her for keeps, to take home.

Then maybe she remembered what Johnny had said, because she laughed, and it was like a waterfall in the desert. "About what you asked me, Juanito. About what to say. Why—just say goodby."

Johnny put his hand over hers on the fence. Her fingers were cool and dry in his big palm. And now he couldn't tell what she was thinking, whether she was afraid or not. But he guessed not.

She turned to Val. "*Adios, Capitán.*"

"So long, *chiquita,*" Val said.

THE two Indians watched her get in the car and drive away. "Those dames don't wear enough clothes," Val said. "Hey, Johnny! There's a letter at my house. A guy'll buy ten cords of oakwood if the tribe can cut it. We'll get the agent and go up the mountain Sunday, mark off some timber."

Johnny was still looking down the road. He heard the coupé rattle over the cattle guard as it left the reservation. "I won't be here Sunday."

The light went out of Val's eyes.

"Me," Johnny said, "the padre wants me to ride down to the Barona. Those guys at Barona got a truck. Mebbe so I can swing a loan of it."

Val was beaming again. "Okay," he said. "Good deal. I can handle the agent. I'm used to him. While you're down there, look around a little. Look up my wife's folks. My wife's from that country."

COLLIER'S

"It's the last mink we have left, madame— all the men have been suckers this season!"

JARO FABRY

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

search he would also have found at least a few decent citizens who let alcohol severely alone and who feel they have a right to protect their homes and communities.

To imply that prohibition in Kansas results from the efforts of bootleggers, crooked officials and hypocrites is nonsense.

Keep your eye on Kansas in the November elections. Kansas took a lot of ridicule and abuse on the slavery question—and some other issues—but she still knows what she wants. An adopted son of Kansas,

WILLARD GREENE, Topeka, Kan.

. . . Brother! Did I ever enjoy that one! I lived in Salina, Kansas, for seven months in 1945, and have wondered ever since why otherwise bright enough people have such a law.

And there are also those who would like to see prohibition nation-wide! I guess they're jealous of the fun Kansans have in getting their liquor, when all a citizen of most of the rest of the country must do is swing a barroom door to get his.

MRS. DEL LITTLE, Tucson, Ariz.

"A HERO IS A SOLDIER LUCKY ENOUGH TO BE SEEN DOING HIS DUTY"

SIRS: Re your editorial calling for a book of war memories by a modest hero who didn't win the war singlehandedly. (Here's A Book That Should Sell, Aug. 21st.) I nominate Admiral Nimitz for the job. That is about what he says.

LEON WESTMORELAND, San Diego, Cal.

WHY IKE REALLY SAID NO!

DEAR SIR: Marquis Childs' article Why Ike Said No (Aug. 28th) is no doubt an accurate account of what transpired but I cannot find that it tells why the General said "No."

In my opinion there are three reasons why he refused to run. Eisenhower is aware that at this time he is entirely innocent of a practical working knowledge of big-time politics; that he would have been merely a clay pigeon for the master craftsmen of either party who would have made hay while he learned his politics the hard way.

Second, it was obvious that the Republican Party bosses did not desire him as a candidate. As the Republican President he would have been surrounded by a group of "Advisers" rendering lip service, but disgruntled and probably disloyal, waiting for him to make mistakes.

Lastly, he refused to run on the Democratic ticket, because as a high-minded American he believes that it is high time that the New Deal machine of Roosevelt and Truman, with all its smelly implications, was washed out of existence and forgotten like a bad dream.

ARTHUR M. ACHESON, New York, N. Y.

STOP KICKING MY DOG AROUND, CRICHTON!

KYLE CRICHTON, DEAR SIR: It's a cinch you don't know greyhounds. ("There Goes Rusty!", Aug. 21st.) You err when you say the greyhound is "stupid." Apparently, you don't seem to know that this hound is what is known as a "sight runner" and this trait has come down to him in the same manner the scenting power of other dogs has come to them.

So he is not "stupid" when he runs the mechanical rabbit but is actually following his inherited trait.

Had you ever really coursed these hounds in the open after coyotes as I have and seen them often, as we say, "run cunning," that is, apparently having figured, probably from long experience, the way a coyote will run, angle their own direction to cut him off, you wouldn't call them stupid. The truth is greyhounds are as intelligent as any other dog. Also greyhounds weren't brought here originally to kill jacks, but to kill coyotes.

If the killing off of jacks depended on greyhounds the jacks would still be plentiful. I've seen a jack surrounded by five hounds on a fall day, when it looked like "curtins" for her, leap over the nearest dog and make a getaway.

LEON V. ALMIRALL, Denver, Colo.

PAT FRANK SPEAKING

DEAR MR. LITTAUER: Never has anything made me think or wonder as to the world's future, or mine, as Pat Frank's serial An Affair of State did. It took nerve to print that serial for it does seem to reflect on the State Department and yet, I think it will do more good than harm.

When I first began the story, it was an interesting romance like many others that you print, but the second part made me sit up and take notice. I can't explain, myself, just what I felt as the story continued but it was not pleasant. His sentence, "Nobody will ever again win a war," should be a lesson preached over and over again to the people of the world.

Thanks again for making my brain cells resume their normal function of thinking for me. As you can see by my address, I am a college student and the professors have long since stopped stirring me—at least to serious thoughts.

CHARLES R. TREADGOLD,
Washington & Lee U., Lexington, Va.

CURFEW SHALL RING

DEAR GURNEY WILLIAMS: Anent "How to Wake Up Quietly" (Aug. 28th) your belief that the idea of using an alarm clock to go to bed by is revolutionary, I very much doubt. I have been using it for over twenty-five years.

In my case, the whole thing arose from absolute necessity. Remember Prohibition? You will recall how guests came and left, then didn't leave. One night I quit mixing gin for a few moments, sat down in the tub up to my chin, inhaled deeply, and thought. Briefly, the great Idea came to me. I bought the biggest alarm clock on earth, wound it and the alarm, set it, put it in the middle of the studio, spread the sad news—and when it went off, everybody quietly and simply went home. Or went *somewhere*. Naturally, I've continued the practice ever since. For guests, for my beloved but talkative family, and for my equally beloved but talkative self. And never has it failed me.

GARDNER REA, Brookhaven, L. I.

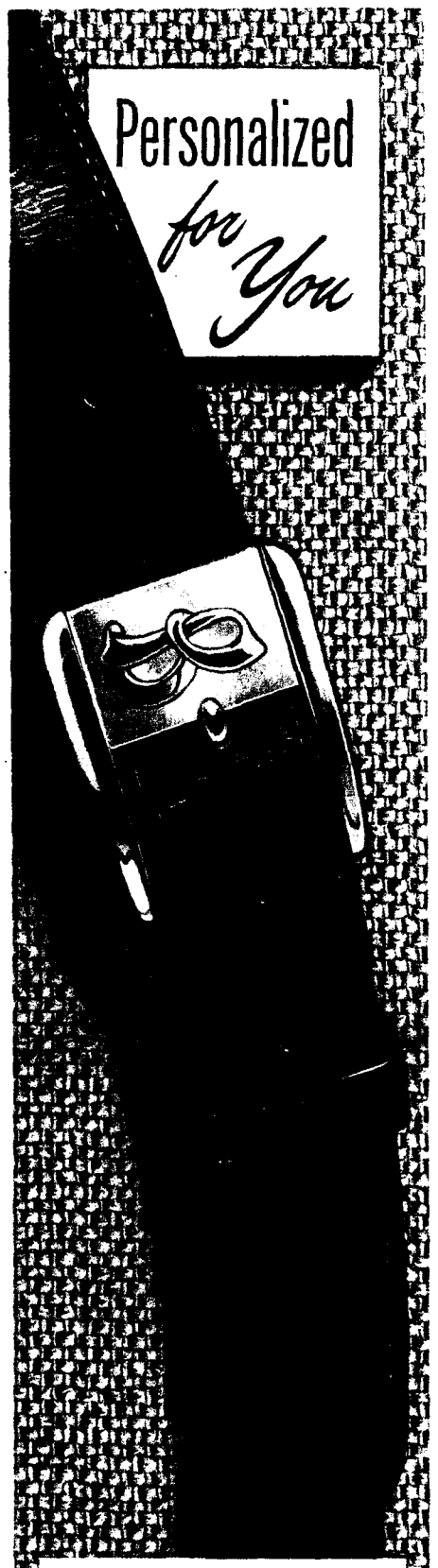
TOM SWIFT & HIS PHONOVISION

DEAR SIR: Freling Foster reports that in 1930 a television device was built around a telephone in order that persons talking could see each other.

I remember at least thirty years ago of Tom Swift doing the same thing in the Victor Appleton Tom Swift series, which I read and reread many times. This particular book was called Tom Swift and His Photo Telephone. I imagine a great many of your readers were Tom Swift fans, comic books being unknown then.

And incidentally—Bill Fay's sports section is just fine, any gripes to the contrary notwithstanding.

KENNETH SCHLEIFER,
Galesburg, Ill.



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Collier's MOVIES

The Week's Preview

By KYLE CRICHTON

Red River, as forded by John Wayne, Monty Clift and the Hawks herd, makes the Red Sea and Moses look like pikers—for about $2,800,000

Joanne Dru plays the gal who gets a Comanche arrow in her shoulder and Cupid's dart in her heart. Monty Clift rescues her from the Indians, pulls out the arrow, and thereby drives the dart still deeper

WHEN things get tough in Hollywood they start the horses galloping. It has always been a sure-fire formula, and famous directors like John Ford and Howard Hawks know when to use it. Nobody can yell "propaganda" at a motion picture full of cows, horses, gun play, brave women and daring men. Hence, Fort Apache by Ford, and Red River by Hawks, laden to the gunwales with treachery, bravery and high moral attitudes.

Hawks really turns it on in Red River. By hiring practically every camera-conscious steer in Arizona he has produced a Western "epic" that makes The Covered Wagon look like a wandering carnival. His cameras pick up shots of what looks like miles of cattle beating their way up the old Chisholm Trail.

Not since the children of Israel came out of Egypt has there been anything like the fording of the Red River by the Hawks herd. The picture took two years to make, cost $2,800,000 and Mr. Hawks will be very pleased if you attend services in your home town with your contribution clutched firmly in hand.

Red River is based on the Borden Chase story of the first great cattle drive across Texas to the city of Abilene, Kansas, in 1865. There are Indians to face, rivers to ford, deserts to cross. John Wayne is the stronghearted egomaniac who leads the drive. He is headed for Missouri and an Eastern market clamoring for beef. His associates tell him it can't be done, but nothing daunts John Wayne. He overcomes every difficulty—his men's desertion, the stampede and a busted leg. He is tough, ruthless and partially demented by determination to succeed.

Reports arrive that a railroad is building into Abilene and a great debate rages in the small party. Wayne's young partner, Montgomery Clift, insists on turning toward Abilene. If the railroad is there, the cattle can be loaded hurriedly and be the first to reach the Kansas City market.

Wayne says *he* is going to Missouri. There is a violent quarrel and Clift wins. He sets the herd toward Abilene and leaves Wayne behind. The task is almost overwhelming because in addition to the Indians, Clift now has Wayne as an enemy and his presence can be steadily felt, plodding desperately along in the rear. They reach Abilene, the railroad is there, and hooray for our side! But Wayne is coming over the last hill with murder in his heart. There is a great scene as he stalks silently through the streets of Abilene toward the waiting Clift. Clift refuses to fight and Wayne knocks him down—but we won't spoil the climax for you.

Just what Hawks had in mind when signing Monty Clift is not known. The young man knows horses only as something bad for the exchequer, and he had confined his previous gun shooting to clay pipes.

In the Broadway section around Sardi's there was polite snickering at the thought of Clift in Hollywood, because he had gone out twice on fabulous contracts and had consistently refused the parts offered him. Mr. Louis B. Mayer had talked to him with avuncular affection and some slight shedding of tears, but Monty was not moved.

"The scripts are bad, Mr. Mayer," he said frankly. "I'd be bad for them and they'd ruin me."

Business of burning the contract.

The same thing was repeated later at Warners after Clift appeared in Lillian Hellman's The Searching Wind, the intense anti-Nazi drama. There was the usual welcome, the you-belong-here-with-us-old-man stuff, the reading of the script—and the refusal. Then came the explosion. It was never clear whether Warners were going to sue Clift, have him sent to Devil's Island or hit him sharply on the head where he stood. There was another break, and this time not so friendly. Hollywood set Clift down as a bad, spoiled boy and Clift has confessed that he had some doubts about himself. There was general astonishment when Hawks signed him for a great hunk of snatch and hurled him without hesitation into the middle of the Arizona desert.

It must be admitted that Hawks took his life in his hands with a newcomer like Clift. He arrived after the picture had started shooting and had everything to learn. In due time he acquired the authentic rolling gait of a cow hand, rode like a champion and developed an excellent style of fanning his shootin' arn. His greatest triumph, however, was creating the illusion of a hidden force of character capable of holding his own with Wayne, who is at least twice his size.

The acting chore was easy for him because for some years back he has been among the more prominent younger stars on Broadway. He started at the age of fourteen in a small number called Fly Away Home, with Thomas Mitchell, and was soon thereafter in There Shall Be No Night, with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. That was a break for a young actor; but what really conditioned him for life, death or the making of Western epics was a season with Tallulah Bankhead in The Skin of Our Teeth.

This is an experience much like going through a typhoon in a canoe: If you survive it you have nothing further to fear from fate.

As a result of the Red River success he has been signed by Paramount and is currently making The Heiress. He has a contract that allows him to do stage plays and he is filled with a lofty determination to share his time between Broadway and Hollywood—but nobody ever has made that stick for long. History reports that a thing called "commitments" always puts a sprag in such plans, with the result that the subject eventually finds himself bogged down in Beverly Hills with a private money vault, an overly large house and a host of Broadway memories.

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1859 **A horseshoe** over the door staved off bad luck (so they said) when the name Corby's was beginning its great tradition in Canada. Breaking a mirror usually meant ill fortune for seven years, but you could take the edge off it if you found four-leaf clovers right away.

1880 **A hat** on the bed or an open umbrella in the house made Grandpa reach for his rabbit's foot in this 22nd year of fame for the name Corby's in Canada. And when Grandma spilled the salt, she jilted the jinx by throwing a pinch over her left shoulder.

1918 **Three** on a match was a bad, bad sign when the name Corby's was in its 60th year of Canadian preference. But it was offset by seeing a white horse or a load of hay. And if a fellow and girl got separated while walking, they always said "bread and butter" for luck.

1948 **Even in** this enlightened age (knock wood) we still have our superstitions. We still feel uneasy when black cats cross our paths, and most hotels have no 13th floor. *But you never have to keep your fingers crossed when you serve Corby's blended whiskey.* Your friends are bound to like this light, sociable whiskey with the grand old Canadian name. Priced right, too!

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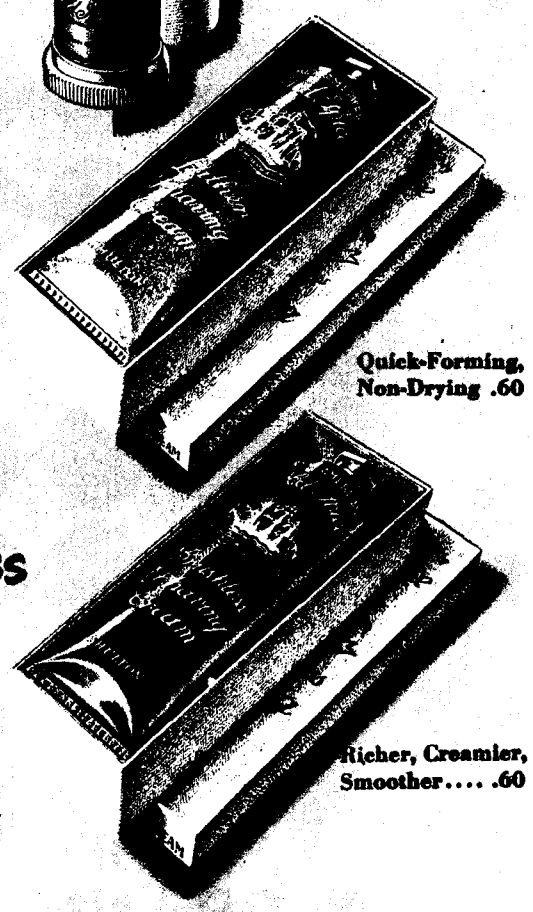

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SHULTON

Rockefeller Center, New York

BILLIE BURKE—HER STORY

Continued from page 28

for every room, the birds, the elephants, the little monkeys, and the antiques and paintings which he loved, was a brave show but it was a travesty. There were times when Flo, sitting late at night in his great bed on the dais, sending 500-word telegrams to men he would see the first thing in the morning, reading plays and maintaining his prestige as the telephone company's most exhausting client—there were times when it seemed that he might get his hand in, might take command and produce again the enormous, glittering fun-shows which made fortunes and reputations.

This was a large man, a vital, passionate man, and it was a terrible thing to see him ill and to see the dissolution of his empire. He recovered to an extent after the night he came to my bed to sob that he was ruined, but Flo Ziegfeld was exhausted, the *élan* was gone, and the times were bad. All this started in 1929, a year some of you may remember darkly.

Playing the Money Game

How much he lost in the stock market I shall never know. He was in Wall Street not for profits, not for money itself, but in the same way he gambled at Bradley's, for excitement and for triumph. He was often urged to incorporate, many times advised to set aside a personal fortune, but he played his game to the hilt: Actually, he had a practical reason for this. Ziegfeld productions were so much more elaborate and expensive than all other shows that he usually had to toss everything he had into each enterprise. Each one *had* to be a smash.

Persons who can understand algebra and statistics, I firmly believe, are possessed of a certain low cunning. I never knew how much Flo had or how much he lost, or all the details of how it happened. Double-entry bookkeeping and the fine print in contracts are as baffling to me as timetables printed in Swahili.

"Would fifty thousand help?" I would say, and it was like that, almost casually, that my own smug nest egg of half a million dollars, earned from my plays, went into the debacle.

There was a great flurry of press agents and reporters one evening when Flo made an announcement. He had plans, he said, to make a three-million-dollar motion-picture edition of the Ziegfeld Follies—but even extravagant Hollywood knew that when Ziegfeld said three million dollars he might mean twelve, and nothing came of it. A little later, in June, 1929, he announced that he would produce no more revues, that the public didn't want them any more.

Sam Goldwyn came to town and saw Whoopee, in which Eddie Cantor, bless him, was starring for Flo and carrying on. The upshot of that was a motion picture, a very handsome picture, in which for the first time Flo's impeccable taste and gift for *scene* were revealed on film. But everything was working in reverse those days. When Cantor left Flo, he stayed in Hollywood. Goldwyn didn't steal him. Flo simply tore up Cantor's contract and made Sam a present of him when he saw how things were, that Eddie belonged in pictures and wanted to be in them.

A little later, Flo was cutting the prices of his Bitter Sweet and Simple Simon, trying to attract more business. Then he was ordered to Florida to prevent a complete nervous breakdown. And the trouble with Smiles began immediately, when Vincent Youmans tried to take his music out of the show and had to be restrained by a court order.

I remember the odd, small things that happened those last few months. It was as if a great tree were toppling and I was counting stray leaves. I remember that Schneider-Anderson sued Flo for $17,000 for costumes, which he had owed for three years. There was another suit over $721 worth of roses. And the House of Flowers sued because of a thousand dollars' worth of flowers which, it seemed, had been delivered to me, Lili Damita and a girl named "Glad"—it was beautiful Gladys Glad, I suppose, who was in the Follies then, now the widow of Mark Hellinger.

There was one bright spot in 1931. I was playing in Philadelphia in The Truth Game, doing what I could to bolster the shrinking family income, when Patty, who was fourteen, came down from the Halstead School, Yonkers, for the Easter holidays. Ethel Borden, daughter of the J. Borden Harrimans, was playing her first professional engagement, a little part as a maid, and she fell ill.

We gave Patty her lines quickly—she learned them at a glance—and she went on as the maid for the rest of the week,

"Of course, those foreign actors don't even begin to compare with Ronald Colman, Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman and some of our other stars"

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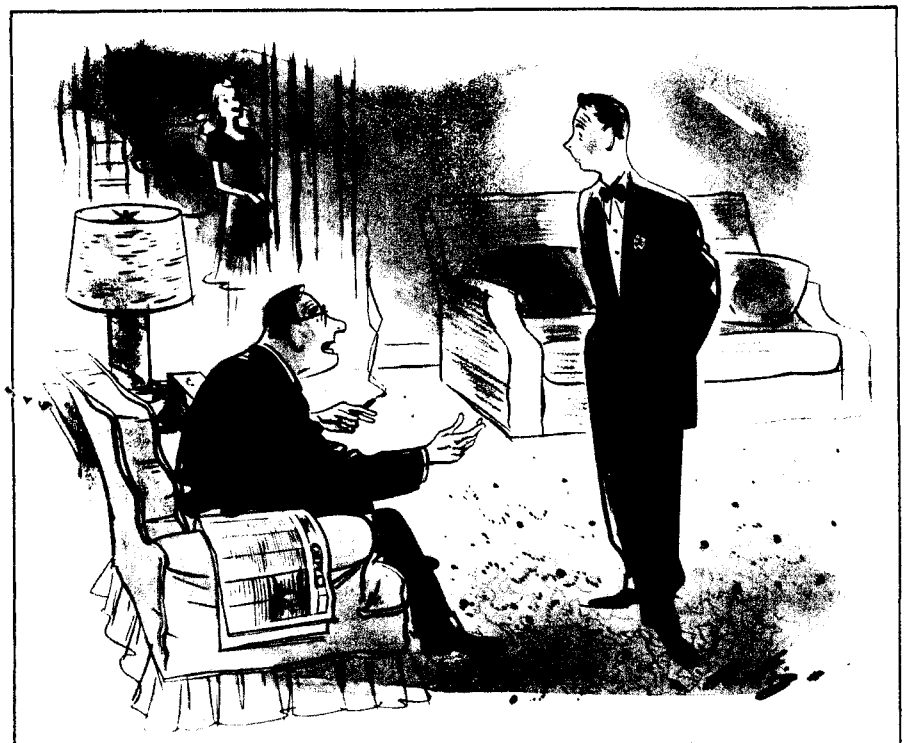


"It's not that I object to you personally, Lawrence, but you just happen to represent the type of young dope I wish my daughter would avoid entirely"

COLLIER'S JOHN MILLIGAN

distracting the audience with her bright red hair in a role that was supposed to be unobtrusive. Flo came down to see her act, applauded her, and took her back to school. This was my daughter's first and last appearance on any stage. I have been asked so often why, with all the background and opportunity she had, she never became an actress. Well, she just didn't want to be one. Patty had seen the dross behind the glitter. She never gave a fig for being in the theater.

She is Mrs. William Robert Stephenson today, the wife of an architect, and is completely happy with three of the finest productions this family ever sponsored: Florenz Ziegfeld Stephenson, aged eight; Cecilia Burke Stephenson, aged six, and William Robert Stephenson, aged twenty-two months. My grandchildren, I am convinced, are more beautiful than anything Flo ever put on the stage.

Flo fell ill of influenza in Pittsburgh on March 3, 1932, when Hot Cha! was playing there with Bert Lahr and Lupe Velez. Patty and I had gone on to California, I to work in The Vinegar Tree, and that was the saddest parting of all.

A Sad Leavetaking

He saw us off in Chicago, with a sullen rain beating down, and he held my hands gently and said, "It's all going to come out all right. I'm going to do another Follies." But we had closed Hastings, and I could imagine him creeping up there on lonely week ends, with no servants, with all the birds and the china and silver gone, so many things simply taken by people who invaded us and grabbed when the troubles came.

I believe in premonitions. I knew then that nothing would ever be all right again. I had never before thought of the difference in our ages, but I realized now, suddenly, seeing his shoulders sag in that damp Chicago station, that Flo Ziegfeld was sixty-three years old.

But as it happens sometimes to all of us, there are little triumphs even when our world is toppling. I played for two months in Los Angeles in The Vinegar Tree for Belasco and Homer Curran; my $2,500 a week helped our fantastic family budget, and the applause was warming.

Then I did a play called The Mad Hopes, by Romney Brent, which was all wrong, and was not all right until much later when Romney rewrote it for a New York cast. This play was so wrong that they had cast a young actor in a sympathetic, friend-of-the-family role, a part in which he was understandably unable to distinguish himself. His name was Humphrey Bogart.

Meantime Flo almost pulled himself out of trouble. He produced for the Chrysler Corporation a Follies of the air, on which he spoke himself, for which Chrysler paid $25,000 and from which Flo could take $10,000 to turn over to his pressing creditors.

It was a delightful show and my great pleasure was to tune in from Los Angeles to listen. But one night Flo's voice broke. It was only a falter, a little thing, but over three thousand miles I caught the weariness and the sickness of it. I hurried to find Homer Curran.

"Please close the play," I said. "I must leave for New York at once."

I went to Flo, and he was ill. Oh, he opened the revival of Show Boat, and saw Will Rogers' daughter Mary off for Europe, and one evening we went to the Pennsylvania Hotel to hear Buddy Rogers' band. Flo collapsed there and Buddy gave him his room. He was better in the morning and tried to carry on.

But all the Show Boat money went to creditors. There were staggering bills. The theater, all the theater, was dying that summer of 1932. And Flo was pitifully ill, mentally ill, leaning for advice on persons he would have laughed at in the good, proud days.

Flo didn't want to leave New York. He was talking of producing a new Follies. He wanted to star Jean Harlow in it, but on a hot July afternoon I put him aboard the train at Harmon, a little town near Hastings, to avoid the reporters, trying to keep the creditors from knowing how seriously ill he was. Flo was suffering from pleurisy and exhaustion. He was half conscious, writing with his fingers on the air, trying to dictate telegrams, as we headed for California. We took a house at Santa Monica.

To the last, we had fresh-cut flowers every day. Nothing wilted was ever allowed in Flo's sight.

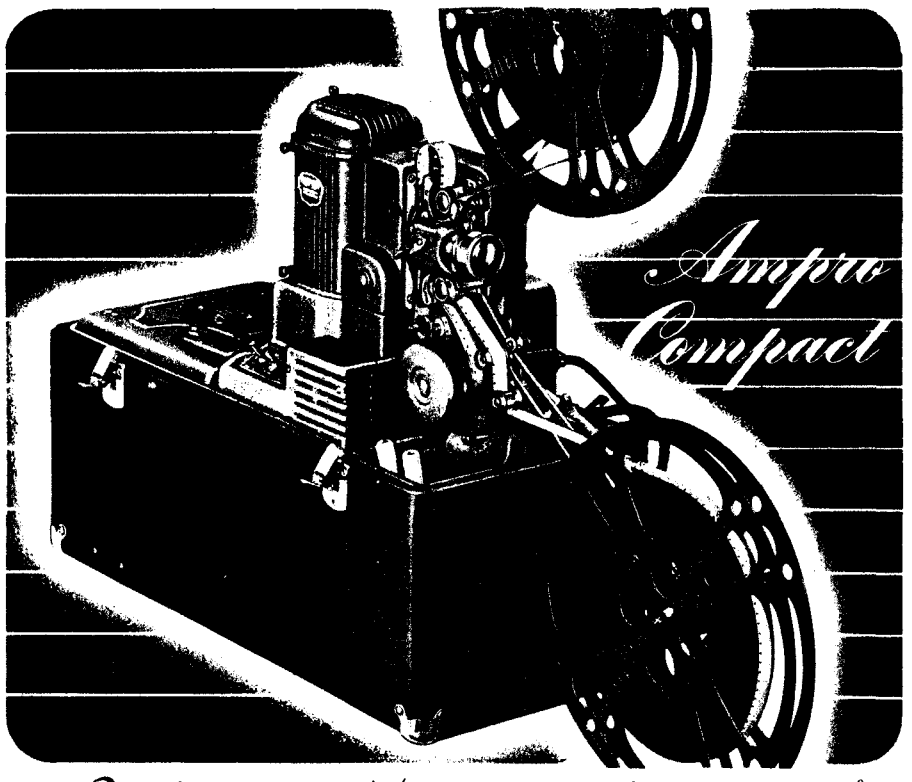
Norma Shearer, one of the few persons who knew that Flo was ill, or that he was even in California, was bewildered one late afternoon when she saw many dozens of roses being tossed out.

"I'd take 'em!" Norma said. "Why, the flowers you throw away would be good enough for a florist shop."

But that was the way Flo had lived,

this new kind of portable projector

for 16mm. sound motion pictures



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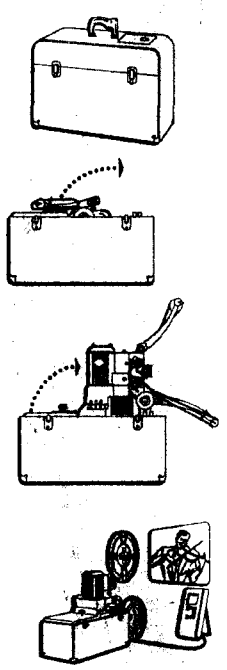

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This picture of Honey-Girl is displayed in stores where Yello-Boles are sold. At right, Honey Seal which protects the honey in bowl of pipe. Look for it.

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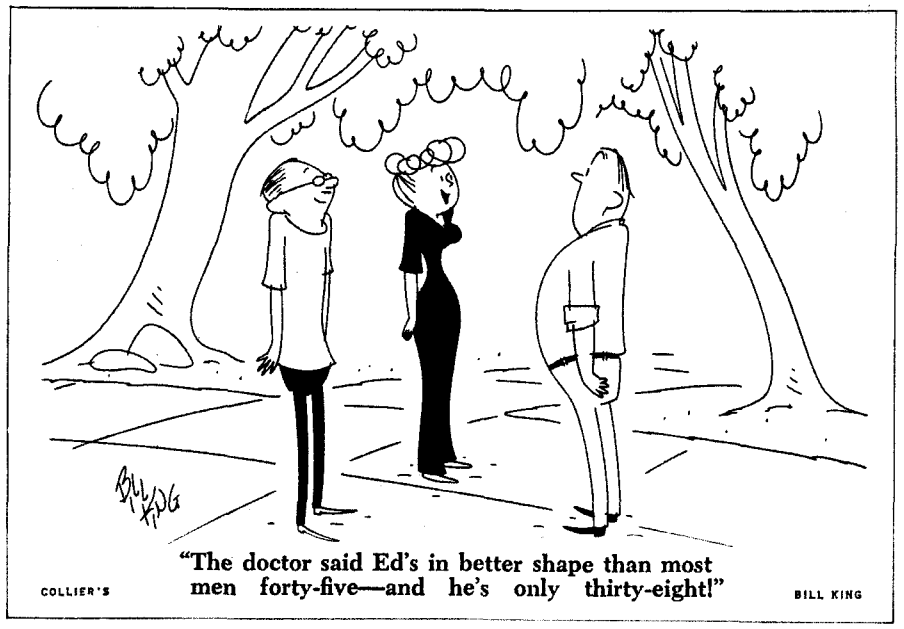

"The doctor said Ed's in better shape than most men forty-five—and he's only thirty-eight!"

COLLIER'S BILL KING

and I am happy that we could always give him his fresh flowers.

"Baby, I know it's expensive, but I do love to telephone," he would say, smiling at me, and I would nod, and he would make his long-distance calls, all day long. They usually cost about $80 apiece. Our telegraph bill that last month was $6,000.

Now, for the first time in my life I interfered with Flo's business affairs. The Show Boat salary list was enormous and box office didn't warrant it. I called on A. C. Blumenthal, who had worked with Flo before, and who had money. He guaranteed the salaries, and Show Boat recovered slowly and went on. It was a bad summer for the theater.

I went to work in Hollywood. I had a few wistful thoughts, those days, not selfishly, I honestly believe, but I missed my $65-an-ounce perfume and my maid. I had never brushed my hair at night before, but I learned.

My picture was A Bill of Divorcement, with John Barrymore and a new actress named Katharine Hepburn.

The Art of John Barrymore

Jack was magnificent. At times he was so intense that I almost cried, forgetting that we were making believe in a picture. This was, of course, some time before the dissolution of this very great artist, when they had to write all his lines on a blackboard because he could remember nothing.

Miss Hepburn was rather startling. She wore her hair in a bun, twisted up like a meager little sausage. Her high collar made her seem prim and schoolmarmish, and her Boston-tinged accent was twangy and disconcerting. But one day George Cukor, who was directing, saw that her hair was let down to her shoulders, and all of a sudden, there was Katie, perfectly beautiful.

George Cukor was wonderfully patient with me. I was frightened by my first talking picture.

"Now, you walk over to Barrymore and say thus-and-so," George would say.

"I can't," I would complain, in the high voice. "I'm petrified. I'm afraid to move. Let Jack cross over to me." And George, who is a great director largely because of his kindness and understanding, let him. But then I could write pages about my love and devotion to George Cukor.

While the picture was going on I was planning to take Flo to a ranch somewhere, for a long rest in the sunshine. Nick Schenck offered us his ranch, and we were grateful, but Flo always said, "Wait for Will. He will tell us what to do." But Will was in Europe, and finally there was that desperate Sunday when I had to take Flo to the hospital.

My scenes with Jack were completed a few days later and I was told that I could have ten days off from the picture as soon as I had made a screen test with a new actor George wanted to look at. On July 22d, I spent the afternoon in the hospital with Flo—I had a room there, next to his—brought him his fresh roses, read the newspapers to him, and was relieved to think that he looked brighter and stronger than he had seemed in many days. I went over to the studio that evening to make the test with this new young actor. His name was Walter Pidgeon.

We were working when Sidney telephoned.

"Madam, if you can, please come," Sidney said. "He is not so well."

Flo died in Sidney's arms at 10:21 that night, before I could reach the hospital. I hurried there without pausing to get out of screen make-up or to change my costume, and I suppose Flo would have thought that entirely appropriate. I was still clutching my movie sables when I entered the room. I was unable to get out of the dinner dress I was wearing until late the next afternoon, nor did my friends succeed in wiping away all the make-up until then.

It was Will Rogers, God bless and keep that great spirit, who buried Flo Ziegfeld. Will came at once with his dear Betty, understood everything at once, took charge of everything, and took Patty and me up to the ranch where we were part of the family till our broken world settled down again.

I tried to object when Will paid these last bills, but he gently brushed my protests aside.

"Flo loved me, Billie," he said. "Let me do this. Flo wouldn't mind." He never let anyone else know what he had done.

When Flo died, all lights were dimmed for me and the music stopped.

Looking back on my 18 years with him, sometimes on evenings that belong to me, I feel, though, as if I were able to step into another room, a vibrant, warm, light room. And there is music in it, and companionship, and love.

Those years encompassed an era which I shall always think of as a bewitching time of great beauty, of gaiety such as we shan't know again, of elegance and leisure. And though it brought me sadness, too, I would buy it all over again, as they say in Hollywood.

Will wrote a fine thing in his column in The New York Times a few days after Flo died. I like these lines: "So good-by, Flo, save a spot for me, for you will put on a show up there someday that will knock their eye out."

People are good. I believe that, in spite of many disappointments. People were good to me then, so many of them that I cannot thank them all, but it was Sam Goldwyn who came forward and did a most practical thing for me.

Goldwyn isn't understood by his contemporaries. So many truly wonderful

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jokes have been made about him and his cavalier disregard for the rules of English that his dedication to good taste and distinction in all things is sometimes ignored. And I think Sam will agree with me that much of his inspiration for perfection came from Flo, who was the first great showman to demand perfection regardless of cost, and who passed this ideal on to Goldwyn.

Sam said, "Billie, let me act as your agent and your clearinghouse. I will get you parts in pictures and look after you, and whether you are working or not I will give you an allowance so you won't have to worry."

There were six lawsuits against the estate immediately. There were debts of more than half a million dollars. These were eventually paid off at about twenty cents on the dollar. Over the years, I have managed to give $100,000 to the Ziegfeld creditors.

Too Complicated a Deal

I have been told that I should have made a fortune from the Ziegfeld life story, which Metro produced, but I did not. Sam Goldwyn was in Europe when I agreed to that deal, which was so complicated, involving so many persons who had legitimate claims, that when all the dotted lines were signed I received only ten thousand dollars.

I know now that I should have returned to Broadway. I could have starred in a number of good plays during the early thirties, but returning to New York then, with all its associations, was unthinkable. My immediate need was to make a little money and look after my daughter. I did that, and who can say that this was really a mistake?

The bird-witted ladies I play on the screen and on the radio today, the ones who say brightly, "If I hadn't recognized you I'm sure I wouldn't have known you," derive from my part in The Vinegar Tree. I am neatly typed now, of course. I would like better parts, bright sophisticated parts, but dear me, if people will continue to laugh at my work, why should I complain?

My days are busy and happy. Patty and her delightful children live next door to me, separated only by a garden gate. My house, besides being overrun with elephants, is also somewhat jam-packed with canaries, several cats (one named Hot Cha), and a boxer. And there are the water-color designs for Follies girls' costumes, and the Show Boat and the Sally programs along with other theatrical mementos, on back to Charles Hawtrey, so nice to see around me.

I don't recall how many motion pictures I have worked in—dozens and dozens of them. My best part, I think, was the Good Fairy in The Wizard of Oz. I could list all my plays, more than forty of them, but some of them seem long ago. Between 1919 and 1931, there were Caesar's Wife, The Intimate Strangers, Rose Briar, Annie Dear, The Marquise, The Happy Husband, Family Affairs, The Truth Game and The Vinegar Tree, which some of you may be kind enough to remember.

John Drew, who was so startled in 1907 to have a leading lady with the incredible name of "Billie Burke," died in 1927. The last time I saw him on stage was when he played Sir Peter Teazle to the Lady Teazle of his brilliant niece, Ethel Barrymore, in The School for Scandal.

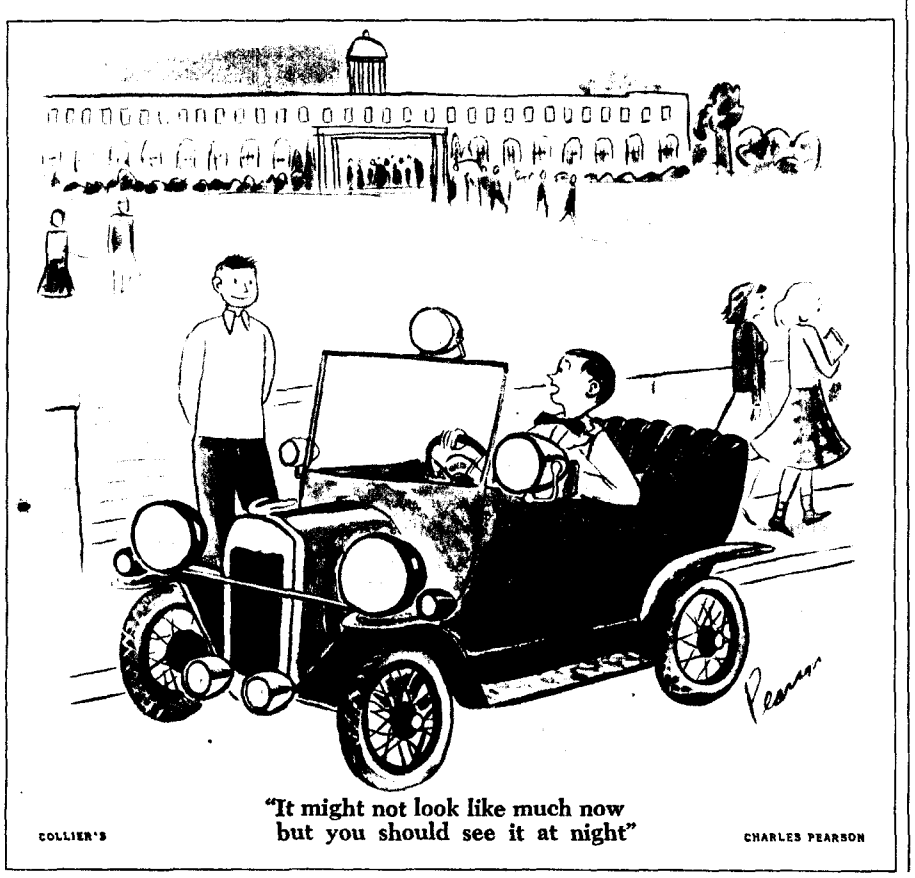
From a seat down front, I could see one of the players lead him into the wings, whisper in his ear, and point to the place on stage where he was to go.

When his cue came, Uncle John would march to his spot and say his lines. Then there was difficulty about his exit. As he tried to walk to the door, he missed it, but he recovered himself and tried to cover up while a quick hand came out from the wings and showed him where to go. Uncle John was carrying on to the last, although he was nearly blind. It was a gallant performance by a fine artist, and I stood and cheered him for it, with tears in my eyes.

The picture I am working in at the moment is The Barkleys of Broadway, for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire. Eddie Cantor, whom Flo loved as a son, seems to think it will be fun to have me on the radio with him next fall, and I think so too, for a sweeter, kinder, more generous person to work with I have yet to know.

The theater, the serious theater, has been kept alive these past fifteen years by the Lunts, by Helen Hayes, by Katharine Cornell, by Tallulah Bankhead and a few other brave souls, while I have been unfaithful to a love. I feel that keenly. Of course, I keep an eye peeled in the direction of Broadway. Now, if there were just the right kind of play—But still—California is a wonderful place if you are a geranium or an actress.

THE END



"It might not look like much now but you should see it at night"

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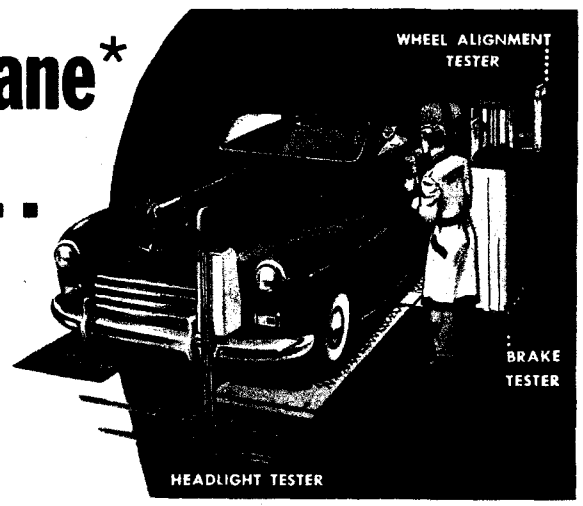

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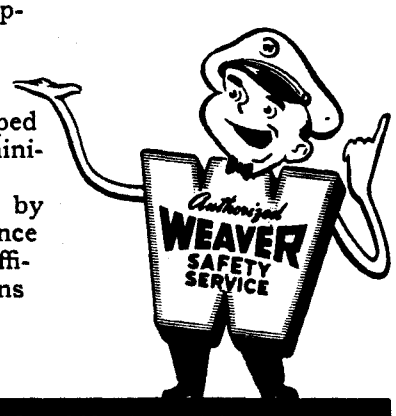

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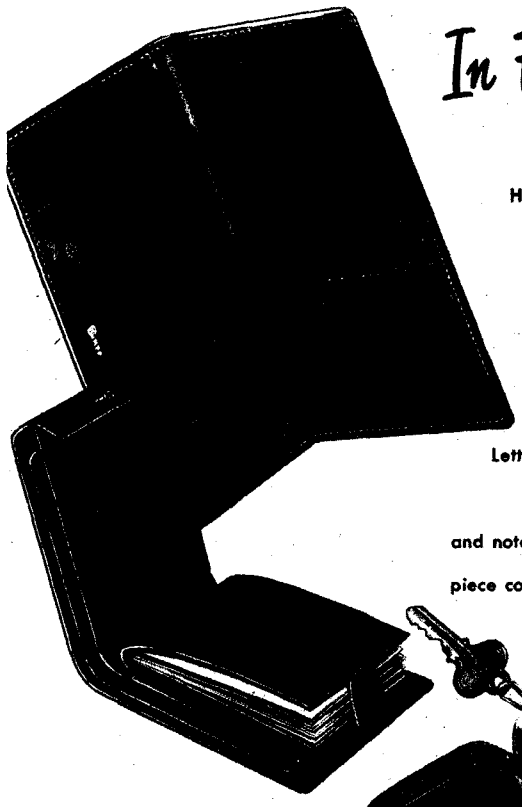

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DEATH IN THE CLASSROOM

Continued from page 25

13 school fires between May 9 and June 6, 1948, rolling up losses of $1,278,000. Loss of life in 27 school fires from 1930 to 1945 totaled 384. And these loss-of-life figures are incomplete, the NFPA says, because many cases involving one or two fatalities have not been reported.

As for the future, let T. Alfred Fleming, outstanding school fire authority with the Underwriters Board, speak: "The only reason we do not have more frequent wholesale slaughter in school fires is the whimsical fact that four fifths of these fires originate when schools are not in session.

"Dumb luck, in short. And dumb luck can change. The way we are going now, I don't see how it can be long before that happens. I very much fear we are due for a tragic fire in some school."

The Teacher Who Came Early

Luck was with the town of Danbury, Connecticut, on a cold morning last winter. One of the teachers just chanced to arrive at school early. She smelled smoke, turned in a fire alarm, and then stood at the school's entrance to send the children back home. An extra hot fire in the furnace had overheated a smoke pipe which touched a thin asbestos partitioning. The asbestos disintegrated, permitting a quiet little blaze to creep along the wood joists overhead.

Nobody was hurt, the damage was slight—but the might-have-beens are horrifying.

You remember the school in New London, Texas. There, on March 18, 1937, a fire and gas explosion occurred *only ten minutes before* school was to be dismissed. There, 294 children and teachers were killed.

Many school authorities, and many communities, are aware of school fire hazards and are succeeding in installing safety measures.

Los Angeles and Atlanta have done excellent jobs with school fire-prevention programs, working with fifth- and sixth-grade children. In Los Angeles, Captain David Conlin and Inspector Marx Scott run the show. In Atlanta, it is headed by Captain J. F. Seagraves.

In Los Angeles, the objective was fire education for the whole population. The program was founded on the theory that children would educate their parents and their neighbors. With the support of the Junior Chamber of Commerce, which donates about $6,500 a year, the program results are spectacular. Eager-beaver junior firemen, proud of their shiny badges, grateful for their big semiannual firemen's picnics, interested in their Disney fire-prevention movies, correct fire hazards all over the place, in school and outside. During one school semester, these 40,000 volunteer vigilantes coped with the following hazards:

Pennies removed from behind fuses	520
Electrical cords removed from under rugs	2,664
Improper fuses replaced with 15-ampere fuses	216
New incinerators installed	632

As the fire department says, if only ten per cent of these hazards had resulted in fires, the total cost would have been over $7,000,000.

In Atlanta, with less to work with, Captain Seagraves has done an equally spectacular job. He rewards his junior firemen with ribbons, and pen and pencil sets, and a very personal pat on the back.

Captain Seagraves is a diplomat, and needs to be. One of his boys posted a notice on the teachers' bulletin board saying:

"Teachers: Today when we fire-inspected we found the bookrooms in general confusion and disorder. . . . We will inspect again Monday and we hope then your rooms will be much better. . . . Thank you."

The junior inspection system is getting amazing results. In a mill section of Atlanta, near the Lula Kingsbery school, neighborhood fires have dropped 75 per cent since inauguration of the junior fireman program.

Two localities got sufficiently steamed up about school fire hazards to try to get the voters to approve bond issues for schools. In Fargo, North Dakota, a vigorous newspaper campaign called attention to overcrowded Roosevelt Junior High, to the unsafe condition of the Lincoln School.

Newspaper articles pointed out: "We don't deny ourselves the luxuries of life," and asked: "Shall we deny Fargo children the essential facilities for their education?"

The voters in Fargo approved a $2,000,000 bond issue. But in Chappaqua, New York, the same complaint from parents, school board and fire authorities failed to win approval of a $1,200,000 bond issue, though by only a few votes.

Grand Rapids, Michigan, has conducted a partially successful campaign against school fire hazards. Fire Chief Frank Burns spoke out sternly at a Kiwanis Club luncheon: "We ask hotel owners to provide adequate fire escapes, enclosed stairways and various other safety features, but we don't have a school in Grand Rapids, where the lives of our sons and daughters are at stake, that is equipped with enclosed stairways."

Chief Burns had inspections made in 64 public and private schools and found from one to fifteen flagrant fire hazards in every school. Many of these have now been corrected, although neither enclosed stairways nor automatic sprinklers can be bought with the funds the board has in hand.

A Dangerous Rifle Range

But Grand Rapids did put a stop to a surprising practice in Ottawa Hills High School. Here, in a windowless wooden attic, boys engaged in target practice. To get to and from the rifle range, they had to hop over the open spaces which were the outlets for the ventilator shafts (bad practice in itself, to have such shafts opening into a wooden attic). There was no way out of the attic but the one stairway leading down. A fire department member said, "It scared us to look at it. Suppose the lights went out. With no windows in there, some boy would be sure to fall into one of those shafts—a three-story drop it would be. Suppose there was a fire . . ."

The school boarded over the openings, installed battery lamps to serve in case electricity failed, constructed a stair hatch to the roof, and ruled that only three boys at a time could use the range.

The great opportunity for fundamental correction of fire hazards will come during the next decade. In that period, the National Education Association estimates, the nation will be obliged to spend eight billion dollars on new schoolhouses to accommodate the ever-increasing school population. And each community can insist, if it will, on truly fire-resistant buildings. It is probable that the great need will compel federal aid, and in that case the NEA hopes that federal fire laws, as well as state, will be put into effect.

Meantime, there is no mystery about what causes, and what will prevent school fires.

Suppose you personally, an individual,

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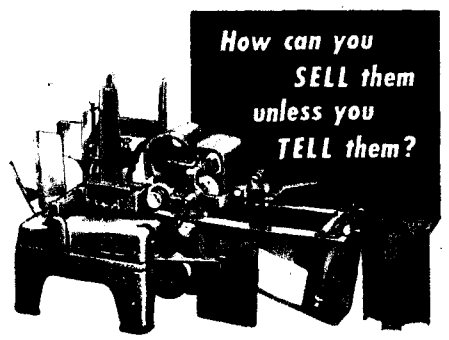


This Elliott Cardvertiser is the only machine in the world that both prints and addresses Post Cards and its speed is spectacular.

The period of hard-to-get Merchandise is changing to a period of hard-to-get Customers—and it is time for all business men to consider what and how they will advertise.

Newspaper and costly mail advertising is dominated by big business. But if you have the ability to compile a mailing list and tell your story on a penny post card, this Elliott Cardvertiser will save your business because it will get hundreds of accurately addressed and perfectly printed post cards into your nearest mail box within one hour of the moment you conceive the thought.

May we send you copies of letters showing how the Elliott Cardvertiser has saved and built many retail businesses selling exactly what you sell?

The Elliott Addressing Machine Company
149 Albany St., Dept. 10-A, Cambridge 39, Mass.

SMOKE
WEBER
NONE BETTER
It's New!
THE BRIAR
CALABASH
Genuine Imported Briar
Processed

GOLDEN WALNUT
$5
OTHERS $3.50 – $15.00
At Better Pipe Shops Everywhere
Send for FREE BOOKLET
WEBER BRIARS, Inc. 138 Cator Ave., Jersey City 5, N. J.

A GOOD POINT TO REMEMBER!
SAF-T-HED THUMB TACK

GUARANTEE! PIN CAN'T PASS THROUGH THE HEAD

are concerned with this problem. What can you do?

You can demand, through some local group—parent-teacher associations or any service organization—a community-wide school fire inspection. This inspection should be made by an outsider—the local fire chief may have his hands tied by local politics. You can find out which local agents have the fire insurance on the buildings, and ask them to have their home office send a specialist to inspect. Or, in states which have fire marshals (and all but 12 states do have them) you can ask for a state inspection. Then you'll know where you are, and what should be done.

You can, of course, look for fire hazards yourself, although without specialized knowledge you may miss the worst of hidden risks. That asbestos partition in the Danbury school probably would have looked all right to you—but not to a fire specialist.

Where to Get Information

Handbooks on school fire prevention are yours for the asking. Write to the National Fire Protection Association, 60 Batterymarch Street, Boston, Massachusetts, for its publications, Prevention of School Fires and Fire Exit Drills. Or write to the National Board of Fire Underwriters, 85 John Street, New York, for its Fire Prevention and Protection as Applied to the Public and Parochial Schools, and for its Self-Inspection Blank for Schools.

Here are a few obvious hazards which anyone can check.

1. Do doors open inward? (It is very bad if they do.) If they open outward, as they should, do they have panic hardware—that is, bars which yield easily to pressure from inside? Are exit doors ever locked during school hours? (Inspectors find that they are frequently locked, even padlocked, 24 hours a day. This is good protection against burglars, but not against fire.)

2. Are inside stairways enclosed, with fire doors at floor levels? (Unless yours is a very unusual community the answer to this one will be "No" and your loudest protests on fire-prevention expenditures will be heard on this point. It is costly to enclose stairways. Your answer should be, "If we can't enclose stairways, let's install automatic sprinklers.")

3. Are there enough fire escapes, easily accessible? Are they protected from ice in winter? Are they rusty? Rickety? (Fire escapes are at best a poor substitute for fire-resistant construction, and for smokeproof, fireproof enclosed fire exit towers.)

4. Are halls spacious and free from dead ends?

5. How are housekeeping conditions, especially in the basement? (Let's hope you don't find cartons of paper towels stored in the boiler room.)

6. Is the furnace or boiler room cut off from the school by adequate fire walls and automatic fire doors?

7. Are fire drills held twice a month? Are they surprise drills, or worthless "announced" drills?

8. Are the ventilating or air-conditioning ducts fireproof, and do they have cut-offs or dampers to prevent smoke or heat from sweeping through the building?

9. If the building is not fire-resistant, are there fire extinguishers not more than 100 feet apart?

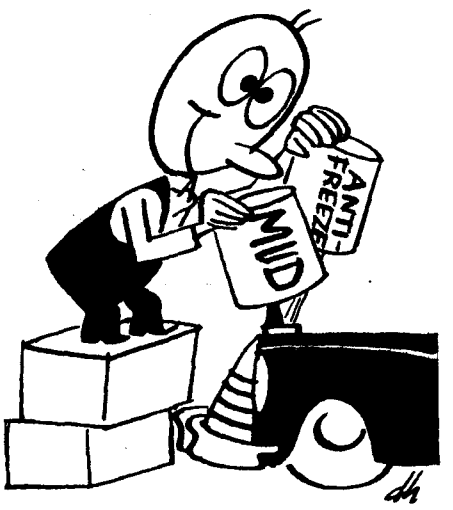
10. How about automatic sprinklers? If the building is not fire-resistant, no finer protection can be bought. And the money argument doesn't hold good here, because both of our major authorities, Underwriters and NFPA, state that sprinklers can be expected to pay for themselves, in greatly reduced insurance rates, within from seven to ten years.

You will still need expert assistance to find the less obvious hazards. But the fire experts urge you not to be deceived by the most obvious hazard of all: the assurance that any building is "fireproof." No building is any more fireproof than its contents. Desks—and children—are not fireproof.

THE END

"I had quite a story until you made me swear to tell the truth!"

COLLIER'S MISCHA RICHTER



You wouldn't mix mud with your anti-freeze

by don herold

—but you're doing practically that if you put in anti-freeze without first having the summer accumulation of rust, scale, grease and other muck cleaned out.

The point I'm making is: your cooling system ought to be PREPARED for anti-freeze before you pour in a drop.

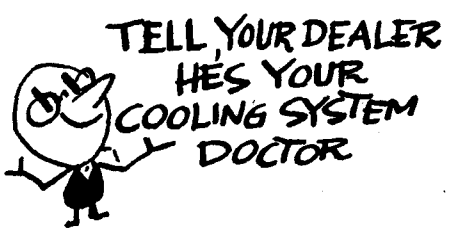
First, have your service man tighten all hose connections, check thermostat, and clean system thoroughly with NOR'WAY* CLEANER or NOR'WAY QUICK FLUSH to insure anti-freeze getting into every nook and cranny of the system.

Next, have him put in NOR'WAY STOP LEAK to seal any holes through which you may lose your anti-freeze, (if it leaks out, you may wind up with a frozen motor and a pip of a repair bill).

And you can now give MORE THOUGHT to choice of anti-freeze itself. CSC makes two excellent kinds: NOR'WAY, an economical type—it takes less than of any other type to protect your radiator against freezing—and PEAK*, a permanent, all-winter type. (Both contain an efficient anti-rust).

GET EXPERT CARE

Twice a year—spring and fall—leave your cooling system to an expert.



Behind your dealer is Commercial Solvents Corporation, with its extensive laboratories which have gone to town to develop these marvelous preparations for your car.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

NOR'WAY
CLEANER • QUICK FLUSH
STOP LEAK

COMMERCIAL SOLVENTS CORPORATION
17 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

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Who Won the War?

By

STANLEY FRANK

Which G.I. entered Paris first? Whose division fought the longest? How many were awarded Medals of Honor? The Pentagon in Washington can tell you

Letters for information on the war death of a loved one get the most careful attention. Israel Wice, center, and Lieut. Elba Stillwaugh, Department of the Army experts, prepare to answer a query

FOR many who served against Germany and Japan, war and the military evidently are fascinating subjects for sober reflection and barroom bragging. If you want to know more about the part a friend or loved one played, or if you are a veteran and are curious about the faring of friends you had in the Army, check the Pentagon.

Every week the Department of the Army in Washington gets more than a thousand letters, phone calls and personal visits from people whose questions occupy the full-time services of five large staffs of civilian employees. After years of digging through the records, these civilians, most of them women, probably know more about the Army than any four-star general—or master sergeant with hash marks up to the elbow.

It seems two ex-G.I.s can't meet and swap amiable lies without claiming their outfits won the war singlehandedly. Some questions recur so frequently that form letters have been drawn up to answer them. Which division was in combat the longest? (In the European and Mediterranean Theaters, the 34th was in the line 500 days and the 45th was next with 496. In the Pacific, the 32d led with 493 days.) Which division suffered the heaviest losses? (The 3d, with 30,654 casualties, followed in order by the 36th, 1st, 9th, 45th, 4th, 29th, 34th, 30th and 2d.)

Who was the first American soldier to enter liberated Paris? (Although this distinction is claimed by more doughfoots than the U. S. Army had in France on August 25, 1944, the War Department says it was Troop A, 38th Cavalry Reconnaissance Squadron of the 4th Division.) How many Medals of Honor have been awarded and is it true that only members of the U.S. armed forces are eligible for the nation's highest decoration? (Since 1862, when President Lincoln created the medal, 2,080 have been presented by the Army alone, including five to the Unknown Soldiers of England, France, Belgium, Italy and Rumania after World War I.)

The queries that get the most careful attention are the tragic, hesitant letters from mothers and wives asking for additional information on the deaths of sons and husbands. Every mail brings at least one such letter which invariably apologizes for putting the Army to extra trouble, but could it please tell how their boy died and what his last words were?

No effort is spared to give the family the small consolation of a complete report. A message is sent by direct teletype to St. Louis, where the personnel files of World War II are kept, for the names and addresses of men who served in the same platoon or company. These are sent to the family along with War Department publications relating to the battle in which the man was killed. In many instances, a condensed account of the action is written especially for the family.

The War Department's information bureaus have 20,000 tons of source material, and sometimes it seems not a page has been left unturned.

Scores of historical novelists and students writing Ph.D. theses have used the Pentagon's facilities as short cuts to exhaustive research and leg work.

Pension claimants keep the staff on its toes. Not long ago an innocent letter popped up in which a World War I veteran, who said he was four feet, 11¼ inches tall, asked whether the Army had any record of a shorter man. Shrewdly guessing that the fellow was fixing to put in for a special pension for having been drafted in violation of the rule that no man less than five feet tall was wanted in World War I, the War Department sleuths went back as far as 1792 and found that hundreds of four-foot-something people had been drafted.

In the last five years only two questions sent through the mail have not been answered—because neither letter had a return address. Complete satisfaction is not guaranteed all customers, however. Recently a college student, a girl, casually asked for a fully documented history of all wars fought from the dawn of time down to, and including, World War II. She said she needed it for her term essay, and please rush.

The civilian fact finders told the young lady where to go—to the nearest public library, where she could have a quiet nervous breakdown on her own time.

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY MARIE HANSEN

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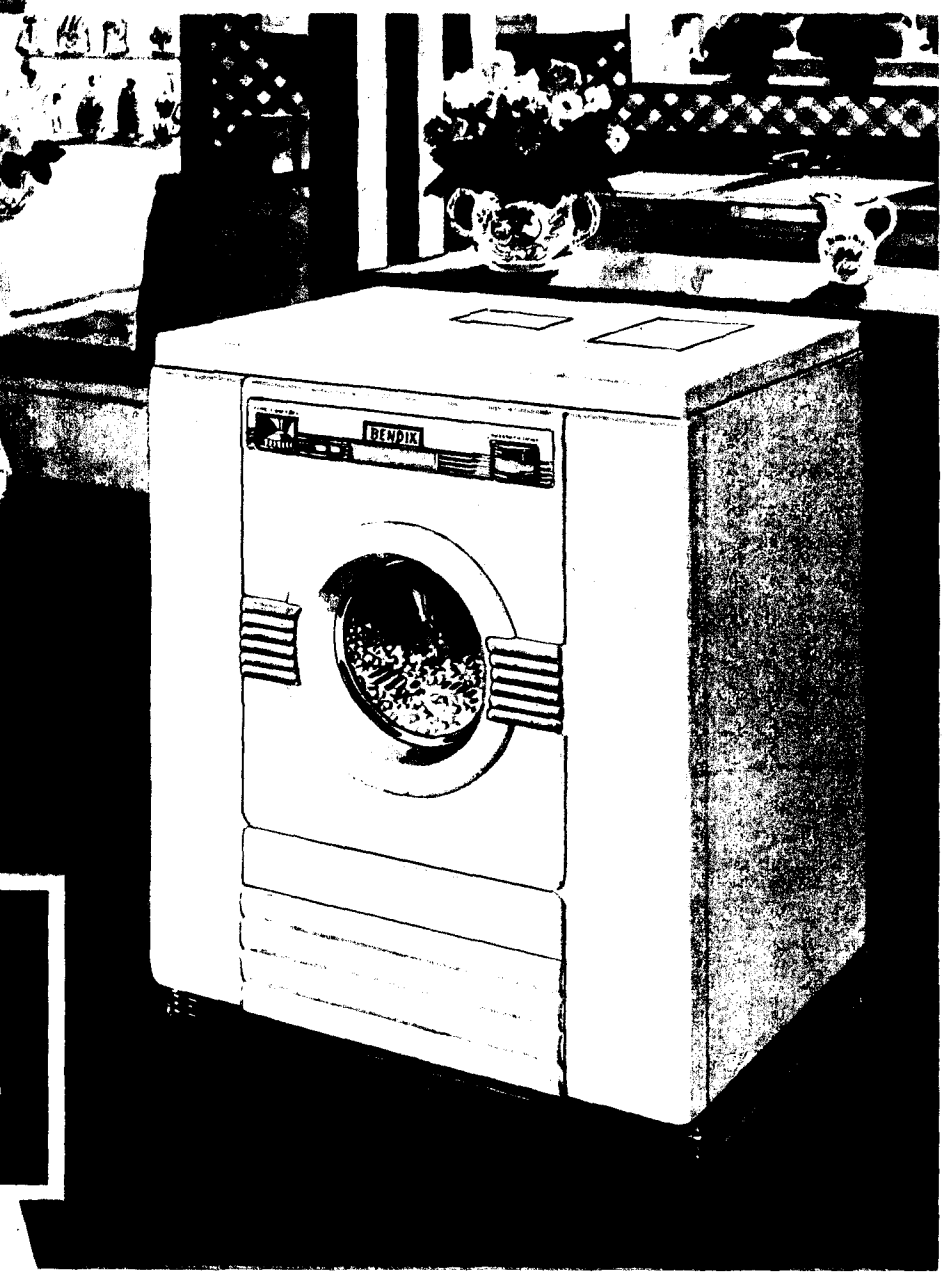
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"7 years and 3 babies later"

A Bouquet from Mrs. A. D. Eastman of Akron, Ohio—plus facts you want to know about the only washer in the world that can put in its own soap!

"Anne, our first, at 10 months old was a full-time job. She ruled the whole household, but meanwhile the laundry couldn't wash itself. Or could it? We bought a Bendix, and — miraculously — there was time for the Baby and some left over for myself. Now, seven years and three babies later, I still bless the day that Bendix Washer came to work for us. It paid for itself long ago with the money it saved on soap and water, and it's still going strong. It does all the work, while I spend my time with Anne — the boys — and Baby Susan."

Mrs. A. D. Eastman



Now the Bendix can do an *extra* step-saving job no other washer can do. The secret is a new invention—the Bendix Automatic Soap Injector.

This "almost human" feature of the newest Bendix Washers can actually put in the exact amount of soap needed to get your wash sparkling clean.

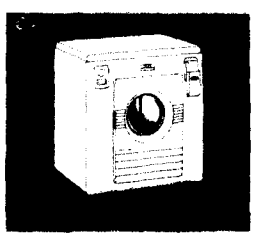
So you just set the controls once—then go anywhere and do anything you want, while your Bendix *soaps*, *soaks*, washes, rinses 3 times and damp-drys the clothes all by itself.

Expensive? No—just the opposite. You can buy a Bendix for as little as $199.95. Much less than other automatic washers. Hardly more than an old-fashioned hard-work washer! And the Bendix is so thrifty with water and soap.

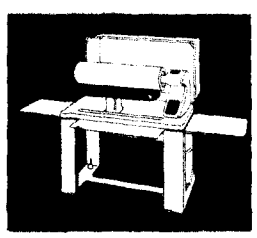
No other washer is used and wanted by so many women as the Bendix. It's the world's most popular washer. It's the only automatic washer backed by 11 years of trouble-free work-saving service.

Put a Bendix through its paces at your nearby dealer's store. Then choose the model that suits your house and pocket-book best. Bendix Home Appliances, Inc., South Bend 24, Indiana.

Models S-101 and B-201 are also manufactured in Canada and Mexico.



Bendix automatic Dryer ends weather worries. Clothes get fluffy-dry in minutes!



Bendix automatic ironer has many new features not found in other ironers.

BENDIX automatic Washer

WORLD'S FINEST WASHER. *The new Bendix Gyramatic . . . doesn't have to be fastened down.*

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NOT A HOLLOW TUBE
A real filter with 66 baffles inside to Whirlclean your smoke
Replaceable Filters 10 for 10¢
FRANK MEDICO

MEDICO FILTERED SMOKING

Absorbent filters in Medico pipes stop flakes and slugs...absorb juices...reduce tongue bite. 66 times your smoke goes round and round...and it comes out clean...cool!

FRANK MEDICO V.F.Q. *(Very Fine Quality)* Bowls of rich-grained briar. Wide variety of shapes. With box of 10 filters . . . **$2**

Frank Medico Standard Quality, still . . **$1**

Frank Medico Cigarette Holders..**$2** and **$1**

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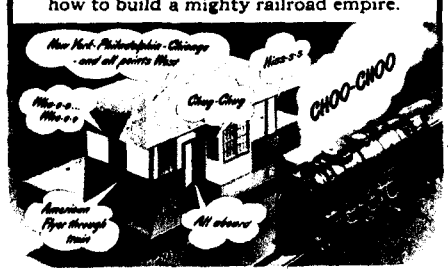
BOYS! DADS! SEND FOR THIS GREAT TRAIN BOOK

32 big pages with full color illustrations of thrilling American Flyer trains and spectacular equipment. Also, diagrams for 31 track layouts and information on how to build a mighty railroad empire.



Read about the trains that puff real smoke and give off realistic "choo-choo" sounds—amazing talking railroad station that reproduces sounds of busy railroad terminal—automatic log loader, coal loader and other equipment for building "just like real" railroad system. Just mail coupon with 10¢.

GILBERT HALL OF SCIENCE
15 Erector Square, New Haven, Conn.
I enclose 10¢. Rush new train book.

NAME .....
STREET .....
CITY ..... STATE .....
(This offer good only in U. S. A.)

THE KLAN RIDES THE SOUTH AGAIN

Continued from page 15

Atlanta force, admitted he had Klansmen in police uniforms. One of these, according to Klansmen, was an official in the Eugene Talmadge administration. Another, a detective, is known among Klansmen as "Trigger Finger," because of his record for shooting Negroes.

But hatred, latching on to the Dixiecrat movement, doesn't have to hide behind sheets. The white supremacy issue, gradually abandoned in polite politics by all except such Stone-Age Klaghorns as Gene Talmadge and Theodore Bilbo, became almost respectable this summer through insistent repetition wherever Southerners sought office. Herman Talmadge, for instance, reduced his campaign for Governor of Georgia to a simple formula—nigger, nigger, nigger.

Likes the Country-Boy Role

Young Hummon Talmadge who is a university graduate with four years of additional polish as a naval officer, finds it profitable to affect the country-boy mannerisms of Ole Gene, his father. He chews tobacco, wears red galluses and wows the undereducated, poor back-country folk whose support, thanks to Georgia's county unit primary system, assures long and successful political life. In Georgia you don't win primaries by an over-all majority of votes but by a majority of county victories. Victory in rural counties with a few hundred registered voters can offset defeat in city counties that have thousands of voters. (In 1946 Eugene Talmadge won the governorship although 100,000 more votes were cast *against* him than *for* him.)

Son Herman has identified himself so well with the fears and prejudices of the controlling back-country voters that he won the September primary easily. Such a victory, tantamount to election in November, sober-minded Georgians fear, might end democracy and initiate a reign of hate and terror in their state that could last for years.

When Herman seized the Capitol for two months after his father's death in 1947, he tried to jam through bills that would have made him the master of the state's election machinery—and entrenched him as dictator. In a democracy such things can be arranged quietly by law. The courts ousted Talmadge, and his attempt failed.

To gain his ends young Talmadge sows hate. Under him Georgia might reap a harvest of backwardness and poverty which, shared by whites as well as Negroes, will prevent the state from catching up, culturally and economically, with the rest of the country.

In its way, the campaign of Eugene (Bull) Conner is significant too. Mr. Conner is police commissioner of Birmingham, Alabama. Birmingham is the town that wouldn't let the Freedom Train in, because it would have been necessary to let Negro citizens stand beside whites and read with them that "all men are created equal." Commissioner Conner's job is an elective one, and at this writing he was running for re-election. Charged with the task of maintaining law and order in his city he thinks a good way to do it is to base his campaign on the explosive race-supremacy issue. No Klansman himself, Commissioner Conner's speeches have aroused such interest in the race question that a day seldom passes, he told me, but that somebody phones him, to ask how to get into the Klan.

Then there is the case of Tom Linder, who aims to be senator from Georgia. Linder is the state agricultural commissioner and, as part of his job, edits a weekly newspaper, the Farmer's Market Bulletin, which carries no paid advertising and is supported wholly by state funds. Eager to give farm readers useful information, he has mixed in with crop data predictions of the world's end and lessons in anti-Semitism taken from Joseph Goebbels, the late Nazi propaganda minister.

So that farmer readers could order their affairs, Linder gave the precise time the world would end: on the seventh minute, of the seventh hour, of the seventh day, of the seventh month of the year 2007.

In some issues of his Market Bulletin, Linder has turned away from news of cotton and corn altogether to devote his full attention to the "discovery" that Roosevelt was really named Rosenvelt and that Roosevelt, not Hitler, really started the war.

Wrote editor Linder this spring: ". . . the Roosevelt family originally were Jews in Germany. . . . During one of the numerous anti-Jewish uprisings in Germany . . . the Roosevelts, whose name

NEXT WEEK

Joe Palooka ***and Me***

In lively words and cartoons, Ham Fisher tells you how he and Palooka became favorites of America's millions! Read this second in a series of autobiographies of our best-loved cartoonists—in your next week's Collier's

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You will thrill to THE IMPUDENT RIFLE, by Dick Pearce, a new six-part novel of the West and of the strong and violent men and women who peopled it. Beginning in the next issue

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Speed amazing relief from miseries of simple piles, with soothing Pazo*! Acts to relieve pain and itching *instantly*—soothes inflamed tissues—helps prevent soreness—reduce swelling. You get real comforting help. So don't suffer one moment of needless torture from simple piles. Get Pazo for fast, wonderful relief. Ask your doctor about it. Suppository form—also tubes with perforated pile pipe for easy, thorough application.
**Pazo Ointment and Suppositories ®*

START YOUR OWN BUSINESS

Wonderful opportunity backed by world-wide industry. 200 Home Necessities on credit. Hundreds average $6,000—$25,000 sales year after year. Write **Rawleigh's, COL, Freeport, Ill.**

SAY GOOD-BYE TO MONEY WORRIES

taking care of subscriptions for COLLIER'S and all popular magazines. For details of this money-making plan, write to—

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COLLIER'S "She's utterly charming—doesn't open her fool mouth for hours on end" MARY GIBSON

was something else, immigrated to Spain. In Spain, to hide their identity, they changed their name to Rosenvelt. . . . It was the ancient grudge of the Roosevelts against the Germans . . . that made it inevitable that the White House . . . would throw this country into World War II."

Doing some research, the Atlanta Constitution found that Linder's poison-pen tale of Roosevelt was almost identical with that first published in the November 15, 1938, issue of the magazine, Welt Dienst, edited by the Nazi Goebbels.

Needless to say, Linder lent an eager hand to the Dixiecrat revolt. In a letter to the Atlanta Constitution he offered the intelligence that "the yellow people, the brown people and the blacks are mentally unfit for directors in our form of government."

Dan Duke, attorney general under Ellis Arnall, called Linder's Market Bulletin a "sewer through which the journalistic garbage of the nation is poured out upon us at state expense." But aroused Georgians learned they couldn't do anything about it legally, and Jewish and Negro taxpayers found themselves in the horrifying position of having to help pay the freight for a paper that was fomenting hate against them in every farm home in Georgia.

As this is written, Linder is still concocting his "history."

Journalism Arouses Hatred

• One natural consequence of the Dixiecrat campaign has been the encouragement of Linder's kind of journalism. Weekly sheets are springing up around the South to champion white supremacy and, of course, to make a buck. Typical is the States' Rights Newspaper which began publishing at Birmingham on August 17th. Carrying no advertising and showing no visible means of support—although someone is obviously paying for it—the paper exposes Governor Thomas E. Dewey with a picture showing him "clasping the hand of a Negro, the chief Red Cap of Grand Central Station." An editorial excerpt: "It was not intended by the Creator that the white race and black race should intermingle."

And so the witch's brew bubbles.

Where are the Dixiecrats taking the South?

Up a blind alley, say responsible elements in the South. Most of the South's newspapers are saying it openly. Responsible office-holding politicians, senators, representatives and most governors, are saying it by keeping away from the movement.

Dixiecrat candidate Thurmond dreams of winning enough electoral votes to prevent Republican Presidential candidate Dewey from getting a clear majority and thus throw the election into the House of Representatives. He dreams of holding the balance of power there and of being elected President of the United States. Ex-Governor Frank Dixon of Alabama, who helped organize the Birmingham Dixiecrat meeting, thinks that as a minimum the Dixiecrats will win more electoral votes than Truman (Mr. Dixon confided to me that Truman won't even get one electoral vote) and thus "become *the* Democrat party."

"Nonsense," snort Southern observers. To remain a national force, they argue, the Democratic party must go ahead and be the sort of party most likely to succeed in the populous Eastern and Western states—a liberal party capable of seeking to regain power in 1952.

Many thoughtful Southerners believe the Dixiecrats' adventure in political futility will hurt the South in more than one way. It will prevent anti-Truman Democrats there from bolting to the Republican ticket, which they might have done in droves and thus started the South toward a much-needed two-party system.

Men of good will in Dixie believe, further, that the Dixiecrats and the hate fringe that has latched onto them, can hold back the region's progress only temporarily. Factories are going up too fast. Machinery is pouring onto the farms and sending a growing stream of Southern folk to the cities. The face of the South is changing. And progressive forces feel that there is no place on it for the soiled hood of the Ku Klux Klan.

tie yourself up in dots

Here's a dotted line with *your* name written all over it! Van Heusen dishes up dots in choice lots...bright dots, neat dots, little dots, big dots, cool dots, hot dots! Rich fine fabrics that tie right, tailored with that special brand of magic you find in Van Heusen shirts. Van Heusen "dots your ties" $1.50. Other Van Heusen ties $1, $1.50, $2.

Van Heusen® dots your ties

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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RAINFAIR
RAIN TOPCOATS ... meet appraising eyes with *Style Distinction*

In sun or sudden shower, discriminating men retain their well-groomed appearance in smart Rain Topcoats by Rainfair. Their fine fabrics, tailoring and styling are usually found only in expensive topcoats. Favorite is the Regent, Rainfair's most luxurious model. Made from Pacific Mills' 100% virgin wool worsted Gabardine—showerproofed. Raglan or set-in sleeves. Colors: Taupe or Tan. $39.50.

Similar in style and fine tailoring is the Topper from a fine quality wool blend, showerproofed, with raglan or set-in sleeves. $29.75. Colors: Taupe or Tan. Also available with heavy 100% wool zip-in lining. $39.50.

See Rainfair Rain Topcoats at fine men's stores, or write for Style Book and name of nearest dealer.

RAINFAIR
Racine, Wisconsin
Makers of Smartair Leisure Wear

WATCHDOG IN THE WHITE HOUSE

Continued from page 18

the Great rose from the blood of the Bolshevik revolution.

Each time, Leahy tried, in his blunt-spoken way, to do something about ensuring his country's physical safety in a world obviously arming to the ears for a war which the United States could not escape. For years he strove and failed to convince a Congress disinclined to take war portents seriously to build up America's navy and to fortify Guam.

When the Japs, on December 12, 1937, bombed and destroyed the U.S.S. Panay, on routine patrol in the Yangtze River, Leahy was Chief of Naval Operations. He lost no time in making clear to our diplomats, politicians and to F.D.R. himself what the Panay affair meant.

Urged Blockade of Japan

In Cordell Hull's private suite, in Washington's Carlton Hotel less than 48 hours after the Panay incident, Leahy let his hair down. The only answer to the "assassination of our little ship," he told the then Secretary of State, was "a full-scale naval blockade of Japan." So vigorous was Leahy's language, so forthright his statement of his belief that war with Japan was inevitable unless big and powerful America made a show of force, that one highly placed diplomat present —now dead—developed a migraine headache. Hull brought him an ice bag.

Finding Hull reluctant to take any drastic action, Leahy went to his old friend, F.D.R. The attack on the Panay, he told the President, was not an accident, as the Japs had claimed. It was a "deliberate act of wanton murder" intended to test America's military reflexes. "I can assure you, Mr. President," Leahy said, "that those in Japan who want war with the United States knew what they were doing."

A high-level conference followed Leahy's conversation with the President. The State Department demurred. The Army complained that it had only about 150,000 troops and could not fight a war if the Japs chose to fight instead of retreating.

"Damn it!" Leahy is said to have exploded. "I don't want any troops. Our fleet is ready to blockade Japan in the Pacific and the Indian Ocean. Our destroyers can intercept Japan's merchantmen in the Eastern Pacific and interrupt the empire's trade with the American republics. The Japs are not ready, today, to accept such a challenge.

"Forthright action on our part will give the world a chance to avoid a second World War, which will come within three or four years. The Japs, along with the Germans and the Italians, believe us to be weak and decadent. A show of force on our part will teach Hitler and Mussolini, as well as Hirohito, a lesson."

F.D.R. favored Leahy's line. But Hull and the brain-trusters were against it. The country, they told him, wasn't ready for war. They reminded him that there would be an "election coming up" next year and that he couldn't afford to antagonize the isolationist and pacifist elements. Sadly, Leahy said his last, prophetic words on the subject.

"In three years, handling the Jap fleet will be a different proposition. The Japs are building a navy. If you don't get tough now, then there will be war, and whether we want to or not, we will be in it."

The inherent dangers in the formation of the Fascist-Nazi alliance, constantly reiterated to F.D.R. by Leahy long before he became the President's personal Chief of Staff, moved Roosevelt to make his famous "quarantine speech" suggesting moral, political and economic isolation of the dictators.

Just as Leahy unquestionably contributed to awakening the nation to the consequences of a Europe dominated by the power-hungry totalitarians of Rome and Berlin, so did he warn of the growing threat from farther east.

"Russia," he told the graduating class of the Army Industrial College in June, 1937, after criticizing the economic practices of Italy and Germany, "has carried regimentation of national forces even further, controlling the daily life of her people to such an extent that they appear to be the virtual slaves of the Central Organization."

A week later, newspapers said that Leahy had "apologized" to the Russians in a letter to Secretary Hull, after unofficial objections to the Admiral's remarks by the Russian ambassador. The letter was never published, probably because Leahy didn't "apologize" but merely wrote that he was sorry if what he had said had been regarded as "slighting" by the Soviet government.

But many years were to pass before the views of William Daniel Leahy were to prevail in the forging of his country's foreign policy. No one asked Leahy to apologize for what he said in small-town Ashland, Wisconsin, on August 2, 1948.

"We are now threatened," Leahy said, "with attack by an alien people who have a different philosophy of government that does not recognize any inherent right of the individual to personal freedom."

By this time, America had abandoned sweet tolerance for a policy designed to halt Soviet imperialism and, if possible, roll it back to its original Russian frontiers. Upon that policy's success or failure, Leahy admits, depends whether there will or won't be another war.

Bill Leahy, great sailor though he is, did not singlehandedly bring the United States about in a full 180-degree turn on the course toward Russia. Other helmsmen had a hand on the wheel from time to time. But only Leahy was always near enough the wheel to make his influence felt consistently.

Only once did Leahy swerve from his adamant attitude toward the Soviets, and then only momentarily. At Teheran, he shared a car with Hopkins and Charles (Chip) Bohlen, the rising young State Department official who then was acting as translator-adviser at all conferences with the Russians. Leahy had just sat in on a long powwow with the Big Red Chief, Churchill and Roosevelt. He had been impressed by the co-operative spirit shown by the Soviets.

"You know," he said, "these Russians aren't so difficult to get along with. They seem reasonable enough and they certainly are cordial . . ."

Cordiality Included Nazis

Bohlen, already a veteran of several years of service in our embassy in Moscow, reminded Leahy of the cordiality once shown by the Russians to Von Ribbentrop. He recalled the smiling, friendly ceremonies attending the signing of the Hitler-Stalin pact of friendship in the fateful August of 1939.

"Oh, hell!" Leahy said, turning to Hopkins. "I guess they're just the kind of people I've always told you they were, Harry."

For Stalin, the Admiral has a warmer feeling than for those who surround the Soviet Premier. Stalin, too, is interested in doing what is best for his country, a line of conduct which Leahy respects. The Admiral is frankly skeptical, however, of Stalin's ability to keep any agreements he might make. War would not be good for Russia. Therefore, Stalin would seek to avoid it. But Leahy is not

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sure that Stalin's ambitious generals really want peace.

Leahy, contrary to his critics' opinion, is not an advocate of a "preventive war" with Russia. He is too good a military technician to ignore the difficulties involved—difficulties which Napoleon and Hitler found insurmountable. But he does advocate a policy of firm resistance to all Soviet political aggression in such strategically sensitive regions as Germany, Czechoslovakia, Greece, Turkey and the Dardanelles, the Middle East, Korea and China—areas which could become bases for military operations against America.

All problems—social, political, economic—enter the Leahy brain and come out resolved in military terms. The social, political and economic outlook of people might change. Strategy, because it is determined by geography, never changes.

"Just look at the map," is Leahy's answer to any differing opinion.

Because Spain is a "bridgehead in Europe," and not necessarily because he admires Franco's Fascism, Leahy would favor Spain's admission to the United Nations. Because the Middle East is rich in Arab-owned oil, and not because he is anti-Semitic, Leahy opposed creation of an independent Israel.

Leahy's Middle Western origin undoubtedly influenced his strongly nationalistic views. He was born on May 6, 1875, on an Iowa farm, the son of a lawyer of Irish descent. His father wanted him to study and practice law. Bill, inspired by his father's adventures as a Civil War captain, dreamed of a dashing career in the cavalry. But when his father told him that a friendly congressman could get him an appointment to Annapolis, young Leahy jumped at it.

His naval career began auspiciously. Commissioned an ensign in 1897, he was aboard the old Oregon when, after a spectacular voyage around Cape Horn, she entered the battle of Santiago Bay with all guns roaring—just in time to get credit for winning the engagement. In the White House Map Room there is a photo of a cocky, spike-mustached fellow in a ripped shirt, one arm flung about the shoulders of a shipmate. The dishevelled one is Leahy, snapped as he came on deck after serving one of the Oregon's guns.

After the Spanish-American War, dull years of routine service followed, afloat and ashore. Probably the happiest day of those years was the one in 1904, on which he proposed to lovely Louise Tennent Harrington, of San Francisco, and was accepted.

World War I found Leahy in command of the Dolphin, hunting West Indian waters for a notorious German raider. Bill Leahy never caught her. "And a good thing it was, too," he recalls. "She was a lot faster than the Dolphin, and had more guns." But he won his share of promotions and decorations, including a captaincy in 1918 and the Navy Cross for his service aboard the transport Princess Matoika before commanding the Chattanooga and the St. Louis.

Leahy rose to Rear Admiral in 1930 and became commander of the Battle Force in 1936, by which time he had established a reputation for competency. None could dispute his fitness for the job of Chief of Naval Operations when President Roosevelt named him in 1937. And on the day of his appointment, it was impossible to be certain whether he was quite as proud of his new post as he was of the fact that on the same day his grandson Bobby, now 11, was born.

Fleet Admiral Leahy hoped that his only son—William Harrington Leahy—would also become a seagoing officer. But young Bill, now a captain, chose the Navy's engineering department, a strictly landlocked occupation.

Next Task: His Memoirs

Leahy's third career is almost over. He is ticking off the days, now, to when he will have time to write his memoirs. Still as erect as his 73 years permit, he keeps strict office hours and is easy to work for. He writes all letters himself, with a pencil, his stenographer merely types them. Lieutenant Commander Kelly, his naval aide, keeps his appointments in order and makes sure the Admiral doesn't forget to wear his medals at formal functions.

Never a great partygoer, Leahy enjoys a drink or two with friends. Although as dignified as a dreadnought, he has been known to use a long, square-ended forefinger as a swizzle stick when his host has failed to provide one. He complains, occasionally, that most of his friends have retired to distant homes or are dead.

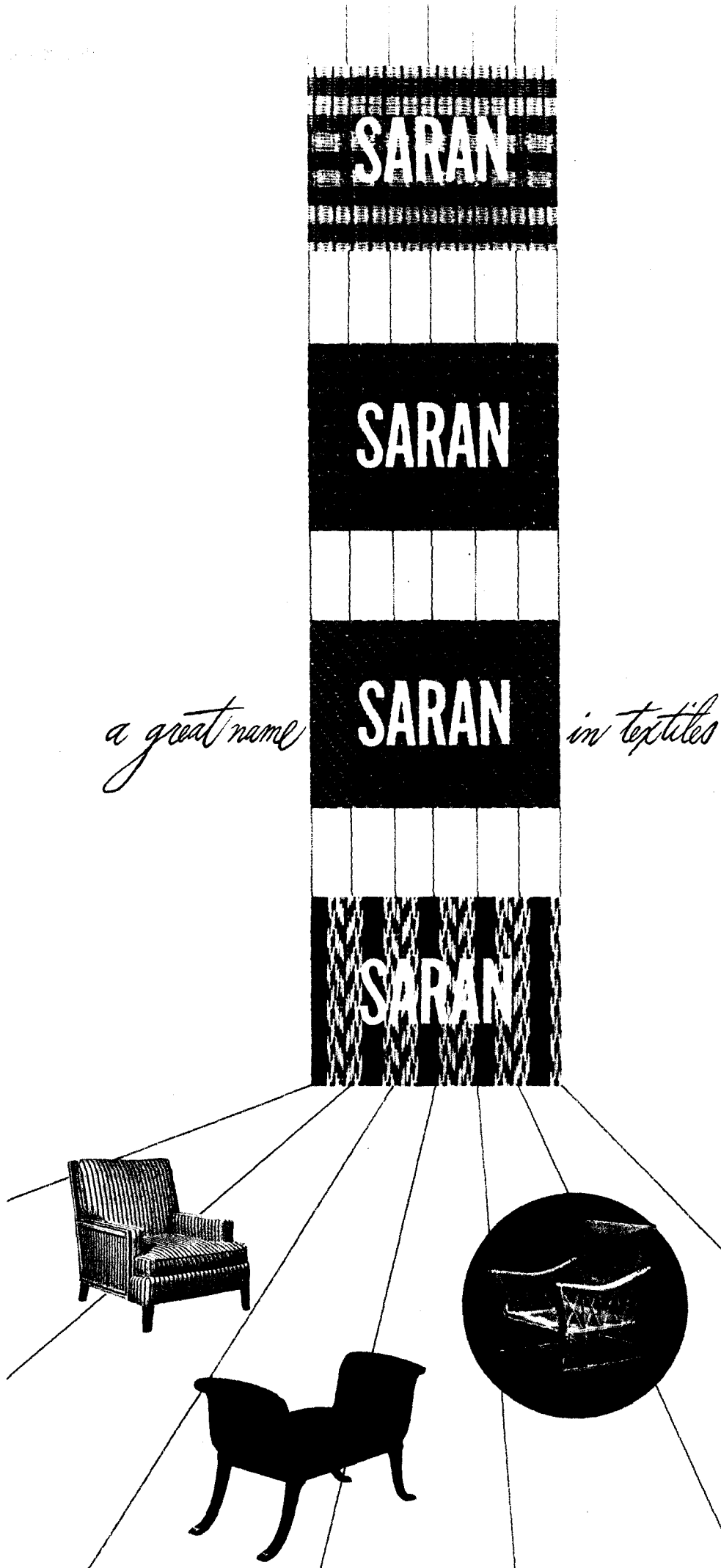
But he isn't a lonely man. He spends much of his free time in Chevy Chase with his son and daughter-in-law, their 20-year-old daughter and the indefatigable Bobby.

Admiral Leahy conveys the impression of a man completely at peace, conscious of having done a difficult job as well as he knew how. His serenity is disturbed only when he asks himself: "Is this good for my country?" and gets a negative answer.

As he watches Russian imperialism creep westward into Europe and eastward in Asia, Leahy is not always able to answer himself with a "yes." So he continues to advocate strength on land, sea and in the air until that day when men universally—and all at the same time—recognize the folly of war.

Leahy was right about the Japs, the Fascists and the Nazis. He may be right about the Russians, too.

COLLIER'S "Please, Mrs. Zybyzick—can Joe come out and play?" FRED BALK



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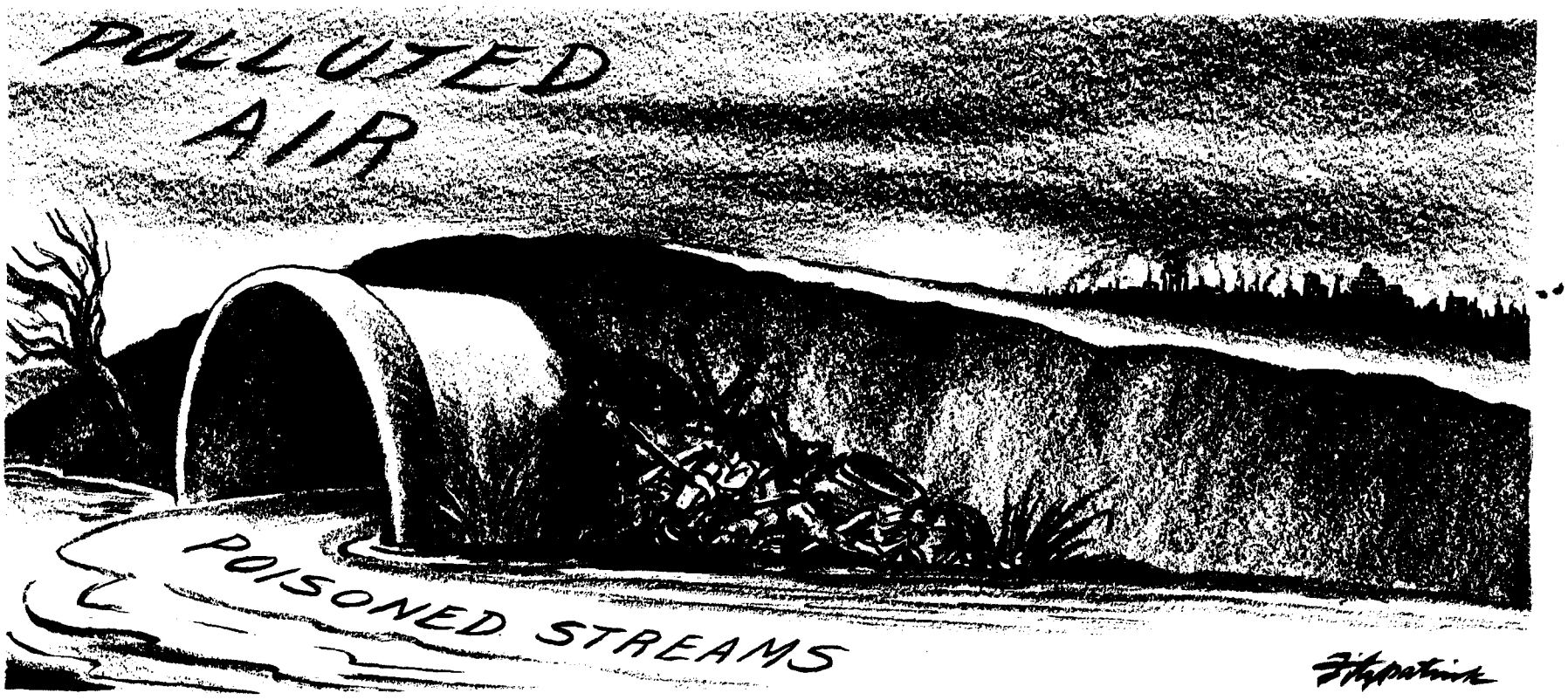

Collier's believes...

We're fools to poison our water and air

THE HEEDLESS POISONING of the streams and rivers of the United States is one more example of civilized man's unconscious effort to make habitable places uninhabitable.

It can be done. Fifteen years ago the dramatic discovery of the Western dust bowl impressed upon the nation the fact that vast areas of good land had already been destroyed. We need not have been surprised by the heavy dust clouds that carried fertile topsoil hundreds of miles from the farms men once cultivated. Certainly, we had been warned but we thought we had land to waste. We wasted it.

We have pursued the same policies with rivers and streams. We dump sewage and industrial wastes into living waters and thus render them unfit to support life.

New York and the adjacent cities filled the Hudson River so full of sewage that fish were greatly depleted.

Chicago sent its sewage to Lake Michigan and subsequently through the Sanitary Canal into the Mississippi, whose waters we befouled as far south as St. Louis.

The Delaware River, as Bill Davidson will report next week in the first of a series of two articles on pollution of water and air, is filled with industrial wastes.

So the record runs. The easiest immediate thing to do is to dump sewage or industrial waste into any available water. We dump garbage into the ocean if we live near the ocean. We pour acids from any mine or mill into the nearest river regardless of the long-time consequences.

Land is blighted by mineral wastes far distant from the mines. Fish are driven out of rivers and streams. Shellfish on marine flats are poisoned by bacteria from sewage. In our own fashion we apparently have tried to make it impossible for our descendants to live in the areas in which we have preferred to dwell.

We won't succeed in destroying our environment, although the Mayans in Mexico and our own cliff dwellers in the Southwest did succeed in creating conditions that finally made them extinct. We won't succeed, because we know too well how to stop these abuses of nature.

Milwaukee did not have to empty its sewage into Lake Michigan whence also it drew its drinking water. When Milwaukee got around to applying scientific and engineering talent to devising a way of disposing of its sewage safely, it found that it had also created a new source of municipal revenue in the production of a good fertilizer.

Wherever intelligence and imagination have inspired efforts to put an end to these sources of pollution and destruction, useful and often highly profitable alternatives have been found. It is cheaper not to pollute rivers on a long-time basis than to poison them. It is less expensive to avoid filling the air with smoke than to neglect the problem. It is certainly more profitable to employ land policies that conserve the soil rather than destroy it.

Mr. Davidson's article on Our Poisoned Waters will be followed by another on pollution of the air. We don't have to befoul the waters, destroy the land, or fill the air with dirt that was never designed for breathing. We don't have, in Fairfield Osborn's vivid words, to make this world "Our Plundered Planet."

Collier's would like to hear from its readers on this subject, with reports both of areas of neglect, and of interesting methods devised to cope safely with the waste by-products of life and industry.

☆ ☆ ☆

"It is the aim of Collier's to reflect impartially the best contemporary thought and on its own behalf to speak fearlessly without partisanship on all questions affecting the nation's welfare. It aims furthermore to keep always before its readers a high, sane and cheerful ideal of American citizenship." . . . ROBERT J. COLLIER

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Sure sign of a *great* Martini

Just as sure as a compass points north, a Martini that rates a "Marvelous!" has to start with a *great gin*. And that's where these little men give you a good steer.

In distant lands, they raise the prized *Imported Botanicals* that make Hiram Walker's Gin and a *great* Martini as close as first cousins. *Cassia* from China, *coriander* from Czechoslovakia, *Valencia peel* from Spain . . . the *world's finest* herbs and berries give this great gin its *tangy* dryness.

We sift the years, as well as the world, for *matchless* botanicals. Only the best, the "vintage year" crops meet standards set by our years of skill in making *fine* gin.

Taste what a world of difference there is in Martinis made with Hiram Walker's Gin. No wonder people say, "Here's a premium gin at no premium price."

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KING OF THE HIGH WIRE

Daring **HAROLD ALZANA** proves "Experience is the best teacher" when you're on a tightrope 50 feet in the air, with no net!

NOW—THE GREAT ALZANAS... IN THE HUMAN WHEEL-BARROW!

WHAT IF THEY FALL!

THEY DID—LAST YEAR WHEN A GUY ROPE BROKE, THE LAST NIGHT OF THE SEASON—YET THEY'RE BACK ON THE HIGH WIRE AGAIN!

UNIQUE IN HIGH-WIRE HISTORY—HAROLD ALZANA SKIPS ROPE ON THE HIGH WIRE ...THEN—

DON'T TELL ME—HE'S GOING TO WALK **DOWN** THAT WIRE... IT'S A 45° ANGLE!

YET ALZANA DOES IT—EVERY SHOW. THEY SAY IT'S THE HARDEST STUNT OF ALL

"EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER"

*IT'S TRUE IN TIGHTROPE WALKING...AND IN CHOOSING A CIGARETTE, TOO. WITH COUNTLESS SMOKERS WHO HAVE TRIED AND COMPARED... **CAMELS** ARE THE "CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE"!*

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SURE WILL. CAMEL IS THE CIGARETTE FOR ME... MILD AND COOL!

LET YOUR "T-ZONE" TELL YOU WHY!

***T* for Taste...**
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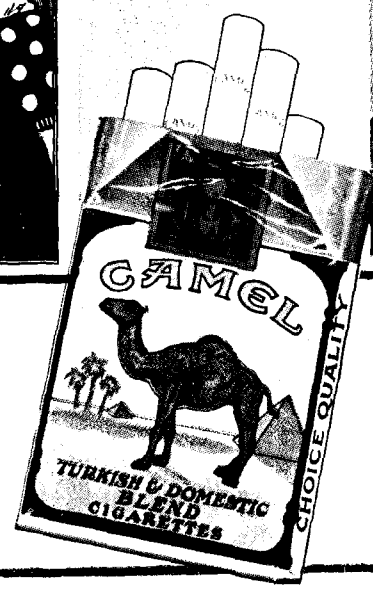
That's *your* proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."



FAMOUS HIGH-WIRE ARTIST HAROLD ALZANA says:

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